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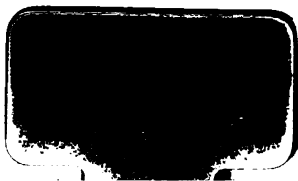
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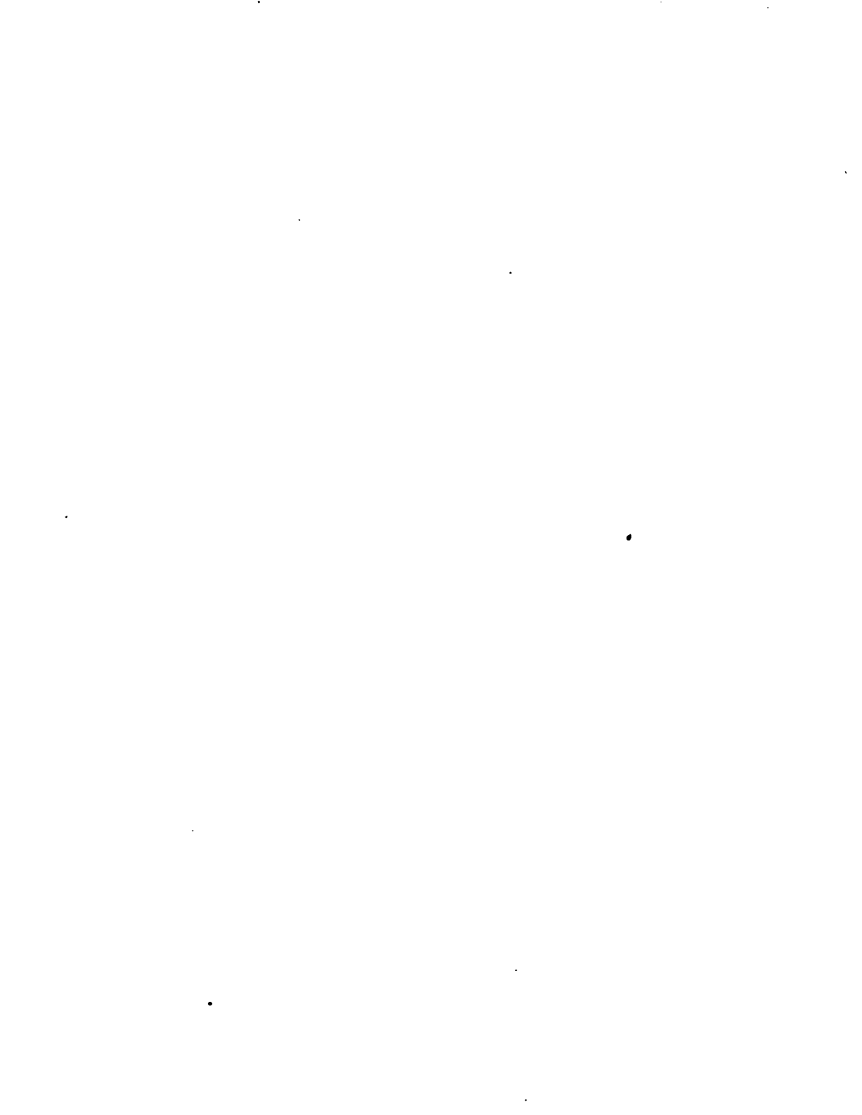


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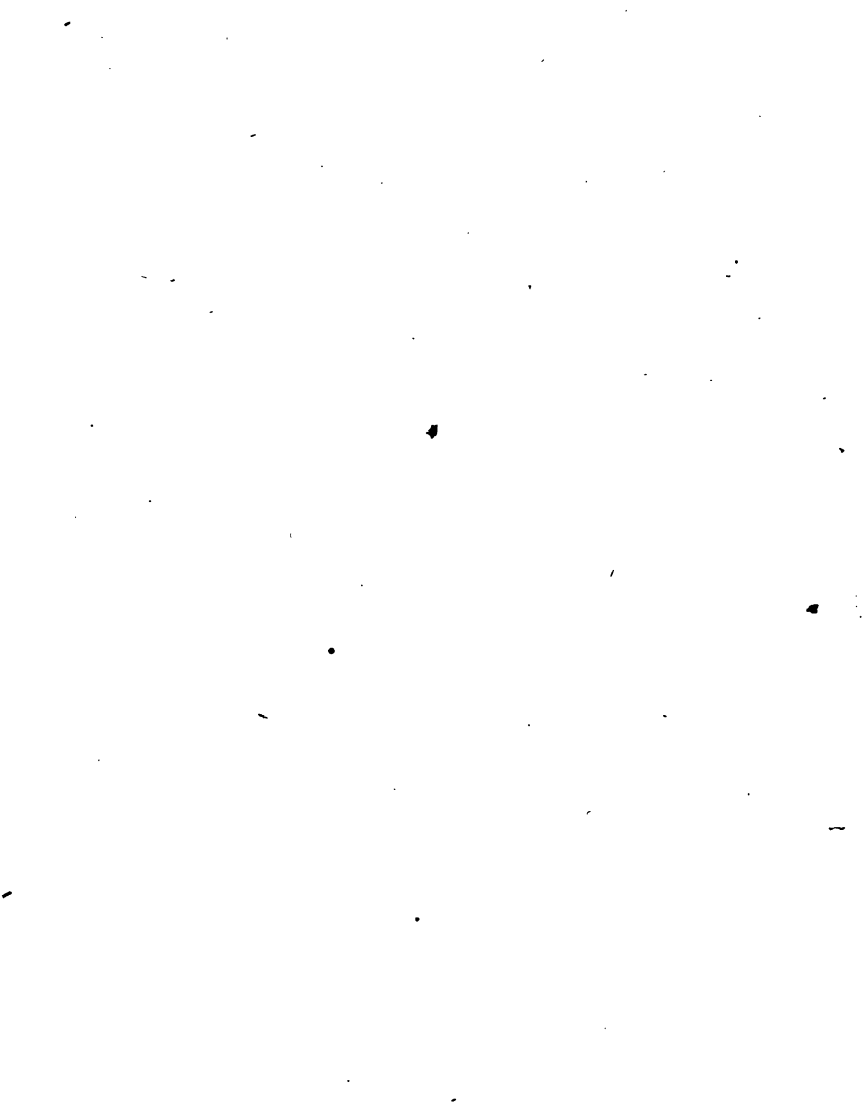








**PETER PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.**



# PETER PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

*A Christmas and New Year's Present*  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON:  
DARTON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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## P R E F A C E.

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**MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,**

I was an old man when I began to write books for you, and I am now a great deal older than I was then. Many of those who

read my first books when they were boys are now men, and have children of their own. But thank God, I am still strong and able to enjoy the blessings I possess, though I cannot move about quite so nimbly as I could once. I hope I may for many years longer continue to write for you ; for it is a great pleasure to me, and I have good reason to believe that it is not less so to you.

This is the seventh volume of my Annual, which I know is a great favourite of yours ; for you have received each successive volume with more favour than the last, in spite of the great numbers of other pretty books which are daily coming out.

I wish you a merry Christmas and happy New Year ; and am

Your affectionate old friend,

PETER PARLEY.

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# PETER PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

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## TALES ABOUT DOGS.



THE dog is the most reasonable, the most knowing, and the most noble animal that God has made ; and all his services are given to man. In many things he is superior to man. Where shall we find a man always grateful, never ungrateful ; always affectionate, never selfish ; without gain ; devoted till death ; without ambition ; rendering every service ; in short, forgetful of injuries, and only mindful of

benefits received? Seek him not, it will be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment that he adopts you for his master, you will find in him all these qualities.

Thus it is that Peter Parley loves dogs; and because he knows also that a dog's greatest happiness is to be near his master; and that should he be reduced to beg his bread, his dog would not only aid him in his precarious trade, but would not abandon him to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune, but your dog will die at your feet.

If we trace the early history of the dog, it will, I fear, not be much to his advantage. The word Cynic, among the Greeks, is taken from the name of a dog; and the Romans were not more complimentary. And to come at once to our own time, we have the French *canaille* and *cagnard*, both derived from the Latin *canis* (a dog); the first signifying the lowest of the population, and the second an idle and slothful man, who only cumberes the earth. St. Chrysostom also speaks of the dog as fawning upon you, when you approach him, and biting your heels when your back is turned. But, with all due reverence to this saint, I think he has libelled the dog.

The dog was unclean to the Jews, because he was not cloven-footed; but the heathens made a religion of that which was impiety to Israel. The Romans sacrificed him to their gods; and whipped him annually for a criminal, and then impaled him, because his ancestors had slept on the night on which the Gauls attempted to seize the capitol.

The sacrifice of the dog, if legends are to be trusted, led to his being eaten. Porphyry states, that a part of his carcase having

fallen from the altar, the priest picked it up ; and burning his fingers with the smoking flesh, put them suddenly to his mouth. The



taste was so savoury, that, the ceremony ended, he ate his fill of

the dog, and took the rest to his wife. However this may be, the dog found his way into the larder. Hippocrates says, he was eaten by the Greeks ; and the Romans considered him so great a delicacy, that a puppy was prominent at some of their most sumptuous feasts. In China, it is well known that he is fattened upon vegetables, like an ox or pig, and publicly sold in the butchers' shops. The sale of dogs' flesh for human food is carried on secretly at Paris, although forbidden by the government, who extend a formal sanction to the traffic in horse-flesh.

In England we have a tax upon dogs, which keeps them down ; but in some other countries, nearly all the dogs that are born are suffered to grow up ; and, running about the streets mangy and half-starved, they are a great nuisance. In France the chiffouniers are commissioned to knock the wanderers on the head. A few years ago, the government of Bombay was obliged to send out a cargo of dogs to be destroyed out at sea, in order to rid the city of their numbers, without giving offence to the Parsees, a religious sect, who regard them with reverence. But, in some eastern cities, a man armed with a heavy bludgeon drags a dead dog about the streets, which bringing to him all the curs of the neighbourhood, he mows them down, right and left, without pity.

The physicians of former days employed the dog in a most revolting manner, to the cure of disease. He was opened alive, and applied warm, to assuage pain. They had sometimes the mercy to cut his throat, and wait the expiration of life, before he was applied as a plaister. He, however, entered largely into the preparations of the pharmacopœia : his bones were pounded for powder, his feet melted for ointments, and his carcase distilled for liquors of extraordinary virtue.

Black dogs were considered in early times to be the agents of magicians, and the earthly form of the Evil One himself. Even so late as 1702, the French soldiers who defended Landaic against the arms of the Imperialists, were firmly persuaded that the dog of their general was a familiar spirit, the real author of all their victories. It is said, also, that the dogs refused the bread that was thrown them by the assassins of Thomas à Becket.



The dog was at a very early period trained for the purposes of war, where, from his vigilance and bravery, he answered all the purposes of an armed sentinel; and this mode of defence is asserted to have continued till the introduction of regular armies. They were long used by the Turks to guard outposts. At the present moment, the French videttes, in Algiers, are always preceded by a couple of dogs. Anciently they were conspicuous in the action itself. After Marcus had defeated the Cimbri, his legions had to

renew a deadlier battle with the women and the dogs. The Celts deemed their dogs of such importance in war, that they armed them with collars of pointed iron, and put a plate of steel over their backs. Some dogs accoutred with the latter piece of defensive armour, form the subject of a bronze discovered at Herculaneum. Certain Gauls not only made the dog discharge the duty of a soldier in their wars, but a squadron of 200 formed the body-guard of their king. This appears to have been imitated in Ireland ; as Queen Elizabeth sent no less than 600 with the army of Essex. Columbus, also, in St. Domingo, with a force of 200 foot, twenty horse, and fifty dogs, routed a great number of the natives ; and the terrible wounds inflicted upon the naked savages by the bites of dogs, created such a panic, that henceforth they became generally used in American warfare.

In 1795, a hundred bloodhounds were landed at Jamaica, under English colours, to attack the Maroons. When a trial was made of them, by a sham fire, they rushed forward with the greatest impetuosity, dragging along their keepers, who held them back by ropes, and even running, in their ferocity, to bite their muskets, till they tore pieces from their stocks.

There are some strange stories upon record of dogs. The story told by Pliny of a dog, belonging to Alexander the Great, who conquered, one after the other, a lion and an elephant, is probably a fable ; and particularly the addition, that his tail, his legs, and his head, were severally cut off, without making him loose his hold. But there are better grounds for believing that a dog engaged the king of beasts, in the reign of Henry VII., who absurdly ordered him to be hanged for his presumption.

The dog is variously employed at St. John's, in Newfoundland. About two thousand of the fine dogs, who take their name from the



place, transport heavy goods of wood and provisions; and, in return



for their labour, are left, the half of the year in which they are not required, without a single morsel beyond what their own exertions can procure. On the Continent of Europe, also, the dog is slavishly employed in the smuggling trade; and in this arduous service, which is constantly fatal to him, he shows a wonderful sagacity. Loaded with goods, he sets out in the night, scents the custom-house officer, and attacks him, if he can take him at an advantage, and conceals himself, if escape is difficult, behind some bush or tree. On his arrival at his place of destination, he will not show himself till he has first ascertained that the coast is clear; and while he remains, gives warning of the approach of the common enemy.

The memory of the dog can also be attested by a number of stories. The first is told by Plutarch, who made his army defile before a dog, who for three days guarded a murdered corpse, without eating or drinking, and who seized the culprit as he passed along. The most notorious is the story of the dog of Montargis; who dragged his master's friend to the spot where he was buried, flew on the assassin whenever he met him, and finally overcame him in a single combat, which took place by order of Louis VIII.

Benvenuto Cellini gives an account of an incident which happened to himself. A thief one night broke into his shop. The dog contended with the culprit, although he was armed with a sword; and next running into the journeymen's chamber, awoke them by drawing off the bed-clothes. The men not comprehending the cause of his impetuosity, drove him from the room, and locked the door. Nothing daunted, he returned to the charge; and overtaking the thief, who had retreated from the street, he held him by the cloak. The fellow had the wit to cry out "Mad dog," which brought the

loiterers to his assistance; and for this time he escaped. After a considerable interval, as Cellini was walking in one of the squares of Rome, his dog flew at a young man, and endeavoured to tear him to pieces, in spite of the sticks that belaboured him. The dog was got off; but as the man was retiring, he dropped a bundle of papers, from which fell a ring of the artist's. "This is the villain," said Cellini, "which broke into my shop, and my dog knows him again." And he once more let loose the animal; but the thief immediately fell on his knees, and confessed his crime.



One of the most extraordinary facts relating to the dog, is that wonderful instinct which enables him to find his way by a road which he has never yet traversed. Sir Walter Scott took a dog from Edinburgh to Inverness, by sea; and being lost there, he found his way back to Edinburgh in two days. A French writer also gives an account of a person who took a terrier from Rochefort to Paris, in a bag, which returned the next day to his old home.

Dogs are also very affectionate to animals brought up with them.

A Newfoundland dog, at loose, has been known to take bones to a dog tied up. Peter Parley has a goat ; and his dog, which is a very extraordinary dog, on many accounts, will not let another dog go near it. Nor will he suffer the housemaid to beat the cats ; and is so fond of the horse, that he never misses going once a day to the field, some distance off, to see and play with him. Perhaps, on some future occasion, I may tell you more about the dog ; but for the present must refrain : in the hope, however, that my young friends will always treat dogs kindly.



## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

### No. I.

The Zodiac—Signs of the year—Ancient months—The season—Vegetation—  
Animated nature—Breaking of the frost—Historical memoranda—Twelfth  
night.

I **PURPOSE**, my dear young friends, in these sketches, to present you, during the present year, with a mirror of the months, and to tell you what nature is doing during the various changes of the year; and also to inform you of the times and the seasons, of old customs and merry festivals, of feasts and of fasts, of spring and summer, of autumn and winter.

Every month brings with it a novelty in nature, in science, and in art. I will direct your attention to them; but first I must tell you what the word zodiac means, for it is always best to begin at the beginning.

The zodiac is a broad belt, or circle, in the heavens (which you will find beautifully described in Martin's "Illustrated Natural Philosophy"): it measures about sixteen degrees in width, and includes the ecliptic, the earth's real and the sun's apparent path in the heavens, which passes through certain clusters of stars, called the Signs of the Zodiac.

These signs were invented by the Egyptians, and were expressive and emblematical of the various phenomena of the year. They are—Aries ♈, the Ram; Taurus ♉, the Bull; Gemini ♊, the Twins; Cancer ♋, the Crab; Leo ♌, the Lion; Virgo ♍, the Virgin; Libra ♎, the Balance; Scorpio ♏, the Scorpion; Sagittarius ♐, the Archer; Capricornus ♑, the Goat; Aquarius ♒, the Water-bearer; and Pisces ♓, the Fishes.

Now the first six of these are the northern and winter signs, and the others the southern and summer signs. The first three correspond to the months March, April, and May, and were expressive of the fecundity of that season; while the crab denoted the sun's retrograde motion at midsummer. The lion was emblematical of the fierce heat which generally ensues after that period; the virgin, with ears of corn, signified the harvest; the balance shewed the equality of the days and nights in autumn; the scorpion the venomous diseases at the fall of the leaf; the archer denoted the hunting season; the goat, remarkable for climbing, expressed that the sun was again mounting the zodiac; the water-bearer represented the setting in of the wet season in that part of the world; and pisces, the fishes, was emblematical of the fishing season.

The ancients began their year in March: we begin ours in January. Its zodiacal sign is Aquarius, the water-bearer: with us, however, the sign would be "Jack Frost." January derives its name from Janus, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces, because he was acquainted with the past and future events. Janus was, according to the ancient mythology, the god of gates and avenues; and in that character held a key in his right hand and a rod in his left, to symbolize his opening and ruling the year.

Sometimes he bore the number 300 in one hand, and 60 in the other. At other times he was represented with four heads, and placed in a temple of four equal sides, with a door and three windows on each side, as emblems of the four seasons and twelve months, over which he presided.

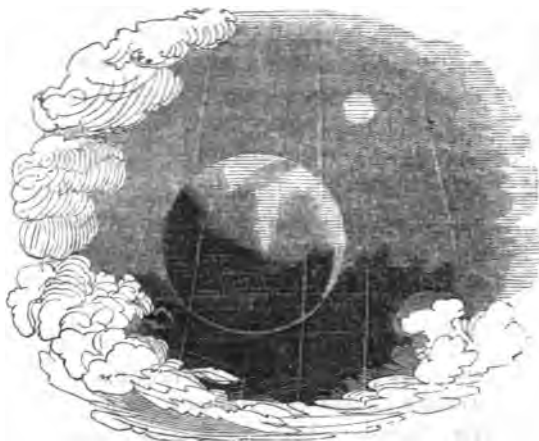
The Saxons called January Wolfmonat, or wolf month ; because the wolves of our ancient forests, impelled by hunger, at this season were wont to prowl about, and attack man himself ; the inferior animals, on whom they usually preyed, having retired, or perished from the inclemency of the weather. The Saxons also called this month Aefteryula, or after Christmas ; and, in illuminated calendars prefixed to ancient missals, January is frequently depicted as a man with faggots or a woodman's axe, shivering, and blowing his fingers. Spencer, in his " Faerie Queen," thus introduces January :—

" Then comes old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds, to keep the cold away.  
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,  
And blow his nails, to warm them if he may ;  
For they were numbed with holding all the day,  
And hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needline spray."

**THE SEASON.** The winter is now over, according to astronomical reckoning ; we have just passed that point in the earth's orbit where the North Pole is turned most from the sun.

We now trace the sun among the stars of the constellation Capricorn, or sea-goat, and it is winter in the whole of the northern hemisphere. At the beginning of January, too, the earth is at the

least distance from the sun ; which is proved by measuring the apparent magnitude of that luminary, by means of an instrument called a micrometer—his disc being now about 32 minutes of a degree, whereas in the opposite season, or at the beginning of July,



near our midsummer, his apparent diameter is only about 31 minutes. The coldness of winter, therefore, does not depend on the distance of the earth from the sun, but on the very oblique or slanting direction of his rays ; less heat falling on any given part of the earth than when the rays fall more direct.

Another cause of the cold is the shortness of our days and the length of our nights ; the sun continuing only about seven and a

half hours above the horizon, while he is absent about sixteen hours and a half.

**VEGETATION IN JANUARY.** The plants of this season are provided by nature with a sort of winter quarters, which secure them from the effect of cold. Those called herbaceous, which die down to the root every autumn, are now safely concealed underground, preparing their new shoots, to burst forth when the earth is softened in spring. Shrubs and trees, which are exposed to the air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapped up in buds, which, by their firmness, resist all the power of frost; the larger kinds of buds, and those which are almost ready to expand, are further guarded by a covering of resin or gum—such as the horse-chesnut, the sycamore, and the lime. If one of these buds be carefully opened, it will be found to consist of young leaves rolled together, within which are even all the blossoms, in miniature, that are afterwards to adorn the spring.

During the mild weather of winter, slugs are in constant motion, preying on plants and green wheat. Earthworms also appear as soon as the earth is mellowed by the thaws; doing more good than is often imagined, loosening the subsoil, and letting the warm air through their entrances, to nourish the roots of the herbage.

In hard frosts, fish are often in a quandary for want of air; and, therefore, holes should be broken in the ice of fish-ponds, and the young naturalist will be delighted to see the shoals of fish come to take the fresh air.

The chirp of the crickets from the kitchen chimney breaks the silence of still evenings at this season. They come from the crevices, when the house is quiet, to the warm hearth, and utter their



shrill monotonous tones, to the discomfiture of the superstitious, and to the pleasure of those who have sound minds or sound bodies.

The breaking up of a frost is also well worthy the observation of the young reader. Miss Mitford thus describes it :—" The frost is going—breaking—lingering. We have rain and snow ; and frost and rain again. Now it is thaw and a flood ; but our light gravelly soil, and country boots, and country hardihood, will carry us through. What a drifting, comfortless day it is : no sun, no sky, grey or blue ; one low, overhanging, dark, dismal cloud, like London smoke. Up the hill again walk we must. O, what a watery world to look back upon ! Thames, Kennet, Loddin, all overflowed. Our famous town, inland once, turned to a sort of sluice. C—— Park converted into an island ; and the long range of meadows, from B—— to W——, one huge unnatural lake, with trees growing out of it. O, what a watery world ! I will look at it no longer : I will walk on. The road is alive again. Waggon creak, horses splash, carts rattle and groan, and pattens pattle through the dirt with more than their usual click. The common has its own fine tints of green and brown, and its old variety of inhabitants ; horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and donkeys. The ponds are unfrozen, except where some piece of melancholy ice floats sullenly upon the water ; and cackling geese and gabbling ducks have replaced the Lieutenant and Jack Raply. The avenue is chill and dark ; the hedges are dripping ; the lanes knee deep ; and all nature is in a state of desolation and thaw."

**HISTORICAL MEMORANDA OF JANUARY.** January 1, 1801, the Union of Great Britain and Ireland was solemnized, by the hoisting of a new royal flag on the Tower of London, and by the firing of

the guns there and at St. James's Park. The disunion is likely to take place this year, by the firing of guns from Dublin Castle, and the hoisting of the banner of Repeal.

On the 2nd of January, Ovid, the celebrated Roman poet, died. He was born at Salmo, on the 20th of March, forty-three years before the Christian era. His father designed him for the bar, and he became eminently eloquent; but everything he wrote was expressed with poetical numbers. And although reminded by his father that even Homer lived and died in poverty, he preferred the pleasures of imagination to those of forensic disputation. After enjoying for many years the favour of the great, he was at last banished for some unknown cause. In his exile he was cowardly, and prostituted his pen to flatter baseness; and though he desired the death of the emperor, he fawned upon him, in his writings, to meanness. He died at Tomos, on the Euxine Sea, the place of his banishment, under the reign of Tiberius, who had succeeded Augustus, and was deaf to the poet's entreaties for permission to return home.

Livy, the Roman historian, died at Padua, on the same day and in the same year with Ovid. The "History of the Roman Empire" was in 140 books, of which only thirty-five are extant. Five of these were discovered at Worms, in 1431, and some other fragments at Herculaneum, in 1821.

The most important day in this month to our young readers is, undoubtedly, Twelfth Day, or the Feast of the Epiphany. On the eve of this day it is customary for all well-disposed and hearty families to invite their relations, friends, and neighbours, to their houses, to play at cards, and to partake of a supper, of which mince pies are the principal feature, and plum-puddings eleven days old;

and the wassail bowl, and apples and sugared ale, called lamb's wool, come in for supernumeraries. On Twelfth Day boys assemble round pastry cooks' shops in shoals, and girls get pinned together while looking at the twelfth-cakes.

How to cut twelfth-cake requires no receipt ; but how to provide it, and draw the characters, may be useful to young folks. First, buy your cake ; then, before your visitors arrive, buy your characters, each of which should have a pleasant verse beneath. Next look at the invitation list, and count the number of ladies you expect, and afterwards the number of gentlemen ; then take as many female characters as you have invited ladies, fold them up exactly of the same size, and number each on the back, taking care to make the King No. 1, and the Queen No. 2 ; then prepare and number the gentlemen's characters. Cause tea and coffee to be handed to your visitors as they drop in. When all are assembled, and tea over, put as many ladies' characters in a bag as there are ladies present ; next put the gentlemen's characters in a hat. Then call on a gentleman to carry the bag round to the ladies as they sit, from which each lady is to draw one ticket, and to preserve it unopened. Select the lady to bear the hat to the gentlemen, for the same purpose. There will be one ticket left in the bag, and one in the hat, which the lady and gentleman who carried each are to exchange, as having fallen to each.

Next arrange your visitors according to numbers ; the King, No. 1, the Queen, No. 2, and so on. The King is then to recite the verse on his card, the Queen the verse on hers, and so the characters are to proceed in numerical order. This done, let the cake and merriment follow ; and nothing delights old Peter Parley's heart more

than to see an acre of cake spread out, the sweet frost covering the rich earth below ; studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat, and hollow yellow-crusteds crowns, and kings and queens. I delight to see scores of happy children sitting joyful round the dainty fare, eating, but not cramming ; with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence, which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round, and the glistening eyes, which feed beforehand on the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold ; and then, when the characters are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from each little eye ? O, this to Peter Parley is indeed a charming pleasure.

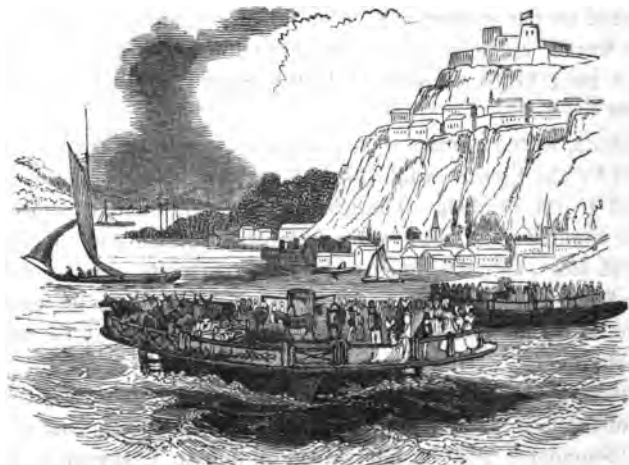
But when Christmas is ended,  
Bid feasting adieu ;  
Go play the good scholar,  
Thy tasks to renew.  
Be mindful of spelling  
And reading again ;  
Dame Profit shall give thee  
Reward for thy pain.

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## HISTORICAL LOCALITIES.

No. I.

## QUEBEC.



I INTEND to present my young readers with a series of tales on “places ;” which ought to be quite as interesting as those of persons. Indeed, persons and places are necessary in all tales ; but views of the places in which important occurrences have happened,

cannot be brought before the mind, without the history of those transactions which have made them celebrated.

One of these places is Quebec; represented in the cut above. It is singularly situated; half on a plain on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, the other half on the top of a steep perpendicular rock, at least 350 feet high, which rises immediately above. These are called the lower and upper towns. The rock upon which the citadel stands is made very strong by art, and can only be approached on the western side, where a citadel, and a great range of other works, render it almost another Gibraltar. Quebec was one of the most brilliant scenes of British glory; which I shall relate to you.

Canada, with a portion of New Brunswick, were at one time possessed by the French; while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick belonged to the English. The French, however, disputed our claim to the country; and, after many skirmishes between the inhabitants on both sides, and subsequently by the French and English forces, a reinforcement of troops was sent from England, under General Wolfe, who had orders to put an end to the business, by the reduction of Quebec.

The armament set sail in February, consisting of twenty-two line-of-battle ships and twenty frigates, under the command of Admiral Saunders; and the ships sailed up the St. Lawrence in June, and took possession of the Island of Orleans by the end of the month. They took up a position a little below Quebec, where the river suddenly narrows to about a mile. Behind the town, facing the great inland lakes, stands a range of hills, called the Heights of

Abraham, whose tops are level with the highest ridge on which the upper city is built.

The governor of Quebec was the Marquis of Montcalm, an old but active general : his force consisted of about ten thousand troops, of whom about half were militia and Indians. He had fortified the town on every point, dug trenches, and thrown up the most formidable works. The city of Montreal was also well garrisoned ; and twenty miles above Quebec a body of 2000 men lay encamped, to attack in flank any force which might attempt to land in that direction.

Several attempts were now made by the British to reduce the town, but all were ineffectual ; and the English force being reduced to 5000, a council of war determined, on the suggestion of Wolfe, to attack the town at that part where an attack would be the least expected ; namely, the heights of Abraham, which were deemed to be inaccessible. Accordingly, on the following morning, September 11th, the ships of the line, with the exception of two or three, and all the frigates, suddenly hoisted sail, and, exposed to a heavy cannonade from all the batteries, sailed up the river past Quebec : the troops had previously been landed on the other side of the river, and in perfect safety they marched in the same direction. When they had proceeded about nine miles, they found the fleet riding at anchor, already beyond the reach or observation of the enemy. The point of attack Wolfe had chosen, lay within a mile and a half of Quebec ; and consequently this march had no other object in view than to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. No sooner had the tide turned, and evening set in, than the surface of the river suddenly swarmed with boats, which had been secretly brought to this

distant mustering-place. Then the signal for sail was hung out, and they immediately began proudly to descend the channel, leaving the flotilla of boats behind them.

Before midnight the fleet had reached its first anchorage ; and the troops up the river could hear the thundering of their guns, as they cannonaded, at long shot, the fortifications below the St. Charles. This cheering sound told them that they had repassed the town safely ; while the French, completely duped by the stratagem, concluded that from the ships a descent was about to be attempted.

During the interval, the troops had silently, and in complete order, taken their places in the boats ; and, as soon as it became quite dark, like a huge flock of water-fowl they glided down the stream. Not a word was spoken. The soldiers sat upright and motionless, and the sailors scarcely dipped their oars, lest the splash should reach the parties of French placed along the shores at short distances. Wolfe sat in the leading boat, surveying attentively each headland, to prevent the hazard of shooting beyond the point at which he purposed landing. Unobserved, he gained the little cove which has since borne his name ; and shortly before midnight all the men were landed.

The troops now stood upon a narrow beach. Above them rose the celebrated heights, shown in the cut : the army mounted them, and were received, when near the top, with a discharge from a French battery, and a volley of musketry ; but they pushed on bravely, and in a few moments the fort was in British hands ; and the guard, which had vainly defended it, flying towards Quebec, across the plains which separated the heights from the town, called the plains of Abraham.



Wolfe now marched his whole army in the same direction, and halted when within a mile of the town, and made his men lie down with their arms, in readiness for the first alarm. Montcalm was astonished to find the British before the place ; and, about eleven in



the forenoon, commenced a desultory attack on the English lines, by Indian and French sharp-shooters, who concealed themselves behind a wood. But the British met them bravely, and stood to their arms with the greatest patience ; and when the French force debouched from their green cover, they failed to break their order, or to make them flinch for a moment. Wolfe rode up to them, and intreated them to be firm, and to reserve their fire till within forty yards. The men replied with a shout—advanced—and, at the appointed distance, took such fatal aim as to break the ranks of the

enemy. The order was then given to charge, and the whole battalion moved on with their general at the head. The French faltered—stood still—and receiving another deadly volley, gave way. At this moment a ball struck the general in the wrist; he paused only to wrap his handkerchief round the wound, and again pressed forward. He received a second ball in his belly, but still continued to give his orders without flinching; when a third bullet pierced his breast, and he fell never to rise again.

In a few minutes the brave young man was beyond all hope—his eyes grew dim; but he raised himself from time to time to watch the progress of the battle. At last the sounds of “They run,” met his ear. “Who run?” inquired the hero. “The French,” was the reply. “Then, God be praised, I die happy,” he exclaimed; and falling back, immediately expired.

The gallant Montcalm had also fallen in the battle. The enemy was entirely routed; and in five days Quebec capitulated to the English.

O, war! war! how many gallant noble spirits are sacrificed to thee! Accursed be the wickedness of this world, that makes thy presence necessary, or thy horrors to be misnamed glory.

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## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.



I AM about to give my young friends a series of tales about the original inhabitants of various districts both of Asia and America, who are generally called Indians. In former times, all the countries east of the ancient world was called India; and when Columbus passed over the Atlantic, and discovered America, the wild inhabitants he found there were named Indians, from that navigator

thinking that he had discovered India by a western course of sailing. Thus the native Americans, both of North and South America, are called Indians; and we must so designate them in our Tales.

My first tales will be about the North American Indians. If you look at the map of this part of the globe, you will observe a vast extent of country, which is now divided between the English and the United States. The part of America now belonging to England, is an assemblage of vast, ill-defined, and straggling territories, the remnant of that mighty empire of which the rebellion of her children deprived her. It is somewhat difficult to define its limits; but the base line may be said to be formed by the river St. Lawrence, and the great lakes, Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior. These, except in a few points, separate the British territories from the United States; but there is to the south of it one great angle, consisting of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which has been withheld from the United States, and remained attached to Britain.

I would wish my readers to make themselves well acquainted with the situation of the lakes and rivers. Beyond them, to the west and north-west, are extensive prairies, dense forests, and vast wildernesses, where European footsteps are seldom known; and these wilds are inhabited by various tribes of native Americans, or American Indians.

The forests predominate in all that tract which is nearest to the eastern State, and immediately beyond the Alleghany mountains. They consist of lofty primeval trees, which rise often to an immense height. In the rich tracts, they sometimes exhibit a grand assemblage of gigantic objects, which carry the imagination back to other

times, before the foot of a white man touched the American shore. The white oaks are seen rearing their magnificent stems, without a branch, to the height of seventy or eighty feet, terminating in full, luxuriant heads. The roads are formed by merely cutting down



one tree after another, and thus opening so much space as will allow a cart or light waggon to pass. To travel through these mighty woods is at first grand and imposing, but it soon makes you tired. To travel, day after day, among trees of a hundred feet high, without a glimpse of the surrounding country, is absolutely oppressive. Upward the traveller can see neither sun, moon, or stars ; but around

him an eternal forest, from which he cannot for a long while hope to emerge.

The Prairies exhibit quite a different scene: they consist of endless meadows, without a tree or even a shrub, and in which the grass rises to four, six, or even eight feet. It is in approaching the Mississippi that they begin to appear. The grand prairie reaches from Lake Michigan nearly to the Ohio, about 300 miles in length, and twenty-five to thirty in breadth. The region west of the Mississippi consists almost entirely of one boundless prairie, reaching almost to Mexico. The Indians, and sometimes the Europeans, set fire to these prairies; when the flame spreads with tremendous rapidity, and is said to present one of the grandest scenes in nature. The flame rushes through the long grass with a sound like thunder; dense clouds of smoke arise, and the sky itself appears almost on fire. Travellers crossing the prairies are then in considerable danger, which they can only escape by setting fire to the grass immediately around them, and taking shelter in the burnt part, where the approaching flame must expire for want of fuel. Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of a burnt prairie, presenting one black surface, as if the earth were turned to charcoal.

The Indians who as yet occupy the vast regions west of the Missouri, retain all their savage character. They procure food almost solely by hunting; and to surprise a hostile tribe, to massacre them with every excess of savage cruelty, and to carry off their scalps as trophies, is their highest ambition. Their domestic behaviour is, however, orderly and peaceable; and, whether from fear or friendship, they seldom rob or kill a white man, even when an opportunity offers. In the early times of the settlers they were not,

however, very particular as to what they did. The Sioux are the most powerful and unbroken of these tribes; their numbers are, perhaps, six or seven thousand, of which at least two thousand are warriors; but they are branded as the vilest miscreants of the savage race, and the pirates of the Missouri. Other powerful tribes are the Blackfeet Indians, Kite Indians—a most fierce and savage race, Crew Indians, Dog Indians, Pierced-nose Indians, Big-bellied Indians, and three tribes of Osage Indians; the whole number at least 100,000.

I shall now proceed to my tales; and the first that I shall relate will be called

#### THE BACKWOODSMAN.

Perhaps you scarcely know what a Backwoodsman is; and therefore I must just say that, he is a settler who occupies the back woods of America. Here the son of a gentleman becomes a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; he learns to chop down trees, to pile brush heaps, split rails for fences, drive piles, attend the fires during the burning season, dressed in a coarse garment of hempen cloth, called a logging shirt, with trowsers to correspond, and a Yankee straw hat flapped over his eyes, and a handspike to assist him in rolling over the burning brands. To tend and drive oxen, plough, sow, plant Indian corn and pumpkins, and raise potato-hills, are among some of the young emigrant's employments. His relaxations are comparatively few, but they are eagerly seized when they do occur.

The young hero, of whom I am going to speak, was the son of a

very excellent doctor of medicine, resident in the town of Reading, and had received the benefits of a good education in classical and mathematical learning. But, from his childhood, he rather loved to rove about the fields and commons of his neighbourhood, than to wade through the poetic fields of Horace and Virgil ; and a tom-tit's nest, or the unearthing of a badger, was far greater pleasure to him than finding out the solidity of a sphere or parabolic spindle. Instead, therefore, of applying himself to the duties of the profession his father had designed for him, and walking the hospitals in a proper manner, he took a fit into his head to walk off to America ; or, at least, to walk into the steamer, which conveyed him there—with the intention of penetrating into the back woods, the forests, the prairies, and wildernesses, of which he had read, and on the solitude and excitement of which his heart was set.

After a perilous voyage of three months, Robert Hughes arrived at Montreal, with about twenty pounds in his pocket. He had worked his passage over in the vessel ; and after paying for his transit from Quebec, found himself not quite rich enough to get back again, and without a friend in the world to give him advice.

When he entered the city he was by no means pleased with its appearance, which was that of gloom and dirt. Most of the streets are ill paved and narrow ; and it being on a Sunday, the numerous iron doors and shutters of the shops gave the city the look of an immense prison. The cholera, too, had at that time made awful ravages ; and its devastating effects were to be seen in the darkened dwellings and mourning habiliments of all classes.

The next day, however, Robert took a walk into the upper portion of the town, which was of a different character ; the houses



being interspersed with gardens and pleasant walks. From the Nelson Hotel, at which he determined to put up for a few days, he beheld a superb view of the city, the river, and all the surrounding country, taking in the distant mountains of Chambley, the shore of the St. Lawrence, towards La Prairie, and the rapids above and below the island of St. Anne. This sight seemed to revive his broken spirit, and he longed for the wilderness, adventures among savages, and thousands of acres which he hoped one day to possess.



# PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. II.



FEBRUARY.

THE zodiacal sign of this month is Pisces, the Fishes; and is said to symbolise the fishing of the Nile, which usually commenced at this season of the year. According to an ancient fable, it repre-

sented Venus and Cupid, who, to avoid Typhon, a dreadful giant with a hundred heads, transformed themselves into fishes. This fabulous monster, it seems, threw the whole host of the heathen deities into confusion. His story, shortly, is, that as soon as he was born he began to avenge the death of his brethren, the giants, who had warred against Olympus, by resuming the conflict alone. Flames of fire darted from his eyes and mouths, he uttered horrid yells, and so frightened the pagan celestials, that Jupiter himself became a ram, Juno a cow, Mercury an albis, Apollo a crow, Bacchus a goat, Diana a cat, &c., till Jupiter hurled a rock, and buried him under Etna. The idol Dagon, with a human head and arms, and a fish's tail, is affirmed to be the symbol of the sun in pisces, and to allegorise that the earth teems with corn and fruits.

THE SEASON. The weather is now cold and mild alternately. In our variable climate, we one day experience the severity of winter, and a genial warmth prevails the next day. But at times we have winter return with all its severities. Yet winter at last breaks apace, and is succeeded by a genial season. But if ice still remain, let those who tempt it beware.

. The frost-bound rivers bear the weight  
Of many a venturous elf:  
Let each who crowds to see them skate,  
Be careful of himself;  
For, like the world, deceitful ice,  
Who trust it, makes them rue;  
'Tis slippery as the paths of vice,  
And quite as faithless, too.

The poet, Clare, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," gives the following beautiful poem of this season :—

" The sun-beams on the hedges lie,  
The south wind murmurs summer soft ;  
The maids hang out white clothes to dry,  
Around the elder-skirted croft.  
A calm of pleasure listens round,  
And almost whispers winter by ;  
While fancy dreams of summer sound,  
And quiet rapture fills the sky.

Thus nature of the spring will dream.  
While south winds thaw ; but soon again  
Frost breathes upon the stiffening stream,  
And numbs it into ice—the plain  
Soon wears its mourning garb of white,  
And icicles, that fret at noon,  
Will eke their icy tails at night,  
Beneath the chilly stars and moon.

Nature soon sickens of her joys,  
And all is sad and dumb again,  
Save merry shouts of sliding boys,  
About the frozen furrowed plain."  
The foddering boy forgets his song,  
And silent goes with folded arms ;  
And croadling shepherds bend along,  
Crouching to the whizzing storms.

As the month advances, all nature begins to revive. The green woodpecker is heard in the woods. The woodlark, one of our

earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note. Rooks—missel-thrushes pair. The thrush sings; the yellow-hammer is heard; the chaffinch sings. Turkey-cocks strut and gobble. Partridges begin to pair. The house-pigeon has young. Field-cricket open their holes. Moles are busy below in the earth. Gnats fly about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the bee gets abroad.

VEGETATION. The leaves of daffodils, narcissi, and other plants that are to blow next month, appear above ground. The apricot begins to show a few blossoms—white batenbrier often in full flower. The snowdrop, crocus, and polyanthus blossom.

The bullfinch returns to our gardens in February; and although timid half the year, is now fearless and persevering. In some



places this bird is called the thickbill, the nope, and the hoop. It has a wild hooping note. This bird is very docile, and has no song

of its own, but readily learns and never forgets whatever it is taught by the whistle or pipe. The hen learns as well as the male; and although hung among other caged birds, they invariably retain their acquired melodies. They are sometimes taught words of command. Fine piping, well-taught bullfinches are frequently sold at high prices: handsome birds with these qualities have produced from five to ten pounds each.

OLD HOLIDAYS. Candlemas Day is the second of this month, and is so called because, in the Roman Catholic Church, candles were blessed, and set up in great numbers. In old English schools, boys and girls looked forward to Candlemas Day as an entire day of play, fun, and festivity. On the evening preceding, the schoolmaster gave notice, with all due pomp and gravity, that the next day was holiday. In Scotland the schoolmaster was thrifty as well as kind; and every boy was advised to hasten home to his parents, and prepare the "Candlemas bleeze," which was the donation to the schoolmaster. On the morrow all was bustle and conjecture, who is to be king, who is to be queen. The master receives his "bleeze" with condescension and familiar kindness: some bring sixpence, some a shilling, and others more, according to the circumstances of their parents. With the "bleeze" the master purchases a few bottles of whiskey, which is converted into punch; and this, with a quantity of biscuits, is for the entertainment of his youthful guests. The boy that brings the most bleeze is to be crowned king, and the girl who brings the largest portion is queen. To these illustrious personages the other youths in the school pay homage for the remainder of the festivities.

The king and queen being installed, by being introduced to each

other by the schoolmaster, they acknowledge the honour with a fond salute; both then receive a glass of punch, and pledge their worthy master. They next drink long life and happy days to their loyal subjects, and are afterwards enthroned on an elevated seat. After the enthronement, the master gives each scholar a glass of punch and a biscuit; and they all drink long life and a prosperous and happy reign to their most gracious sovereigns, at the same time making obeisance with their best bows. As long as the whiskey holds out, these testimonials of loyalty and attachment are repeated. The young ones get full of mirth and glee; and after receiving their master's thanks, are finally dismissed with merry hearts, and go home cheering all the way.

The next February festival is Shrovetide, or, as it is commonly called, Pancake-day—a day which I hope will be kept as long as wheat continues to grow; for there is nothing so nice as a pancake nicely *copt*, as the Suffolk people have it, who are reported to be so dexterous, in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge, as to throw a pancake up the chimney, then go to the street door, and catch it without smutting it. To eat pancakes and fritters on Shrove Tuesday has been a custom from time immemorial; and the great bell which used to be rung on Tuesday, to call people together for the purpose of confessing their sins, was called pancake-bell—now likely to be revived.

At Eton School it was the custom on Shrove Tuesday for the scholars to write verses either in praise or dispraise of Father Bacchus (no relation to Father Mathew, of course). He was, therefore, sung in all kinds of metres; and the verses of the boys of the seventh, and sixth, and of some of the fifth, forms, were affixed to the inner doors of the college. Verses are still written and put up

on that day, but the young poets are no longer confined to the god of wine; and one of the last poems was on the college pump.

The next great festival of this month is Saint Valentine; which, since the new fashion of receiving no letters but such as are post paid, seems rapidly falling into decline.

St. Valentine, so celebrated among young persons, was a bishop of Rome, and suffered martyrdom about the year 270. It was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls, in honour of their goddess, Februata Juno, on the 15th of February; in exchange for which, certain Roman Catholic pastors substituted the names of saints, in billets, given the day before, namely, on the 14th of February.

I cannot, of course, give little boys and girls lessons how to make love to each other; but I can assure them that all little children should love one another.

Little children love each other;

'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule.

Every one is sister, brother,

To his playfellows at school.



## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

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### CHAPTER II.

WHILE gazing upon the scenery around him, Robert beheld a heavily laden barge slowly approaching the hotel, full of a heterogenous mixture of furniture, implements of husbandry, live stock, grain, and poultry. It was steered by a tall, lank, woe-begone-looking personage, dressed in a blue woollen surtout, or frock, a red night-cap, with breeches of scarlet plush, over which were drawn, to above the knee, enormous grey ribbed woollen hose. Thick leathern shoes, and a lighted pipe, completed the costume of this singular character.

As the barge neared the shore, a child's black and matted head popped up from the cabin, which, with a wild stare, popped down again. In a few seconds three other little heads were to be seen just above the tarpaulin; then came an older face, with lank hair, combed straight behind, and tied with a piece of rope-yarn; it was that of a youth. Presently a female, in a large mob cap, appeared with an infant in her arms; and lastly, a middle-aged woman, in a

blue striped bed-gown, and a handkerchief twined round her head *à la Française*, showed her face from the cabin.

The grotesque stranger was an English naval officer, and the other mentioned personages his wife, children, and female servant. They were all on an expedition to the back woods, to take possession of an "estate" of some hundreds or thousands of acres of uncleared land. The barge contained all their stock in trade, and property of all kinds, which it was their intention to get as far as possible up the Ottawa River; at the extremity of which the settlement was situated.

After a short time the barge was moored, and the lieutenant came on shore. It was not long before he reached the public room at which our hero was sitting. "Heavy working up against the stream," he observed to Robert. "Well, I have been going against the stream all my life," he continued, "and so I do not mind it."

"If people can't go with the stream they must go against it," said the youth; "for my part, I do not know whether I go against the stream or not, but I intend to go a-head."

"Go a-head! Give me your fore-paw, my hearty, you speak like a Briton." So saying, he seized Robert by the hand with a grasp sufficient to have strangled a wolf. "I have only one thing to grieve me just now," he continued, "and that is the loss of poor Tom Skillet; and how I shall supply his loss I know not; for these Canadian rascals are not worth a bunch of radishes. I shall never be able to get a help like poor Tom; and when we get into the wood we shall miss him awfully." Tom was boatswain on board the *Curlew*, and could turn his hand to anything—a true boy for a forest life; make anything—from pies to pineushions.

"I wish you would take me in his place," said Robert.

The settler started back a few paces ; and surveying Robert from his shoe-tie to the very crown of his head with a contemptuous smile, which gradually rose into a loud ha ! ha ! replied, "Why you would be of no more use than a silver toothpick. A pretty fellow to saw logs, drive piles, and clear the forest. Didst ever handle a hatchet ?"

"Aye," said Robert, "and a sledge-hammer too ; and a cooper's axe ; and will undertake to build you a house, or a craft, a boat, or a coffin, any day."

The settler looked quite confounded ; and hoisting up his waist-band, was, for a few moments, lost in reflection as profound as one of his loose habits could undertake. After a long and anxious pause, he said, "Do you really mean that you will go into the back woods with me."

"I do," said Robert ; "and if you will try me, it shall go hard if I do not be as good a help as you require, provided you use me fairly ; if you do not, I will trust to my rifle, and become a wild man of the woods ; and, perhaps, may some day be captured for a London exhibition."

"It's a bargain," said the skipper ; "it's a bargain ; come on board, and we will soon arrange matters, I promise you."

So Robert went on board the craft, and having found his way into the small cabin crammed with every description of merchandize, from a coffee-mill to a grindstone, and smelling odiously of a mixture of cheese, bacon, dried fish, grain, and spices, he set down to settle ; and, over a glass of toddy, the pair soon negotiated the matter to mutual satisfaction. Robert was provided with a

berth, and on the morrow they began their journey on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal.



After sailing with a fair wind for some hours, and pulling with all their might, the travellers came to the rapids ; and, at a little village at the bottom of them, the craft hove too, and all hands were employed in unloading her of everything she contained. Robert was somewhat astonished to find carts and wheelbarrows, tables and rude stools, all cut in the rough, requiring no farther trouble than to put them together ; with a variety of utensils of the utmost importance to them in their new mode of life. On the following days a waggon was put together, and two carts. The barge was sold,

and four horses bought with the proceeds. The horses were harnessed, two to the wagon and one each to the carts; and Robert having the charge of the latter, and the settler the former, in which were his wife and family, hedged in between deal boards and boxes, rough chairs and rougher tables.

A journey of a hundred miles over log roads now commenced. These log roads are made by laying trees at right angles across the road, and of course, are anything but agreeable to travellers; for the jolting is enough to dislocate every limb. But the splendour of the scenery on every side, the fine cascades that often appeared at various turns of the road, and the constant excitement throughout the journey, reconciled Robert to all inconveniences, and kept up his spirits. At last they reached the town of Brescot; and, after resting a night, the whole of the family, with wagons, carts, horses, and stores, were shipped on board the steamer, and were on their way to the Lake of a Thousand Islands.

The shores of the St. Lawrence assumed a more rocky and picturesque appearance as they advanced among the clusters of islands. The steamer put in for a supply of firewood at a little village on the American side of the river, and took in five-and-twenty beautiful horses.

It was midnight when the travellers reached Keystop, called the key to the lakes; but in the morning the steamer was gallantly dashing along through the waters of Lake Ontario, the shores of which are very fine; rising in waving lines of hill and dale, clothed with magnificent woods, or enlivened by patches of cultivated land and pretty dwellings. As the steamer dashed on, Robert, who was looking out at the head of the vessel, thought he beheld some

strange object at a distance rising and falling on the water. He kept his eyes intently fixed upon it; and as the boat drew nearer, discovered it to be a human being drifting on a portion of wreck. He immediately directed attention to it; the boat was stopped, and the poor wretch was, without further difficulty, taken on board.

His history was a very simple one: he was the owner of one of the druggers' boats of the lake, and had been employed by a settler to transport his effects to the interior. Being suddenly surprised by a storm, the boat had drifted upon a rock and went to pieces. The fore portion had again drifted out to sea, with the poor fellow



upon it. He had been two days in his perilous situation, and must have perished, but for the timely arrival of the steamer.

In a few hours the steamer reached Cobourg; at which place there is a neatly-built and flourishing village, containing a number of good stores, mills, a banking-house, and printing-office, where a newspaper is published once a week. Here the trouble of landing the stock again took place. But here, also, much of it was got rid

of; for the settler had brought a part of it to sell at Cobourg; for which purpose the party stayed there for several days. This was a great relief, and seemed to take a burden from the shoulders of every one, and a great one from the mind of the captain, who now directed his attention exclusively to passing to the back settlements, and even beyond them, in full and joyful hope of being a large landed proprietor, and of seeing life in the far west. In this feeling Robert largely participated, and "girded up his loins" for a future life of adventure, which it will be my business to relate to my young readers in succeeding chapters.



## CHAPTER III.



As Robert proceeded farther from the track of civilization, he became more and more anxious to know something respecting the districts through which he was to travel; and the settler was equally ready to inform him of all that had occurred to him in his former forest life, and to detail the accounts of those with whom he had travelled.

"The Indians," said he, in reply to a question of our young adventurer, "in appearance are very picturesque, from the head to



the foot. The upper part of his hair is cut short, and forms a ridge, which stands up like the crest of a cock. The rest of the hair is shorn, or tied in a knot behind his ear. On his head are usually stuck three feathers, by way of ornament, taken from the turkey, pheasant, or hawk.

“ From his ear hangs also a fine shell with pearl drops, polished very smooth. From his neck and wrists hang strings of beads. His apron is made of deer-skin, around the edges of which is a fringe. Behind his back, or on his side, hangs a quiver to contain arrows: this is generally made of thin bark, but sometimes of the skin of a fox or young wolf; and to make it look more terrible, the head hangs down from the end of the quiver. To add to the war-like appearance of the quiver, it was tied on the tail of a panther or a buffalo. On his shoulder he had a mark on the flesh, which told the tribe to which he belonged.

“ The priests wore a robe in the form of a short petticoat, which fell from the shoulders downwards: it was made of skin dressed quite short, with the fur on the outside. The hair was always reversed, that is, the skin was turned upside down; hence it looked very shaggy and fearful.

“ The cut of the priest's hair was very peculiar: the whole of it was cut close, except a thin crest like a cock's comb, which ran from the forehead to the nape of the neck in a line. A little above the eye-brows a border of hair was left, to run across the forehead, which was so stiffened with grease and paint as to stand out like the frontispiece of a bonnet.

“ Beside priests, there were also conjurers, whose office it was to solve dreams and foretell events. He acted also as a physician, to

cure diseases. . . Like the priest, his hair was also shaven off, except the crest on the crown. Upon his ear he wears the skin of some dark-coloured bird. He usually blackened himself with soot. At his girdle hangs an otter skin. Upon his thigh he has a pocket, which is fastened by tucking it under his girdle: the bottom of his pocket is fringed with tassels, by way of ornament. . .

"The women wear a sort of coronet or cap, sometimes a wreath of furs. Their hair is usually bound with a fillet of beads. They



also wear a necklace and other ornaments. When the first Europeans surprised an Indian camp, the women in a body went out against them, bearing in their hands branches of trees and clubs, and with loud outcries tried to frighten the invaders."

" I suppose the manners and customs of the Indians were quite as remarkable as their dress," inquired Robert. .

" They were very peculiar, certainly," said the settler. " The first thing the Indians did with a child when it was born, was to dip it into the nearest stream : it was then bound naked to a board. In this posture it was kept for several months, fed from the mother's breast, and occasionally swung behind her back, or hung upon the branch of a tree. After the children were taken from the board, and suffered to crawl about, their mothers carried them in a different manner. In summer they carried them at their backs, taking one leg of the child under their arm, and the counter arm of the child in their hand, over their shoulder, the other leg hanging down ; the child all the while holding fast with its other hand.

" Perhaps you would like to hear something about the Indian houses," inquired the settler.

" I should," said Robert.

" Then I may inform you that the Indians live in villages, unless they are very roving in their disposition. The Indians in Virginia had villages which contained from fifty to five hundred families. Their houses are called wigwams : they are constructed of poles, one end of which is fastened into the ground, and the other bent over to meet in like manner, both of which are fastened together at the top. When a sufficient number has been fixed in this way, they are covered with the bark of trees.

" A smaller kind of wigwam was made in a conical form, something like a bee-hive. The windows were small holes left open for the passage of the light. In bad weather they closed these holes with a piece of bark. The chimney was only a small hole in the

top of the wigwam. The fire is always made in the middle of the cabin. A mat hung up before the entrance serves as a door.

"These houses, as you may well imagine, are not very comfortable: they are cold and smoky. They bear little comparison to the light and convenient houses you are used to in England, my friend. The Indians have no chairs or tables, but sit upon skins or mats spread upon the ground: these also serve for their beds."

"I suppose they get their living by fishing and hunting," said Robert.

"Yes," replied the settler; "and before the arrival of the Europeans they had fish in such abundance, that the boys and girls would take a pointed stick and strike the smaller fish as they swam upon the flats. They also took fish by weirs, as we do. A weir is a basket loose and open at one end, and smaller at the other, into which the fish were driven, and taken up before they could turn round to get back.

"In taking water or land-fowl, the Indians, with the exception of a few, still use the bow and arrow. In killing elks, buffaloes, deer, and greater game, they practised what is called fire-hunting: that is, a company would go into the woods any time in winter, when the leaves were fallen, and so dry that they would burn readily. Having selected a place, they would set fire to the woods in a circle of five or six miles compass. When they had completed the first round they commenced another, somewhat smaller, within it. This operation they repeated until they could see the game all herded together in the middle, panting, and almost stifled with the smoke. The Indians then retreated to the centre of the circle, and let fly their arrows at the game, until they had destroyed all within

the circle. All this slaughter was frequently made merely for the sake of the skins, leaving most of the carcasses to perish in the woods. Their great buffalo is a noble animal, and here is a representation of one."



"I suppose their cookery was not equal to ours," said Robert, "and they had not much occasion for cookery books."

" They usually confine their culinary operations to boiling, roasting, or broiling, either by laying the meat on the fire, or by laying it on sticks raised upon four forks over or around the fire : this they called *barbacuing*. They of course skin the animals and pluck the fowls, but as for fish, they eat them scales and all.

" At the present time, many tribes of Indians raise several kinds of corn, with both peas, beans, strawberries, melons, and pumpkins ;



while from the forests they gather chesnuts and walnuts in abundance. As to drink, formerly they used water, latterly rum, which the Europeans have taught them ; but at the present moment temperance societies are being formed among them, even in the far west,

" When taking their meals, you will generally find them stretched

upon a mat spread on the ground, their legs lying out at length before them, and the dish placed between them. Seldom more than two persons eat out of the same dish; but as for spoons, theirs are not like ours, measuring at least half-a-pint. They laugh at us for using so small spoons, which, they say, require to be carried so often to the mouth, as to make their arms tired sooner than their stomachs. Sometimes a cockle-shell was used instead of a spoon.

"Before the arrival of the English, the Indians had no instruments of iron or steel: instead of knives they made use of shells. Their axes were stones sharpened: they were bound to the ends of sticks, and glued with turpentine. Their arrows were made of reeds, which were fletched with turkey feathers, and headed with sharp stones.

"When they wished to kindle a fire, they rubbed two pieces of wood together; but now a large trade is carried on with them for lucifers, which are manufactured in the back States in large quantities. Their mode of felling large trees was, to make a fire round the root, which they kept burning till the tree fell. When they felled a tree of which they designed to make a canoe, they burned it off the proper length, and then raised it to a convenient height upon crutches. It was hollowed by means of fire, and scrapers, consisting of sharp stones and shells. They shaped their ends with their tomahawks. The making of a canoe was sometimes attended with great labour. They now build boats often in the English fashion, with planks and nails."

Robert was anxious to know something concerning the religion of the Indians, knowing that this always influences, to a considerable extent, the habits, customs, and behaviour of men, whether

savage or civilized ; and he asked the settler what notions the Indians had of God.

“ They of course knew nothing of the true God ; yet they were far from destitute of natural religion, and believed in the Great Spirit, as the source of all power and good. Some tribes, especially



those of the Virginia country, believed in a Supreme Being, whom they called Okee : they supposed him to be a bad being, and presented him with many things in sacrifice, such as beasts, fish, and



fruit, to make him kind to them. They had a temple built for him, and an image or idol set before him.

"The Indians believed in the immortality of the soul, and in the existence of heaven and hell. Their heaven consisted of a fine country where spring always prevailed, and where they would find an abundance of all sorts of game, and which it would cost them little effort to take. Their hell they supposed to be a filthy lake, where they would be persecuted day and night with furies, in the shape of old women.

"The Virginian Indians also paid great regard to the corpses of their kings and rulers, which they preserved in the following manner:—First they took off the skin, as entire as possible, after which they removed as much of the flesh as they were able; they then exposed the body to the sun, and when sufficiently dry they again put it into the skin, filling up the vacancies with very fine white sand. By this means they were enabled to preserve the remains of their departed chiefs for a great number of years. They then placed them in a wigwam, on a sort of table, ranged side by side. An idol was placed in the centre of the room; and here, night and day, one of the priests attended, to take care of the bodies, and to keep up the fire.

"When a common person died, they dug a deep hole in the earth with sharp stakes, in which to deposit the body. This being done, they wrapped it in skins, and laid it upon sticks in the ground, and covered it with earth.

"When the burial was over, the mourning service commenced. This was conducted by women, who painted their faces with coal

and oil. The mourning consisted in yelling and howling, which were continued for twenty-four hours.

"And now," said the settler, "I think I have told you enough of the habits and manners of the Indians; and, if you will allow me, I will have a quiet whiff." So saying, he filled his pipe, and puffed away both sedately and silently.



## MONKEYS.

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I DARE say my young friends would enjoy a chapter on monkeys. They, no doubt, like to see their nimble antics, tricks, and grimaces, whether in the zoological gardens, or on the bear's head, or on the organ boy's shoulders. The above cut represents two of the most singular species of monkeys, of which, by and bye, I shall say a few words: at the present I shall talk about monkeys in general.

Monkeys are very numerous, and of a great variety of species. They are of all families; forest animals, generally living in trees, among the branches and twigs of which they make their way with extraordinary celerity. Much of the food of the whole of them is vegetable, consisting not of leaves but of fruit, with which the forests of tropical countries abound; but many of the species are fond of insects, which they add to their vegetable food, and they are by no means nice as to the kinds they devour.

Monkeys belong to the order of *Quadrumana*, or four-handed animals, as they make use of their feet as hands in leaping from the branches of trees, which they do with wonderful agility. In the wild woods of the oriental islands of tropical Africa or America the monkey is in its place, and here he exhibits all his natural powers.

The three principal patches of the globe, or monkey lands, as they are called by naturalists, are the south-east of Asia and the adjacent islands, the west and *south* of Africa (Sir William Jardine, however, in the "Naturalist's Library," places them on the *east* of



Africa, and fetches Guinea there for their accommodation), and the forests of America. In these grand districts the monkeys differ in appearance from each other, although they agree in some of the most important features.

The monkeys of the eastern continent are exceedingly numerous, and are very agile in their movements: their tails are often long. The red monkey is one of the species most known. It is found in Senegal, where it inhabits the woods, and is a very active little animal. Its body is about sixteen or seventeen inches long, and its tail nearly the same. Its hind feet are larger than the fore ones, which is not usually the case in other species. The varied monkey is also a native of Africa, is a clever little animal, and is the most expert pickpocket of all the four-handed race. It can open locks, by turning the key; empty a pocket so gently that the owner cannot perceive it, and play a great number of tricks; while it is more susceptible of kindness than any other monkey.

The Entellus monkey, which is exhibited in the cut descending from the tree, with its long tail twined round one of its branches, has been rarely brought to this country, although common and celebrated in India. The specimen which died in the Zoological Gardens, in the early part of the summer of 1843, was described by Mr. Bennet as being very agile and ingenious, and also mischievous. To this species the Hindoos are said to pay divine homage. To look at him, his sage appearance and whiskered face seem to claim some degree of reverence, when in one of his sedate attitudes, which he sometimes assumes. The poor Hindoos treat it with the greatest kindness and forbearance; and, in consequence, it is exceedingly familiar in the villages of the natives, where it plunders the gardens, and even enters the houses, and helps itself to such fruits as it finds, whether the owners are within or not; and although they are sometimes at their meals, and it comes and seizes a large share, they never offer it any violence.

There is a little monkey, called the White-fronted Monkey, from its forehead and a portion round the eyes being of a pure white, of which the Indians of South America are very fond. They generally keep it in their houses, and their example is followed by the missionaries and other persons from Europe, who take up their abode in the distant branches of the Orinoko. This animal is particularly fond of riding; and Humboldt mentions one belonging to the Maypure Indians, which regularly mounted a pig every morning, and sat quietly on its back during the greater part of the day, while the pig, apparently quite unannoyed by the burden of its little rider, collected its food in the savannah with perfect unconcern. Another, belonging to a missionary, is described as making a cat a substitute for a charger; and even at this the little animal did not show much resentment. Peter Parley remembers that the first writing-book he ever ornamented with pothooks and hangers, had on its cover the representation of a cat in the arms of a monkey, who was making use of her paws to get some roasting chesnuts out of the fire. Take care, my young friends, that nobody make a cat's paw of you in like manner.

A species of monkey, called the Black-headed Monkey, is also represented in the cut. It is not a very large species, and is a native of Guinea, where it performs many mad pranks among the natives—clambering about their rude dwellings, leaping upon the shoulders of their children, chattering and screaming, capering and dancing in the most fantastic manner.

The monkey whose head is shown among the trees, is the Howling Monkey; so called, from its excessive howling at all hours among the woods: their cries resembling the cries of wild beasts.

They are dangerous "customers" to meddle with, for they attack the traveller with sticks, boughs, and even stones, if hard pressed. Humboldt estimates their numbers as being not less than two thousand to the square league, among the woods. If they are surprised upon the ground, they instantly mount to the highest tops of the trees, where nothing but gun-shot or arrows can reach them; and from these heights shower down the dead branches of trees at their assailants. And it appears that, even when shot, they have been found hanging dead from the trees, by their tails, stiffened by the death gripe, far above the reach of their human enemies.

Some stories of monkeys are very amusing. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, kept one for many years, which he used to make a great pet of: his name was Gambo; and Buffon had attired him in a dress coat and breeches, the costume of the period of a hundred years ago. In this dress he used to strut behind the philosopher in the garden, and imitate him in carrying his cane, and other comic actions. Among other objects of attention, Buffon was very fond of bees, of which he had several hives, and these he used to attend night and morning with great assiduity. By some means or other Gambo had got scent of the honey, and determined, on the first fitting occasion, to make himself master of a portion of that contained in the hives. So, when his master sat ruminating in the garden, one fine hot summer afternoon, till he fell asleep, the monkey seized the favourable opportunity, and, taking the naturalist's stick, overthrew the hives, one after another, in the most finished style of impudence. The bees, exasperated, burst forth, and settling on the intruder, stung him fearfully; but, by far more nimble than even bees, Gambo ran up a pear-tree, which spread its

branches on the side of the house to a great height, and from the top of this to the roof, and from the roof to the chimney, where he sat in the smoke, and where the bees did not care to venture. In the meantime Buffon was aroused from his slumbers by a swarm, or rather half-a-dozen swarms, of bees about his ears: he awoke, as might be surmised, in great consternation; and, in the terror of the moment, pulled off his wig, which he dashed about right and left till every grain of powder was exhausted. The bees now settled on the philosopher's bald pate, drove him from his arbour to the house, which they entered through every window, wreaking their vengeance on all its inmates; while Gambo sat on the chimney-top, grinning and chattering as if he enjoyed the sport, which was only put an end to by setting fire to brimstone in the several rooms, which in a few minutes expelled the revengeful insects.

Sir William Jardine relates the story of a monkey, kept by a lady, who daily observing the process at the toilette (when painting and patching was in vogue, as beards and cigars are at the present day), took upon himself to ornament his own face in the style adopted by his mistress. He smeared the lip-salve over his beard; powdered himself from head to foot; laid the carmine on his cheeks, rubbing it in with grease, till he appeared more like a full-blown rose than a monkey; and then, to exhibit himself to the best advantage, ran up the drawing-room curtains of yellow tabert, and making a kind of hood of their folds, grinned at the astonished household, as if proud of his feat, and vain of his personal accomplishments.

The same gentleman relates, that a monkey, kept by a friend, used to light a candle, blow the fire, and strike a light with flint and



steel, but never could be prevailed upon to blow the tinder into a flame. This monkey had observed his master shave himself many times; and on one occasion he obtained possession of the lather-box and brush, and having made a prodigious lather, worked away at his own face with all the adroitness of a well practised barber, till some soap happening to get into his eyes, he flung the box and brush at the looking-glass, and leaping from one thing to the other, took refuge on the top of a clock-case, moaning piteously till the pain was assuaged. But never for the future could he be prevailed on to show his face in a glass, or to handle a brush.

There are many other interesting stories about monkeys, which I shall be glad to tell my young friends at a future time; but for the present must refrain from trespassing farther upon the very limited space of the magazine.

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## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. III.



GATHERING PRIMROSES.

MARCH.

SPRING cometh, my little spring flowers; sweet, good, dear little children, whom Peter Parley loves as he loves the buds of spring. The rough winds and the howling gales will soon be succeeded by

flowrets and young leaves, and balmy air, and fleecy clouds, and sunny showers.

Fresh leaves and flowers deck the season's bier; and, ah! there is one of them—the primrose. See how it peeps from yonder mossy southern bank, pale and motionless, not wagging its sweet head; so hushed and still is the atmosphere, that there is not even a playful breeze around to fondle the flowrets in its soft embrace. This darling flower, this early child of spring, that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty, is my peculiar favourite. I never meet with a tuft of them for the first time, but there goes to my heart an intense feeling of their calm and innocent loveliness: they are to me worlds of young and fresh-bursting life; dear pledges of the renewed existence of nature. They tell me of the vernal joys that are at hand just waiting me. This feeling I experience at every returning season; it is connected with every early association. I delight to follow and trace it far back into childhood; and old Peter Parley wishes he was a boy again.

But a truce to these feelings. Let me to the times and seasons. Everything now is busy. In the fields labourers are ploughing, and trimming the hedges. In the hollow lanes you hear the tinkling of the gear of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. The busy caw of the rookery comes upon the ear, and the first meek and fearful cry of the young lamb. The hares are hopping about the fields, and the bees are beginning to buz about. The inhabitants of the villages are in their gardens; some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil, amongst the tufts of snow-drops and yellow crocuses, which every-

where abound ; and the children, ten to one, are peeping into the first birds' nest of the season ; the yellow hammer's, or the hedge sparrow's, or perhaps the clay-built blackbird's in the holly tree.

March begins with a festival, the anniversary of St. David, the tutelary saint of Wales. With the ancients it was named from Mars, the god of war. Our Saxon ancestors called the month of March *Lenct Monat*, that is, Length Month ; because the days did then first begin in length to exceed the night. Dr. Sayer says, the Saxons called it also *Rhed Monat*, a word derived from some one of their deities to whom sacrifices were offered in March : others derive it from *Ræd*, the Saxon word for council ; March being the month wherein wars were usually undertaken by the Gothic tribes. The Saxons also called it *Hlyd month* ; from *Hlyd*, which means stormy ; and in this sense March was the stormy month.

St. David, or, in Welch; Dewid, was son of Xantus, prince of Cardiganshire ; brought up a priest ; became an ascetic in the Isle of Wight ; afterwards preached to the Britons ; founded twelve monasteries ; ate only bread and vegetables, and drank milk and water. He is said to have confuted the heretics of his age ; for which St. Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his see to St. David, which see is now called St. David's.

There are many miracles related of St. David, in the early legends. In one it is related, that he stood on the ground and prayed, when it rose into the form of a hill, while a snow-white dove from heaven descended and sat upon his shoulders. On the top of the hill a church was afterwards built, which remains to this day.

I dare say my young friends have observed Welch people wearing leeks upon this day. The custom is derived from St. David, who

caused the Britons, under King Cadwallader, to distinguish themselves from their enemies, during a great battle, wherein they conquered the Saxons by virtue of his prayers.

The 18th of March is the anniversary of St. Edward, called the Martyr. This is the English king who was stabbed in the back with a dagger, by order of his step-mother, Elfrida, while drinking,



on horseback, at the gate of Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck. He spurred his horse, which plunged him into a deep marsh, and there he died of his wounds, in the year 979. It is said that his body was discovered by a pillar of light, and buried in Worlham church, and worked miracles. His name is in the Church of England calendar.

It is an historical fact, that the wretched contriver of King Edward's murder passed the remainder of her days in dismal horror, and her nights brought no repose from the afflictions of her conscience. She obtained a kind of armour, formed of crucifixes, wherein she encased herself; performed penances, built monasteries, and died universally abhorred. The treachery of the crime created a universal distrust: no one would drink without security from him who sat beside him, that he was safe while the bowl was at his lips; and hence is said to have led to the customary expression at table, "I pledge you," and to the "drinking of healths," as it is termed.

On the 20th of March the sun enters the constellation of Aries, or the Ram, which is the first zodiacal sign; and this day is consequently the first day of spring.

Aries, or the Ram, as a zodiacal sign, is said to have been derived by the Greeks from the Golden Fleece, brought from Colchis, by Jason, about 1263 years before Christ. But as it is a hieroglyphic on Egyptian monuments, it is no doubt of higher antiquity, and symbolises that season when sheep yearn their lambs. The people of Thebes slew a ram in honour of Jupiter Ammon, who personifies the sun in Aries, and is represented by ancient sculpture with the horns of a ram on his head. The Hebrews at this season sacrifice a lamb, to commemorate their deliverance from Egypt. Aries, or the Ram, was the ensign of the tribe of Gad.

Our ancestors began their year about this time, and not without reason; for they had for it the sanction of a divine command. To the Israelites it was commanded that this should be the beginning of the sacred year. Their civil year begins in September; and they

continue to observe the command ; having an almanack founded on the complicated motions of the sun and moon. That the year should begin either at the vernal or spring equinox, good reasons may be given ; but for our taking the first of January for the commencement of the year, nothing more can be said than the old theme—

“ Sic volo sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas ;”

which I leave my Latin friends to construe.



## STORY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.



NAPOLEON AT THE HOSPICE.

I DARE say most of my young readers have heard of a country called Switzerland. If they have not, I would advise them to refer to the map of this country, in any good Atlas, and to read about it in any good Geography. When they have spent half-an-hour in this way, they may come and spend another half hour over this story.

Switzerland forms a mountainous territory in the centre of Europe, occupying the west of the great range of the Alps, which divide France and Germany from Italy. France is on the east; Germany, and more particularly Swabia and the Tyrol, on the south and west;



the Italian States, Milan, Piedmont, and Savoy, on the south. It is about 200 miles in length, and forty in breadth.

The surface of Switzerland consists almost entirely of mountains and lakes: the mountains are separated by deep valleys or narrow plains, which form the basins of large rivers. Hence there is great variety of climate; for while the valleys beneath are scorched by the intense rays of the sun, perpetual winter reigns on the heights above.

The principal mountains in Switzerland are Mont Blanc, 15,000 feet high; mounts St. Bernard, Rosa, Simplon, and St. Gothard. The great rivers which water the surrounding regions, either take their rise in Switzerland, or are swelled by the mountain streams of that country. The Rhone flows through the deep valley at the foot of the Italian chain, and is swelled at every step by numberless torrents dashing down the sides of the mountains. The Rhine has its first course among the mountains of the Tyrolese frontiers; but on touching the German plain, it spreads into the wide and beautiful Lake of Constance.

The lakes of Switzerland are large, although none of them have that vast extent which entitles them to be classed as inland seas. The smiling valleys and cultivated hills which form their immediate border, with the mighty mountains which tower behind them in successive ranges, till they terminate in icy pinnacles, rising above the clouds, produce a union of the sublime and beautiful, which no other part of Europe, or, perhaps, the world, can rival.

Peter Parley travelled into Switzerland—I will not say in what year; and his principal journey was to the Hospice, in the mountain called the Great St. Bernard. This saint was supposed to have

been a native of Saxony, and descended from the noble family of Menthon. He governed the institution for nearly half a century, and died in 1008. The building has been twice destroyed by fire.

The mountain has a road over it, which I need not tell you is one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these dreary and desolate regions, where the winter endures for eight or nine months; where the thermometer sinks to twenty degrees below the freezing point; and where, even in the latter end of June, the ice and snow are of prodigious depth; many human beings owe their preservation to the humanity of the monks who are stationed at the Hospice of St. Bernard.

On a beautiful morning, about the middle of June, I quitted my residence on the shores of the Lake of St. Geneva, on a pedestrian excursion to the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. The landscape, which nature has here embellished with all the beauteous tints that belong to her, is extremely grand. Village spires, ancient castles, dense masses of wood, broad expanses of water, waterfalls on every side, embellish the landscape. The road leads towards the village of Martignay, and is a long avenue of oak and walnut trees, clothed on either side by mountains of stupendous height, and broken at the summits into every variety of form. Sometimes I beheld vast hollows, many miles in extent, filled with snow, and forming the eternal glaciers of the Alps: at other times, boundless ranges of black peaks towered for many thousand feet above my head. Down their sides streams of water—a portion of the hundred tributaries of the Rhone—descended sparkling in the sun-beams, and leaped from rock to rock.

A sudden bend in the road now changed the scene with the

abruptness of magic. Ranges of verdant terraces were seen rising above each other with the most beautiful regularity. Then again, as I got a little farther, I came into an amphitheatre of mountains, in which the verdant plain beneath formed the arena. On one side a high mass of bare rock reared itself into a series of fearful precipices, like the shape of a gigantic throne, descending on the opposite side in a similar manner. In another direction, Mount Baron, covered with foliage for about two-thirds of its height, shoots up its square glittering summit of naked granite, that, broken into all the picturesque representations of turret, tower, and bastion, looks like the vast impregnable fortress of a castellated town.

On reaching St. Maurice, I soon found out that I was about to pass into another canton, by the custom house officers' application for passports. But still nature seems to have set a barrier between the two cantons. On one side rears a high mountain, called the Dent de Morell, and on the other, Dent de Midi; the latter of which looks like an immense mass of the purest loaf sugar. They contract the valley to such a degree, as scarcely to leave sufficient space for the river and the town, which is built close to the water's edge.

The weather, which had been highly favourable during the commencement of my tour, now suddenly changed. Violent and continued rain compelled me to pass the night in the cottage in which I had taken shelter. The loud roaring of a cataract greeted me as I sallied forth from my resting-place on the following morning, and in a few minutes I found myself under the celebrated cascade of the Vallanche. The water being now swollen to thrice its usual volume, it fell with a deafening noise through a deep furrow worn in

the cliff, for a distance, reckoning from the summit, of two hundred feet. The river, alighting upon a projecting ridge of rock, and concentrating itself there, tumbles headlong, in a vast unbroken torrent of about eighty feet in length, exactly resembling the continuous descent of wreaths of the purest snow.

As I stood contemplating this magnificent spectacle, the sun broke forth; and its rays, reflected upon the clouds of white mist that were thrown up on every side, produced a series of beautiful rainbows, that rose above each other until they reached the summit of the fall.



MARTIGNAY.

I now came to Martignay, at which the ascent of the St. Bernard may be said to commence. It is eight leagues distant from the

hospice. The town is chiefly remarkable for the magnificent scenery by which it is encircled ; for its immense hotel, chiefly supported by English travellers ; and for its magazine of fossils, where specimens of mineralogy and botany from the surrounding mountains, as well as poles, shod with iron at the head, and at the other end tipped with the chamois' horn, may be purchased as dear as the purchaser pleases.

I must now tell you a little concerning the river that passes the town. It is called the Drance ; at all times a rapid stream, but now, swollen by the previous rains and the melting of the snow, roared with terrific impetuosity along the channel which it had worn at the bottom of the cliffs, on the left of the winding road. On the right, vast pieces of rock, slightly imbedded in clay, lay scattered over the abrupt slope of a mountain that rose many feet above my head. Over the gulf recline two wooden crosses, with inscriptions, of prayer for the souls of two unfortunate muleteers, who had been killed by the falling masses of stone. The death of one of these men was attended with rather extraordinary circumstances. He was descending the mountain with a companion, who rode behind him on the same mule. A large fragment of stone, loosened by the rains, came thundering down the precipice, and, dashing upon his breast, laid him dead in the road : his companion miraculously escaped unhurt.

A few miles from this spot, a scene of such terrible sublimity presents itself to the traveller's eye, that neither pen nor pencil is equal to its delineation. The dark and frowning cliffs towered on either side of the Drance to a prodigious height, exhibiting the appearance of having been rent into ten thousand fragments. A large

portion of these masses still hung suspended over the road, loosely piled upon each other, in awful insecurity, many thousand feet above my head. Immense blocks, shattered by their fall into forms terrifically grotesque, and many thousand tons in weight, have been hurled into the bed of the river, which, as if maddened by these



GALLERIE DE LA MONNOYE.

impediments, dashes on with the rapidity of lightning, boiling, hissing, roaring, and casting its coiling foaming waves across the path.

As I looked up, forests of ancient pines reared around me in majestic grandeur, or lay prostrated and crushed by fragments of rock, to whose passage they offered an ineffectual resistance. A little farther on, a tunnel, about one hundred paces in length, has been pierced through the solid stone, with incredible labour and expense ; it is called the *Gallerie de la Monnoye*.

The scenery now for a short time assumed a more cheerful aspect. Villages, corn-fields, and woodlands, affording an agreeable relief to the desolation that preceded them. Passing along the road, the pale, cold, spectral summit of the Mount St. Velan first appeared in sight, seeming to point out the position of the convent, and the termination of my pilgrimage. Eighteen miles of painful ascent had considerably exhausted my strength ; and on quitting St. Pai, I seemed to have passed the last human habitation. My spirits sank in proportion. The evening was gloomy ; and that intense cold so prevalent in the neighbourhood of the convent, began to be sensibly felt. The path, too, was decidedly indistinct, and so encumbered with loose stones, and intersected by mountain torrents pouring down the mountain sides in every direction, that my progress became slow and painful. I had entered the regions of perpetual cold. It was now eight o'clock in the evening.

The snow lay in vast ridges on every slope, and gradually formed a frozen bridge, many hundred yards in extent, over the furious torrent that still roared at my side. I had totally lost the track ; and as I sat upon one of the fragments of stone scattered in vast quantities over the brown and barren moss, which forms the sole vegetation of this barren spot—which is called the Valley of Desolation—those small bells, usually attached to the mule's bridle,

sounded upon my ear, and in a few moments afterwards an old Swiss, of singularly primitive appearance, came in sight.

"How far from hence to the Hospice of St. Bernard?"

"Seven miles; five of which lie over the snow."

"By what hour, think you, I can reach it to-night?"

"To-night, Monsieur?" repeated he, shaking his venerable grey locks. "Look at that river (pointing to the Drance) that casts its spray upon the path; it never thus overflows its banks unless when the snow above is considerably thawed. You would sink up to the middle at each step. Pass the night at yon cottage (pointing to a building I had not before observed), and take advantage of to-morrow's frost." Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "Excuse my freedom; but I am an old man, and know the nature of these mountains well. No stranger, after yesterday's rain, could, unaccompanied by a guide, effect his passage in the dark. If you escaped the river and the precipices, you would perish with cold in the snow."

Thanking the old man cordially, I made my best of the way to the cottage, where I was hospitably entertained with bread and thin poor milk by the inhabitants; and resumed my journey on the following morning. Soon I got beyond the range of vegetation; and a beautiful cascade, rushing from the white snow cliffs, formed itself into numerous little rills, clear as crystal. I now began to feel a violent pain in my eyes and head, with oppression at my chest, and shortness of breathing; which, added to previous fatigue, made me feel the less able to proceed. But I thought of Martin's well-known lines—

"If at once you don't succeed,  
Try, try, try again:"



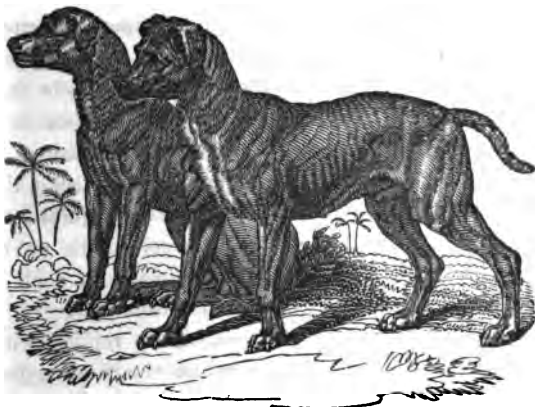
So I crossed and re-crossed the torrent a dozen times, by wading. I plunged through the fields of melting snow, sinking up to the hips at every step. The print of the mules' feet, the only guide, after continuing sufficiently distinct for a small distance, wholly ceased on the brink of some yawning chasm, and obliged me to retrace my steps.

Benumbed with cold, and oppressed by symptoms of that drowsy stupor which is the constant attendant of violent exertion in elevated positions, I was suddenly startled by the appearance, at an abrupt turn of the tract, of two small gloomy-looking buildings, standing within a short distance from each other, and presenting their gable ends to the path. In the centre of the nearest, and at about three feet from the ground, was an aperture, closed by a grating of massy wooden bars, and retained in its position solely by an iron bolt, which shot into the heavy frame-work. I had read and heard much of the manner in which the bodies of those unhappy beings are disposed of, who, fainting with toil, or overwhelmed by the thundering avalanche, annually perish upon this passage.

A horrible presentiment now filled my mind that the dreadful charnel house was before me. I could not refrain from shooting back the bolt by which the door was closed. The heavy grating fell to the earth; and going in, found myself trampling on heaps of human bones, some bleached to the most perfect whiteness, others still covered with portions of black and withered flesh.

Fragments of clothes, that once covered these grinning dead, lay scattered around; and at the farther end of the building, opposite to the entrance, was the body of a man seated against the wall, and enwrapped in a shroud carefully knotted upon his breast. His head,

still covered with a profusion of dark hair, reclined upon his left shoulder, and his arms were crossed upon his bosom. The flesh of the whole body, although nearly black, was undecayed; the features still distinct, but horribly distorted, and the teeth exposed from ear to ear, by the falling away of the lips, seemed to grin in a fearful manner, like those of a wretch writhing under the tortures of the rack.



DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

I cannot describe my feelings at this horrid sight, and was glad enough to get out of the place. I then proceeded to examine the adjacent hovel, which looked equally desolate. It was the *Maison de Refuge* for travellers overtaken by the snow storm. At the upper end a stone bench extended from side to side, on which is

sometimes placed a small basket containing food and wine. It was now choaked with the remains of a fallen avalanche, and filled with a disgusting death-like smell.

I did not feel inclined to stop a moment in this situation, but quickly scrambled my way to the foot of the precipice, covered with snow, immediately below the hospice. The wing of an extensive light-coloured building now attracted my attention. I instantly felt my strength and spirits renewed ; and by thrusting my arms up to the elbows in the snow, contrived to scramble to the summit.

When I had arrived at the middle of the ascent, the most laborious of the whole journey, three of the majestic dogs of the establishment rushed down, and halting at the distance of two or three yards, regarded me with evident looks of pleasure ; then with a deep-mouthed bay, that made the mountains re-echo, they darted up the steep to announce the arrival of a stranger guest.

The good old prior of the convent received me on the steps, where, panting with fatigue and benumbed with cold, I faltered forth the *pro formâ* request of repose and hospitality.

" Come in, and be happy," he immediately replied, with a benevolent smile ; and ringing a loud peal on the convent bell, he directed a domestic to show me an apartment—with an admonition that it was the hour of dinner, and that the soup was on the table.

This last announcement was exceedingly pleasant to my ears, and made the tears come into—my mouth !

The refectory, or dining-room, is a large wainscotted apartment, containing an enormous granite stone reaching to the ceiling. Among the small number of books, I noticed the " Intellectual Calculator." Two paintings decorated the wall ; one the portrait of

an abbot, and the other that of the Virgin, with the infant Saviour holding a bunch of three cherries ; probably intended by the painter as an emblem of the Trinity.

When we arose from the table, grace was repeated ; the monks then slowly retired, and I was left alone to amuse myself with the album of the convent, in which I saw the names of Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and Montgomery ; and to which I added that of Peter Parley.

The same night a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and snow, made the mountain ring with echoes, such as I had never



PARLEY GOING BACK.

heard before. This prevented my leaving the Hospice ; but in the morning the scene was bright and cloudless, and, after breakfasting with the prior, and dropping a free-will offering into the box placed

for that purpose in the church, I took my leave, impressed, like many others, with respect for this truly Christian society.

If the ascent of the snowy precipice on which the Hospice of St. Bernard is erected was slow and toilsome, my descent was sufficiently rapid. I lost my footing on the frozen surface, and was precipitated to the bottom, fortunately at the expense of only a few slight bruises. A walk of eight hours brought me again to Martigny ; and the following morning I proceeded on the tour I had originally projected.



## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.



## CHAPTER IV.

"THE Indians have been very unjustly treated at times," said the settler; "and the story I am about to relate to you will show you an Indian's revenge."

"There was a man, by the name of Warrington, who lived near the present town of Concord, in New Hampshire. His house was made of logs, and pleasantly situated in a small valley by the side

of a little river. It was seven miles from the dwelling of any white person, and the road to the nearest settlement lay through the thick forest.

“ But although Mr. Warrington dwelt in a place so lonely, he did not feel his solitude. He had a wife and two children ; these he loved very much, and they saved him from feeling that he was alone.

“ The two children were both of them girls. One, named Jane, was nine years old ; the other, named Laura, was but five. They were both very pretty, and, what is better, they were very good children. Jane was rather too fond of wandering in the woods, and was a little impatient if her mother would not allow her to ramble in them when she felt inclined ; but of this fault she was cured, in the way I am about to tell you.

“ Not far from Mr. Warrington’s house there was an Indian, by name Shaumut. He lived in a small hut made of the branches of trees, covered with red turf. He was, on the whole, a good and friendly man, though, like the other Indians, he dwelt in the forest, and lived in a wild and savage manner.

“ Now it happened that two bad white men, who lived at the settlement, seven or eight miles from Mr. Warrington’s, knowing that he lived alone, determined to rob him of what they could get. Accordingly, one night they came into his house, and carried off several articles of considerable value. They took what money he had, his best clothes, and many other things. They then left the house, and, the whole family being asleep, they escaped in safety.

“ The thieves now went towards Shaumut’s house, taking care to drop one or two of the articles as they passed along. This was done

that, if in the morning the articles should be found, Shaumut might be suspected of the robbery.

"When Mr. Warrington arose in the morning he discovered the theft. It was then the custom to lay every misfortune to the Indians, and every crime that was committed was of course set down to their account. It was but natural, therefore, that Mr. Warrington should impute the robbery to them. After thinking of it for a little time, he determined to go to Shaumut's house, and see if he could discover the truth. While he was on his way, he found the articles which the rogues had dropped, and immediately concluded that Shaumut was the thief.

"He now turned on his heel, and went back to his house. He then repaired to the white settlement, and told the people what had happened. All agreed that Shaumut was the robber; and no persons were more positive than the two white men who had themselves committed the crime.

"It was determined that Shaumut should be instantly punished; and four men, armed with guns, returned with Mr. Warrington to his house, for the purpose of carrying this scheme into execution. They waited until it was dark, and then repaired to the scene of action. Shaumut's house, as I said before, consisted of sticks, covered over with sods. It was a kind of hut called a wigwam. There was no door, but the people passed in and out through a small hole, by creeping on their hands and knees.

"It was about nine o'clock, on a summer's evening, that Warrington and his companions surrounded the red man's hut. The Indian, with his wife and two children, were already asleep. Not thinking of danger, they were all reposing on their bear-skin beds,



enjoying their rest, which the hardy labours of their life rendered doubly sweet.

“ Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a musket. Shaumut heard the noise, and creeping out of his wigwam, was met by Mr. Warrington, who charged him with the theft. Shaumut denied the charge. ‘ Theft,’ said he, ‘ is the white man’s crime. The red man’s hand may wield the tomahawk, or pull the bow-string, but his fingers cannot steal.’

“ But, in spite of this declaration, Warrington and his friends, believing that the Indian was guilty, drove him and his family from their house, and then set it on fire. At the same time they told him to leave the place, and never to return to it. Thus the poor savage was forced to see his dwelling-place consumed, his wife and children without a shelter, and his own name branded with crime. But he said nothing. He gloomily plunged into the forest, and, followed by his family, disappeared from the little valley where he had so long dwelt.

“ More than a year had passed away, and the events which I have just related were forgotten. At this time it became necessary for Mr. Warrington and his wife to go to the village which I have before mentioned. They set out early in the morning, with the intention of returning at night. Having given strict charge to their children to remain at home, they felt no anxiety, but went on their long walk with light steps and merry hearts.

“ They had not been gone long, when Jane proposed to her little sister to take a short walk in the woods. Laura objected to this, because their parents had told them to stay at home. But Jane

said there could be no harm in it : they would go but a little way, they would soon come back, and nobody would know it.

“ Laura at length consented ; and the two girls set out upon a ramble, with the intention of returning very soon. But the day was very pleasant, and, it being now autumn, the trees were shedding their nuts in great abundance. The squirrels, who were laying up their winter store, were leaping from bough to bough, and filling the forest with their merry voices.

“ The two children went on and on, and two or three hours glided insensibly away : at length Laura, whose heart had been ill at ease during the walk, reminded her sister that they must return. Accordingly they set out to go back, but they soon missed their way.

“ They wandered about for some time, and neither dared to say to the other that they were lost. But at length they looked in each other's faces, and began to cry. For some time they remained at the foot of a tree, lamenting their disobedience, and expressing their anxiety to each other ; but by and bye they arose, and, excited by their fears, they walked on as fast as the thick trees and bushes would permit.

“ At last the day began to fade, and night gradually settled over the woods. The voices of the birds died away ; the chattering of the squirrels ceased. No sound was now heard but the crackling of the leaves and sticks beneath the feet of the wanderers ; but these now seemed a great deal louder than before, and their hearts beat at the sounds they had themselves created. But still they pushed on, until the darkness, with the thick woods, rendered it impossible for them to proceed.

“ Overcome with fatigue they sat down, and both of them wept bitterly. Seated by the side of a rock, and folded in each other's arms, they remained until sleep came to their relief. With the rock for a pillow, they slept till morning ; and so quiet and innocent did they seem, that the birds came around them, and a robin alighted upon Jane's shoulder. In this situation he began his song ; but the loud note he rung in the ear of the sleeper awoke her from her dream.

“ She sprang upon her feet, but for a moment she could not recollect where she was. On looking around, she perceived the thick woods ; and then glancing her eye at little Laura, who was still sleeping, she remembered their dreary situation, and the tears again filled her eyes.

“ While she was standing by her sister, hesitating what course to pursue, she heard a crackling in the leaves, as if some one approached. Her first feeling was that of joy, for she believed that her father was coming to her relief ; but what was her terror when she observed a huge black bear approaching with terrible ferocity. Jane, dreadfully alarmed, screamed wildly, and the bear, startled by the unusual noise, made a pause.

“ At the same moment Jane and her sister, impelled by a sense of danger, which gave wings to their feet, rushed forward with the impetuosity of lightning through the entangled branches of the forest, tearing and wounding their arms, legs, and feet, with every struggle.

“ The bear soon recovered from his surprise ; and, after snuffing the air for a few moments in the direction the children had taken, dashed with a spring through the thick covert before him in pursuit

of the fugitives. Still the poor children headed the ferocious beast, and heard his gruff pantings, snuffings, and growlings, as he pressed upon them. At every moment their breath grew shorter, and the bear nearer; ready to make a meal of them, as the wolf was of the lamb.



“Jane now, nearly exhausted, turned boldly upon the bear, while her sister clung to her garments in the greatest terror. She gave a bold yell of defiance, as her last resource. The bear, however, advanced undismayed: he opened his hairy arms, and his mouth grinned with savage anger; his sharp teeth glittering through his black fur.

“He settled himself for his leap, and prepared for the death hug.

Jane and her sister sank to the earth, and hid their faces in their pinafores. At this moment a shot was fired, and the bear fell.

“ The poor child looked up—the bear was dead ; but what was her dismay when she saw an Indian come rapidly up to her, and discovered himself to be no other than Shaumut. Knowing what had happened between her father and him, she expected that the angry savage would put Laura and herself to death. But we shall see that the red man’s revenge was of a very different nature.

“ I must now tell you that the parents of the children returned at evening, and found their house vacant. In vain did they call for Jane and Laura : in vain did they search the woods, and shout from every little hill around the valley. The night was spent in a fruitless search, and the morning came, but still the children were not to be found.

“ The succeeding day had passed ; and the disconsolate parents, after a sleepless night, were sitting at their open door. Suddenly Shaumut appeared before them with Jane and Laura. He stood apart, and witnessed the meeting of the parents with their children.

“ When the first tears and kisses were over, the Indian placed himself before Mr. Warrington, and said :—‘ White man, listen. You supposed I had done you wrong. You were mistaken. But still you set my wigwam on fire, and sent me and my family to seek a home beneath the cold shelter of the oak. You drove me from the land of my fathers, and bestowed upon me the name of robber and thief. Behold a red man’s vengeance. I met your children in the wilderness : I could have carried them away, and made your heart desolate, as you have made mine ; but I did not do it. I have

brought your children back. I restore them to you—and now I say farewell.’

“The red man then turned away; and, before Mr. Warrington could make any reply, the Indian was lost amid the thick branches of the trees.”



## SOMETHING ABOUT THE ZEBRA.



**HERE** is a picture of one of the most beautiful animals in creation—the Zebra ; which is in character something between the horse and the ass. It is found in all the warmer parts of Africa. The ancients called it a horse tiger ; really by no means an inappropriate name, as it resembles the tiger in all its beautiful markings.

It is mentioned in ancient writers, that there were brought from the islands of the Erythrean Sea some horses of the sun, which were

coloured like tigers. It is also said that, upon certain occasions, the kings of ancient Persia used also to sacrifice a horse of the sun, as an expiatory offering of a very sacred character.

Diodorus Siculus (who, by the way, knew how to tell a good round fib when it came in his way) says, that zebras were brought from the country of the Troglodytes, or men who dwelt in caves; which were near neighbours to the men without heads, and the men with only one broad foot, which they were in the habit of using as a parasol, lifting it above their heads when sleeping, to keep the sun from scorching them.

Be this true or not, there is sufficient evidence to prove that the zebra was well known in ancient times, but it never appears to have been domesticated.

In a state of nature, the zebra is rather larger than an ass. It is a very handsome animal, as regards shape. To the figure and grace of the horse it adds the light elegance of the stag; and the black and white bands with which its body is ornamented, are arranged with such wonderful symmetry, that we might almost be disposed to imagine that rule and compass had been employed in their formation. These alternate bands are narrow, side by side, and exactly separated; they extend not only over the body, but the head, thighs, feet, legs, and even the tail, is also ornamented with them. In the female these bands are alternately black and white, but in the male black and yellow, but always of a lively and brilliant tint.

In their native plains zebras assemble in large herds, and add much to the interest of places whose character is otherwise both tame and dreary. They are still found within several districts of



the Cape colony. But they appear to be more numerous farther into the interior.

The Hottentots, and Bushmen of South America, hunt the zebra with great assiduity, in order to feed on its flesh, which they esteem a dainty ; and the skin, besides its beauty, is firm and compact, and used for many domestic purposes. The zebra, although much hunted, is not a very timid animal, but it is rather of unsteady temper, and very prone to biting and kicking. It has seldom been tamed.

There was one in the Tower of London which would suffer a boy to be set on its back, without either biting or kicking ; and it was sometimes in the habit of going to the canteen for a draught of ale, of which beverage it was particularly fond. But its heels were in general pretty ready, and by no means less dangerous, after the ale.

As to taming this animal, I am of opinion that there is no animal that may not be tamed, if taken very young, and properly treated ; and nothing would please old Peter Parley more than to see the Queen of England drawn in her state coach by twelve beautiful full-sized zebras. It would be a noble sight ; and notwithstanding the beauty of our young monarch, would bear to be looked upon even in the light of her soft blue eyes.

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## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.



GATHERING COWSLIPS.

APRIL.

OPEN, open, delicate spring! Fresh leaves and flowers come and deck the dead season's bier! Come, sweet primroses and cowslips, from the mossy bank or clefted nook! Come, gentle winds, and fondle the flowrets in your soft embrace: kiss them till they burst

into fulness of blossom! Come, bright sunshine, and cheer the hearts of little boys and girls! Birds, sweet birds, sing over them; gladden them as they go to and return from school, and make them happy, merry, joyous, and delighted, as spring itself! Alas! make much of youth, dear children. Poor old Peter Parley often wishes he was a boy again, and could play marbles, and bowl a hoop, and play leap-frog, prisoner's base, and cricket—but that may not be. Old men are like mills that cannot work for want of wind. Yet there are still, for old men, delights, recreations, and jolly pastimes, that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as a delightful dream.

And though the sunshine, which was once so bright,  
Be now for ever taken from the sight;  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower;  
I will not grieve, but rather find  
Some glory in the strength that lies behind.

But I am garrulous. Let me say a word in soberness about April, or I shall make my readers April fools. The word April is derived, as most of you perhaps know, from *aperire*, which signifies to open; because seeds germinate, and flowers begin to blow. It is the most juvenile of the months, the sweetest month of all the year; and now—

Along each hedge and sprouting bush  
The singing birds are blest;  
The linnet green and speckled thrush  
Prepare their downy nest.

On the warm bed the plains supply,  
The young lambs, calves, and cows,  
Amid the green hills basking lie,  
Like spots of lingering snows.



Thy open'd leaves and ripen'd buds  
The cuckoo makes his choice ;  
And shepherds, in the greening woods,  
First hear his cheering voice.

And to thy ripen'd blossoming bowers  
The nightingale belongs ;  
And, singing to thy parting hours,  
Keeps night awake with songs.

With thee the swallow dares to come,  
And cool his sultry wing;  
And urged to seek his early home,  
Thy suns the martin bring.

O, lovely month! be leisure mine  
Thy early mate to be;  
Though May-day scenes may brighter shine,  
Their birth belongs to thee.

So think, my young friends, of the gushing month of April; and recollect, too, that this month is a symbol of human life—alternate sunshine and showers, warm winds and cold breezes: ending like life, also—in brighter days.

The first of April is the most celebrated of all the days in this month; being the day in which idle boys and girls, and sometimes idle men and women, think themselves privileged to make each other fools. Many a youngster has gone to the Tower ditch to see the lions washed; but, alas! there is now no ditch, nor lions, so that joke is spoiled for ever. "Pigeon's milk" is, too, I believe, rather scarce—"elbow-grease" is certainly so: since it has been the fashion to give servants a better education, and to teach them in what useful knowledge consists. Often has Peter Parley heard the salutation—

"Sir, there is something out of your pocket."

"What, my good boy?"

"Your hand, Sir. Ah, you April fool!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but you have something on your face."

" Indeed, my man ; what is it ? "

" Your nose, Sir."

And then again, " Oh, you April fool."

The custom of making " April fools " seems to belong to the remotest antiquity, and to be common to nearly all nations. The April fool among the Swedes is Torreen. In Lisbon, the people are privileged to pour water on the heads of passers by, and to throw powder in their face ; which being done together, is thought the perfection of wit. The Hindoos, also, at their Hule festival, which occurs at the same period, make a part of their diversions to consist of sending people on errands and expeditions, that are to end in disappointments, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent.

The April fool, among the French, is called " un poisson d'Avril ;" and the tricks are numerous among Parisians. It also prevails all over the continent ; and perhaps there are more fools made on this day than in all the other days of the year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher, a very conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. Well, all I can say is, it is a pity he has not something better to do ; for, by his own reckoning, he has told a thousand lies during this time.

But enough of foolery. Let us look at some other days of this month. One of the most celebrated is Easter Day, which generally happens in this month, and which, be it remembered, is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March.

Easter Day. It was kept by the Saxons in honour of their god-

dess, Oeaster. In the Catholic Church, high mass is celebrated, and the Host is adored with the greatest reverence. The word host is derived from the Latin word *hostia*, signifying a victim. Protestants keep the day in a sacred manner, and celebrate by it the resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who on this day triumphed over death, and rose again, that we might also rise again.

Easter Monday is a grand day with all holiday people, and nothing delights me more than to go out on that day, just to look at the thousands of happy faces. In London the streets are thronged with persons of all classes, "going a pleasuring;" some to the museums, some to the picture galleries, but the greatest numbers, by far, to Greenwich and Hampton Court—almost too cold for picnics, but go they will; and thousands of poor delicate females, stored up in milliners' shops, or in close rooms, singing the death song of the shirt, catch colds that last through the whole summer, the ensuing winter, and kill them in the spring. But then Greenwich hill has such attractions; and the roll down it is so bewitching, that few can forego the pleasure of it; and away they go in throngs, and shoals. Steam-boats are crammed, cars crammed likewise—and the park is soon crammed also; and the poor unfortunate donkeys on Blackheath are the only animals not benefited by the holiday—but to them it is indeed a "black Monday." Good little children, if any of you who read this should go to Greenwich, do not, as you love Peter Parley, encourage, by your pence, the cruel beatings to which these poor animals are subject by their heartless drivers. Can it be pleasure for you to ride the poor beast, while your ears are assailed and your back is shook by the eternal thumpings of

heavy cudgels on the nether parts of your bruised steed. Enjoy yourselves, my dear children, but do not let your pleasure be founded upon the pain of others.



The second Tuesday after Easter used to be called Hocktide; and it is a tradition that this festival was instituted to commemorate the massacre of the Danes in England, under Ethelbert; but it more likely celebrates the final extinction of the power of these



people. It used to be the custom, and still is, in some places, for the people to lay ropes across the roads, to intercept passengers, and to pull them off their horses, till they paid a slight fine. This custom is, however, fast wearing away in England.

The season now progresses wonderfully. If we happen to be wandering forth on a warm still evening, during the last week of this month, and passing near a road-side orchard, or skirting a



little copse close by some rural bridge, on return from our twilight ramble, we may chance to be startled from our musings by a sound issuing from among the distant leaves, that scares away the silence in a moment, and seems to put to flight even the darkness itself.

This is the nightingale's voice. The cold spells of winter, which had kept him so long tongue-tied, and frozen the deep fountains of his heart, yield before the mild breath of April, and he is joyous once more. It is as if the flood of song had been swelling in his breast ever since it ceased to flow, and were now gushing forth un-



controllably, as if he had no will to control it ; for when it does stop for a space, it is suddenly, as for want of breath—high perched upon the tall fir-trees.

In our climate, the nightingale never sings for more than six weeks, beginning usually the last week in April. I mention this,

because many who would be delighted to hear him, do not think of going to *listen* for his song, till after he has ceased to sing. I believe it is never to be heard after the young are hatched.

But now the pretty-looking blackcap first appears, and pours forth his tender and touching love-song—scarcely inferior, in a certain plaintive inwardness, to the autumn song of the robin. The mysterious little grasshopper lark, also, runs whispering within the hedge-rows; the redstart pipes prettily upon the apple-trees; the gold-crowned wren chirps in the kitchen garden, as she watches for the new sown seeds; and, lastly, the thrush, who has hitherto given out but a desultory note at intervals, to let us know that he was not away, now haunts the same tree, and frequently the same branch of it.

Now come the caterpillars in swarms, particularly in the quickset hedges, lying in ambush; and now, also, comes the feast of the sparrows—for it has been observed, that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they are breeding their young, will destroy about four thousand caterpillars weekly. They likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, which, if not destroyed in this way, would be productive of millions of caterpillars. Thus sparrows are eminently serviceable to vegetation.

The 23rd day of April is the festival of St. George the Martyr, the “patron” saint of England. He was called by the Greeks the Great Martyr; and several churches were dedicated to him at Constantinople. He is said to have been a great soldier, and was chosen by our ancestors as the tutelar saint of England, under the first Norman kings. Under his name and ensign, our Edward III. instituted the most noble order of knighthood in Europe; which

institution was fifty years before that of St. Michael, in France, and eighty years before that of the golden fleece, in Spain. But Russia also claims this saint for a patron, as well as England. His figure occurs in all the churches, represented, as usual, riding upon a horse, and piercing a dragon with his lance. This device also forms part of the arms of the Russian sovereign.

The story of a saint, or a deity, spearing a dragon, was known all over the east. Among the Mahometans, a person called Gergis, or George, was revered as a prophet; and similar emblems have been discovered among many barbarous nations of the oriental world. Whether these nations took it from the Greeks, or the latter from them, cannot be ascertained any more than the real history of such a personage.

St. George is reported to have been born at Cappadocia: that he went with his mother into Palestine, of which country she was a native, and returned to Rome, where he was promoted by the Emperor Dioclesian; to whom he resigned his commissions and posts, when that emperor waged war against the Christians. There are many old ballads in honour of the patron saint of England. In the romance of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," St. George's performances exceed that of the other champions.

The story of the encounter with the dragon is as follows. St. George had arrived at a city of Lybia, called Sylene. Near this city was a stagnant lake, or pond, like a sea, wherein dwelt a dragon, which was so fierce and venomous, that he terrified and poisoned the whole country. The people, therefore, assembled to slay him; but when they saw him, his appearance was so horrible, that they fled. Then the dragon pursued them, even to the city itself;

and the inhabitants were nearly destroyed by his very breath, and suffered so much, that they were obliged to give him two sheep every day, to keep him from doing them harm. At length the number of sheep became so small, that they could only give him one sheep daily ; and they were obliged to give him a man instead of the other. At last, because all the men might not be eaten up, a law was made that they should draw lots, to give him the youth and infants of all ranks ; and so the dragon was fed with young gentlefolks, and poor people's children. Then the king was very sorry, and begged the people to take his gold and silver instead of his daughter ; which the people would not accept, because it was according to his own law. The king wept very much, and begged of the people to give the princess eight days before she should be given to the dragon to be devoured. The people consented ; and when the eight days were gone, the king caused his daughter to be richly dressed, as if she was going to her bridal ; and having kissed her, he gave her his blessing, and the people led her to where the dragon was.

St. George had just come, when he saw the princess ; and demanding why she was there, she answered, " Go your way, fair young man, that you perish not also." Then again St. George demanded the reason of her being there, and why she wept ; and endeavoured to comfort her. And when she saw he would not be satisfied, she told him. Upon this St. George promised to deliver her ; but she could not believe he had power to do her so great a service, and therefore again begged him to go away.

While they were talking, the dragon appeared, and began to run towards them ; but St. George being on horseback, drew his sword,

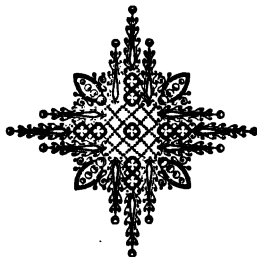
and signing himself with the cross, rode violently, and smiting the



ST. GEORGE'S TRIUMPH, AFTER SLAYING THE DRAGON.

dragon with his spear, wounded him so sore, that he threw him

down. Then St. George called to the princess to bind her girdle about the dragon's neck, and not to be afraid : and when she had done so, the dragon followed, as it had been a meek beast and a *debonayre* ; and she led him into the city : which when the people saw, they fled for fear to the mountains and valleys, till being encouraged by St. George, they returned ; and he promised to slay the dragon, if they would believe and be baptised. Then the king was baptized, with upwards of fifteen thousand men, besides women and children. St. George then slew the dragon, and cut off his head, and the people took four carts, and drew the body with oxen out of the city ; and the king built a church, and dedicated it to our Lady and St. George.



## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

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CHAPTER V.

I AM now about to tell you a true story of the connection some real Christians had with the Indians; very different indeed from scenes that I have formerly described. You must know, then, that King Charles II., in consideration of a considerable sum due from the crown, for the services of Admiral William Penn, granted to his son, the ever memorable William Penn, and his heirs, for ever, a great tract of land on the river Delaware, in America. When he came to this country to take possession of it—considering the Indians as strictly the owners of the soil, his ideas of love and justice would not permit him to lay claim to any portion of it, without their consent, nor until he had given them what they considered an equivalent.

In the month of August, 1682, Penn, accompanied by several friends, embarked at Deal, on board the *Welcome*, a ship of three hundred tons burden. The passengers, including himself, were not more than one hundred. They were chiefly Quakers; and most of

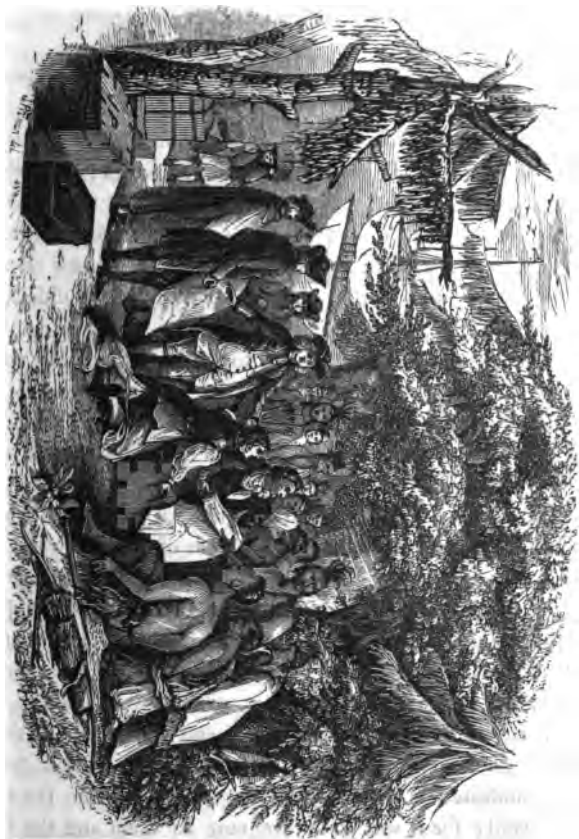


them from Sussex, in which county his house, at Warmington, was situate.

Soon after Penn's arrival on the American coast, he proceeded, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes, to Coaquauoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival there, he found the sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen in the woods as far as the eye could carry, and looked frightful, both on account of their number and their arms. The Quakers are reported to have been but a handful in comparison, and these without any weapon ; so that dismay and terror had come upon them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause.

It appears that, although the parties were to assemble at Coaquauoc, the treaty was made a little higher up, at Shackamaxon, where Kensington now stands, just in the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon an elm tree of prodigious size : to this the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches.

William Penn appeared in his usual clothes ; he had no crown, sceptre, mace, or sword, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist, which was made of silk net-work, and which was of no larger dimensions than an officer's military sash. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson ; after whom followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the Sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of



parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand.

One of the sachems, who was the chief of the Indians, then put upon his head a kind of chaplet, on which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, all the Indians present threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs, in the form of a half moon, on the ground.

The chief sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having thus been called upon, he began. "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures; for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good." After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact, made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful occupations, even in the territory they had sold; for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things, that the En-

glish had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents beside, from the merchandise that had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, call them children, or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ. Neither would he compare the friendship between them to a chain; for the rain might sometimes rust it, and a tree might fall and break it; but he would consider them as the same flesh and blood as the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn on the chaplet; and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them, to repeat it.

The chief sachem answered William Penn in a speech of some length, in which he expressed his content with the sale of the land, and of his desire that friendship should continue between the red and white men as long as the sun and moon should endure.

Thus was made the celebrated treaty; and very different indeed was the conduct of Penn to that of Americus, Almagro, Pizarro, or Cortez. "This," says a celebrated writer, "was the only treaty made between these people not ratified by an oath; and perhaps the only one that was never broken."

The great elm tree, under which this treaty was made, became celebrated from that day. When, in the American war, the British general, Simcoe, was quartered at Kensington, he respected it ; and when his soldiers were cutting down every tree for fire-wood, he



placed a sentinel under it, that not a branch might be touched. In 1812 it was blown down ; when its trunk was converted into cups and other articles, which were kept as sacred memorials.

The identical roll of parchment given by William Penn to the Indians, was shown by their descendants to some English officers, some years ago ; and what shows the scrupulous adherence of the Indians to their own engagements, is, that long after the descend-

ants of Penn ceased to possess political influence in the state, in comparatively recent times, when the Indian character was confessedly lowered, by their intercourse with the whites, and they were instigated, both by their own injuries and the arts of the French, to make incursions upon Pennsylvania, the Friends were still to them a sacred people. While the tomahawk and scalping knife were



nightly doing their dreadful work in every surrounding dwelling, theirs were untouched: while the rest of the inhabitants abandoned their houses, and fled to the forts for safety, they found more perfect security in that friendship, which the wisdom and virtue of

Penn had conciliated, and which their own disinterested principles made permanent.

To show the just dealing of William Penn, I may relate another true story of him. William Penn, soon after this treaty, visited England; and on his return to America, he was informed of a portion of very rich and valuable land, which was not included in the purchases he had already made of the Indians. He sent to the sachems, to know whether they would sell it him. They replied, it contained the graves of their ancestors, and they were much attached to it. But since their "white father" had been so good as to come back and live with his red children again, they would sell him some of it.

An agreement was then made that, for certain English goods, he should have as much of the land as could be walked round in one day by one of his own young men, beginning and ending at certain specified rivers.

A young Englishman, remarkable for his feats in walking, was chosen to accomplish this task; and he performed so long a walk, as equally to astonish and mortify the Indians, who had not the least idea that a white man, or any other man, could have walked so much in one day; for it amounted to nearly seventy miles.

When the sachems came to receive their pay, they made no complaint; but Penn noticing the dejection of their countenances, inquired the cause. One of them replied, "The white father's young man had cheated them."

Penn told them the terms of the bargain—which of course was an overreaching one, and next door to a cheating one; if not worse—asked them how they had been cheated? The Indian replied,

"White brother made too big a walk." Some of the persons remarked, that the Indians ought to be made to stand to their bargain. Penn, however, took a just view of the case, and liberally paid them what they thought was the full value of the land. O! that tradespeople, and all who have to live by buying and selling, would take a lesson from William Penn, and remember that over-reaching in a bargain is quite as bad as cheating.





## TALES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

## No. I.

THE kings of England are not among the most virtuous of men; and many stories of them would exhibit little else than tyranny, craftiness, injustice, and depravity, not common to them only, but to the times in which they lived. Yet there are, from time to time, rays of light beaming upon the dark page of history, to cheer the student, and to show that goodness had not entirely taken her flight from this earth; and that there always did exist, even in the most tyrannical of governments, some who were resolved to do right, in spite of might, and to uphold the supremacy of the laws.

The picture represents a young man in the act of being seized by some attendants. In a chair, holding the rod of office, sits a judge; beneath him, probably, the clerk of the court; and around him the officers of justice. The judge here represented is Judge Gascoyne, and the young man struggling with the attendants of the court is Henry, Prince of Wales, son of King Henry IV., and afterwards King Henry V.

If my young friends have read English history, they will know by what crooked ways Henry IV. came to the throne of England, and how craftily and how cruelly he retained that throne ; and how, although a usurper, success seemed on all occasions to follow his measures. They will know, also, that, although full of political



wisdom, he was not happy ; and although always successful, the crown he had obtained never ceased to gall his aching head.

Nor was this all his trouble : for even the cares of government, the fear of secret foes, the pangs of a sleepless conscience, or the

weight of sorrow for sin, are not so bitter to the heart as an evil and rebellious son. So thought the prophets and patriarchs of old; and I have no doubt but some of my readers have also read, that "the eye that mocketh at his parents shall be plucked out by the ravens of the valley, and that the young eagles shall eat it." And this was literally the fact under the Jewish law; for disobedient children were taken without the city, and there stoned to death—their dead bodies being left for the birds of prey to devour. And Natural History teaches us, that the eyes are the first parts of the body these creatures peck at.

Prince Henry was a disobedient son, and cared little about his father:—perhaps he saw that his father was a bad man, and did not respect him. But whether this was the case or not, it is true that he cared little for his station in life, and loved to associate with the most worthless and most vicious characters. He not only rioted and drank with men of bad repute and of broken fortune, but is reported to have joined robbers in plundering wealthy travellers on the highway, for the purpose of obtaining funds to pay for his excesses.

Shakspeare, who in this, as in many other cases, has written faithfully, makes Falstaff exclaim to this young prince, "Rob me the Exchequer, Hal;" but the prince, as it appears, robbed the subject ere the crown could find its way into the Exchequer.

On one of the many occasions in which Prince Hal's turbulent companions had disturbed the public peace, certain of them were indicted for their misconduct; and Prince Henry attended their trial in the Court of King's Bench. The facts of the case were clearly established; and the prince in vain endeavoured to show that his

companions were not guilty. But the judge was inexorable, and passed a severe sentence upon them ; which so enraged the prince, that he had the audacity to strike the judge. Gascoyne immediately ordered him to be taken into custody, and put him in confinement. How long he remained there history does not inform us ; but, I have no doubt, long enough to give him time to reflect. Indeed we are not sure that this very severity of the judge did not lay the foundation of that change of character which afterwards took place in the young prince.

On the very day that Peter Parley is writing this account—viz. the 20th of March—did King Henry IV. die, in the year 1413, the victim of crime and remorse, and wholly deprived of his reason. He was only forty-six years old, being just in the prime of life—and yet a worn out man.

The rebellious prince was now called to the throne ; and, as the best means of showing his sorrow for his past follies, began a new life for the future. He dismissed all his old companions, commanding them, on pain of imprisonment, to keep at a certain distance from the court. Most men were surprised by this wise conduct, and all were gladdened by it. Judge Gascoyne, however, had some misgivings concerning his former imprisonment of the reigning monarch ; but Henry soon dispelled all his fears : for at the first court he took the judge by the hand, applauded him for his firmness, and exhorted him to hold the scales of justice with the same equal hand ; as the surest method of exalting the character of the judge, and of adding to the true glory of the king.

We have at the present time a young Prince of Wales ; and I trust those around him will take good heed not to let him have his

own way. I have seen him two or three times, and a dear, sweet little child he seems. When he becomes King of England—which I trust will be a long time to come—may he be as great a moral hero in England, as Henry V. was a military one. May he be as ambitious to improve and make happy his people, as Henry was to conquer his enemies; as fond of peace as Henry was of war. That future generations may bless his name, and hand it still farther down to posterity, as that of “Albert the Good,” is Peter Parley’s sincere prayer.



## SOMETHING ABOUT GOATS.



Of all animals reared for domestication, goats are the most picturesque; they are also the most lively in their manners, and most hardy in their constitutions. Of all four-footed animals with hard hoofs, they are the most sure-footed. They are inhabitants of the rocks, the tenants of the mountain top and the precipice; browsing

upon food which is inaccessible to any other animal. They are, *par excellence*, a climbing animal; hence the ancients chose Capricorn, or the goat, to represent that sign of the zodiac which the sun occupies during the greatest depth and utmost severity of the northern winter.

Goats are found, in one or other of their species, in almost every region of the world; and they greatly vary in appearance, according to the climate in which they live. In some countries their hair is long and soft; in others, shaggy. In some other countries, again—as, for instance, on the northern slopes of the Himmaleh mountains—there are goats which are furnished with two sorts of hair; one which is rough and bristly, calculated for throwing off the heavy snows which fall upon their upland pastures during the winter, and another which is shorter, of a finer staple, and superior nature. The animals thus provided are the Cashmere goats, being those which furnish the materials of the splendid shawls known by the name of Cashmere.

Goats, in all their varieties, are remarkably healthy and wholesome animals. Among their native rocks they browse upon vegetables, much too hard for almost any other of the ruminant animals; and it is understood that almost any plant is wholesome to them, and that even those of a poisonous nature do them no injury. The flesh of male goats is somewhat hard, and strong in flavour; but that of the females, when in a tolerable condition, is very good, and forms a delicious stew. The milk of goats is reckoned superior, in many respects, to that of any other animal; it contains less oil, and on this account it sits lighter upon the stomach. Hence consumptive persons are often told to go to the goat-feeding districts.

The skin of the goat appears to have been early used as an article of clothing; and the first cloth, or, rather, felt, which was made by the northern nations, appears to have been chiefly formed of the hair of the animal mixed with shorter fur, matted together, and stiffened with the gum of trees, so as to be proof not only against the weather, but, in a great measure, against the weapons of their enemies. This species of garment is very frequently alluded to by the ancient poets and historians.



The wild goat is chiefly found in the eastern mountains, in those of Caucasus, Persia, and various parts of Hindostan. The common goat is found in almost every quarter of the world, though in considerable variety in the several districts. In general there is a traceable resemblance between the domestic goat and the wild goat



of the mountain rocks ; but the male is of an inferior size, and the hair is of a coarser texture.

Goat-skin is used for many purposes in the army : it forms the cover of the dragoon's holsters, and used to form the knapsack of the foot soldier. The whitest wigs, those which give the lawyer a sufficiently snowy head without the unseemly addition of hair powder, are made of goats' hair, bleached and baked. The skin of the kid is also manufactured into gloves, while the hoofs and horns are used in other manufactures.

There is one thing I would here wish my young readers to attend to—namely, not to plague or tease the animal should they meet with it. It is a common practice, and is sometimes attended with dangerous results ; as, when greatly irritated, goats have been known to do mischief. But, independent of the danger, I would have my young friends bear in mind, that it is exceedingly wicked for them at any time to afflict, in the slightest degree, the meanest of God's creatures.

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## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. V.



MAY.

Jorous, beauteous, laughing month of May, with thy bright sunny smiles, twinkling grass, and glittering streams. Hail to thee, not

for the sake of the old and weary, now relieved from their wintery cough, as poor old Peter Parley is—but for the sake of those now in the May day of existence, who are ready to drink the full tide of the joyous time, and revel in its glories.

The spring is now complete. The winds have done their work ; the genial rains have mellowed the March-dried earth. Clear crystal mornings : noons of blue sky ; and white cloudy nights, in which the plaintive moon seems to be looking at the stars like a young shepherdess at her flocks, or a bird of Paradise among the flowers.

Now the trees and bushes are putting forth their soft fans ; the lilac is in full blossom ; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into clouds of white and gold, with daisies and butter-cups ; the earth in woods is now shaded, and in dank and dark places is spread with yellow and blue patches of primroses ; violets open among the mossy roots of old trees ; lilies of the valley nod their welcome to the little wren, as she twitters upon pendant branches. In the gardens, stocks, columbines, hyacinths, peonies, all come forth to welcome the kind sun, who kisses them with beams of love, as a father would his long lost children. And the birds—oh, I must give you the Song of the Thrush ; for I am sure, if she could put words to her music, it would run thus :—

#### SONG OF THE THRUSH.

May, sweet May, again is come,  
To break the spell of winter's gloom!  
Children, children, up and see  
The first burst of her gaiety.  
On the laughing hedge-rows' side  
She appears in all her pride.

Blossoms pendant hang around ;  
 Jewel flow'rs begem the ground ;  
 Every branch and every tree  
 Now would seem to answer me.  
 Hill and dale are May's own treasures :  
 Youths rejoice in sportive measures.  
     Join the birds in chorus gay ;  
     Welcome, welcome, merry May !



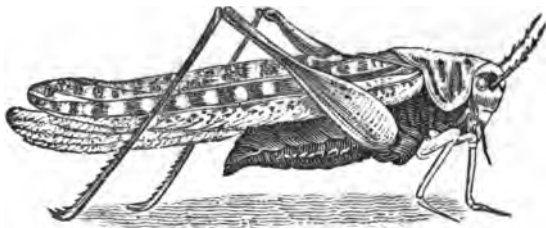
Up, sweet children, we will go,  
 Where the fragrant violets grow ;  
 In a joyful company,  
 We the bursting flowers will see.  
 Up, with hearts as bright as morning,  
 Love and peace your souls adorning.  
 Like the genial spring, be kind,  
 With cheerful thought and happy mind ;

Incense from your hearts arise,  
Like balmy fragrance, to the skies ;  
And, gaily dancing, give sweet praise  
To Him who marks your walks and ways.  
Join the birds in chorus gay ;  
Welcome, welcome, merry May !

MARTIN.

In May, every field with hedge-rows and bushes is a bird meadow. During the middle and latter part of the vernal season, the business of nest making takes place ; and the first broods are hatched, fledged, and fly, before the close of the period, during which time the male birds are in full song.

The insects of this season are numerous, and there are certain fine days in which thousands of species make their appearance. The



early sulphur butterfly, which is the first in the last season, is now seen every fine day, and is followed by the tortoiseshell, the peacock, and, lastly, by the white cabbage butterflies ; while the grasshopper may be seen in the tall dark grass in hedge sides.

Now the gardens glow and teem with the richest flowers. The bright ultramarine blue of the *cynoglossum omphalodes* (there's a hard name for you), and the *veronica chamaedrys* (there's another), covers every bank in May, and the blue harebell and the yellow crowfoot are common ; the monkey poppy, too, smiles upon us.

Towards the close of this month the weather gets warmer, and is generally fine and dry, or else refreshed by showers. The blossoms of the fruit trees gradually go off ; the grass in the meadows



gets high ; and by the first week in June, the setting in of the solstitial season is manifested by the blowing of a new set of plants, and the absence of dark night. Little children are often seen sitting on some grassy hillock, looking at the frisking birds.

The first of May, called May-day still, used to be a high holiday in England ; and our usages on this day retain the character of their ancient origin.

The Romans commenced the festival of Flora on the 28th of April, and continued it through several days in May. Our neighbours in France were great observers of May-day, and a May bough was annually presented before the principal door of the church of Nôtre Dame.

In England the maypole was always erected on the 1st of May, and round it the lads and lasses of the towns or villages used to dance " righte merrilie." The old maypole was generally painted of various colours, and on it was usually hoisted the English ensign, or the banner of St. George—a white pennon, or streamer, emblazoned with a red cross. The fetching in of the may-pole is thus described by an old author : he says—

" Their chiefest jewell they bringe from thence is their maiepole, whiche they bringe home with greate veneration, as thus : they have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweete nosegaie of flowers tied on the tippe of his hornes ; and these oxen drawe home this maiepole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes from the top to the bottome, and sometimes painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with greate devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges streaming on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes aboute it, sett up sommer houses, bowers, and arbours hard by it ; and then fall they to banquet and feaste, to leape and daunce about it, as the heathen people did at the dedica-

tion of their idoles, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."

The maypole is up,  
Now give me the cup,  
I'll drink to the garlands around it;  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

HERRICK.

Of the manner wherein a May game was originally set forth. This is the scene as it was performed by the household servants and dependants of a baronial mansion, in the fifteenth century:—

"In the front of the pavilion a large square was staked out and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers. Six young men first entered this square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders, like woodmen, with their heads bound round with large garlands of ivy leaves, interspersed with sprigs of hawthorn.

"Then followed six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow decorated with ribbands of various colours, interspersed with flowers, and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters, equipped in golden tunics, with hoods and hosen of the same colour, each of them carrying a bugle horn.

Now came, attired in a grass green tunic fringed with gold, Peter Lanavet, the baron's chief falconer, who represented Robin Hood. His hosen were party-coloured, blue and white; he had a large



garland of rose buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle horn depended therefrom. He had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of which were both embossed with gold. Fabian, a page, as Little John, walked by his side, and Cecil Cellerman, the butler, as Will Stukely, at his left.

“ To these ten others attached themselves, who were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came two maidens, in orange coloured kirtles, with white courpies, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the Maid Marian, elegantly habited in a watchet coloured tunic, reaching to the ground, over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plated; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work caul of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by two bride-maidens, in sky coloured rochets, girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads of blue and white violets.

“ After them came four other females, dressed in green, with garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Samson, the smith, as Friar Tuck, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris, the mole-taker, who represented Muck, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the

### MAYPOLE,

drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, of divers colours; and the tips of their horns were embellished

with gold. The rear was closed by the hobby-horse and the dragon.

"When the maypole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly, until it reached the place assigned to its elevation; and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barrier at the bottom of the inclosure was open, for the villagers to approach and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them.

"The pole being sufficiently ornamented with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant, and then, amid the reiterated acclamations of the spectators, the woodmen and the milkmaids danced round it according to the rustic fashion. The measure was played by Perrito Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the bagpipes, accompanied by the pipe and tabor, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory, the jester, who undertook to play the hobby-horse, came forward, with his appropriate equipment, and frisked up and down the square without restriction, imitating the galloping, curveting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of the horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower class of the spectators.

"Now followed Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a dragon, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings, with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Muck, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters, in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the inclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or

rapped them about the head with the bladder tied at the end of his pole.

" In the meantime Samson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity round the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought; and if the sufferers cried out, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory.

" These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by their repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter. For this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back: the well-natured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example; which concluded this part of the pastime.

" The archers next set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades, and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other, that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again; when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was, therefore, adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest.

" The pageant was finished with the archery; and the procession

began to move away, to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the maypole, in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom..”

It is scarcely possible to give a better general idea of the regular May game than as it has been here represented.

May-day is the great festival of the sweeps. Poor things, long may they enjoy it. But times are altered now; machines are used for sweeping flues; and chimney sweepers and their joyous pranks are looked upon with jealousy by the police. I only wish they had to pass a twelvemonth in sweeping chimneys before they turned policemen, and then they would have a proper feeling for the poor sweep.

But here they come. Their garland is a large cone of holly and ivy, framed upon hoops, which gradually diminish in size to an apex, whereon is sometimes a floral crown, knots of ribbons, or bunches of flowers. Its sides are decorated in like manner; and within it is a man who walks wholly unseen, called Jack in the Green; and hence the garland has the semblance of a moving hillock of evergreens. The chimney sweepers' hats and jackets are bedizened with gold paper, splashed with colour; their faces are scored with charcoal and rose pink. Their shovels are of rainbow tints, and on their heads are garlands of flowers or crowns of paper. But look at the lord and lady, especially the latter, with her flaunty and gaudy dress. In her right hand is a brass ladle, and in her left a handkerchief trimmed with paper lace. Now the garland stops, and my lord and lady exhibit their graces in a minuet de la cour; which concluded, bows and curtsies are exchanged. He then

courteously bends with imploring looks to the spectators, holding his hat for a stray halfpenny. Give him one, dear little boys and girls.

The Sweeps' Festival is said to have originated from the circumstance of a lady, named Montague, having lost her son, and afterwards providentially finding him among sweeps. Every one knows this story, or I should tell it to you.



## LIONS OF LONDON.

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### A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



IN a former part of my Annual, I introduced my young readers to some of the “London Lions.” I shall, in the present chapter, give some short notices of the Lions of Westminster, and introduce some beautiful pictures of them.

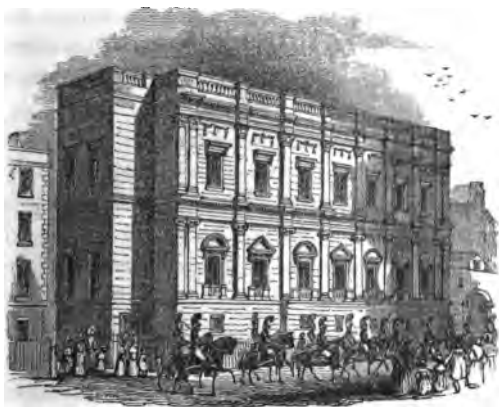
Passing by the new column to the naval hero, Nelson, of which I shall say nothing till the grand area is opened to the public, we soon come to Whitehall, called also the Banqueting House ; of which the following is a picture, saving any further description.

The old palace of Whitehall occupied a space along the northern bank of the river, a little below Westminster Bridge, and extended nearly as far as the spot where Hungerford market now stands. It extended also to St. James's Park ; along the eastern end of which many of its various buildings lay—from the cock-pit, which it included, to Spring Gardens. It originally belonged to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, Justiciary of England, under Henry III., from whom it passed to the prelates of York, and was long called York House. Henry VIII. purchased it from Cardinal Wolsey, and it became the residence of the kings of England till the reign of Queen Anne, who held her court at St. James's. At present, that part of the site of Whitehall palace which lies along the river is occupied by the houses of the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Buccleuch, and others.

The Banqueting House, the portion now standing, derived its name from an old building which, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, served for public entertainments. The present edifice was built by James I., and is the work of Inigo Jones, in his best manner. It was part only of a vast and magnificent plan, left unexecuted by reason of the rebellion which followed. It is a stone edifice, of two stories, ornamented with columns and pilasters, with their entablatures, and has an air of classic grandeur, which is extremely fine. The great room of this edifice has been converted into a chapel, in which service is performed in the morning and evening of every

Sunday; George I. having granted a salary of £30 per annum to twelve clergymen, selected equally from Oxford and Cambridge, who officiate each one month of the year.

The ceiling of the room was painted by Rubens: the subject is the Apotheosis of James I., which is treated in nine compartments.



WHITEHALL.

The Banqueting House cost £17,000. In the court behind is a statue of brass, of James II. In front of the Banqueting House, on a scaffolding, Charles I. was beheaded, on the 30th of January, 1649. His majesty passed through the Banqueting House to the scaffold through one of the windows.

Westminster Hall, as the grand national seat of justice, deserves some notice. This, together with the remains of the House of



Lords and the House of Commons, are the remains of the Palace of Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor. The Hall itself is the largest room in Europe, except the Theatre in Oxford, unsupported by columns. It is 275 feet in length, 74 feet in breadth, and 90 in height ; the roof being of oak, of curious Gothic architecture. It was originally used as a place of festivity, and Richard II. entertained 10,000 guests within its walls. Peter Parley saw the banquet given by George IV. in it, on his coronation, and recently, the exhibition of the Cartoons, with which he was greatly delighted.

In this Hall Charles I. was tried, after a fashion, and condemned, most illegally, to death. At present it is used for more useful purposes. Adjoining to the Hall, having entrances from it, are the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. Behind the building the new Houses of Parliament are in course of erection ; and Peter Parley was taken over them, a few days ago, by a gentleman holding a high situation. He also went under the old Houses of Parliament, and was in the vaults in which Guy Fawkes stowed his powder, when he determined to blow up the three estates of the realm.

We now come to Westminster Abbey ; or, as it is more properly called, the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, at Westminster—one of the greatest ornaments of London. On entering the building by the western porch, you will be immediately struck by the surpassing beauty of the long drawn aisles, extending before you in solemn repose, and presenting a succession of noble columns, harmonious arches, and fretted vaults,

With windows richly dight,  
Shedding a meek, religious light.

In the south transept, known by the name of Poets' Corner, we meet with one of the most inspiring scenes that England can produce. It is here that poets are honoured close by the graves of kings. Milton, Dryden, Shakspeare, Thomson, and many others little inferior to them, if they do not rest side by side, have monumental effigies, to tell the stranger that genius used to be, some time ago, honoured in England.



WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Abbey was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons; it was afterwards destroyed by the Danes; rebuilt by King Edgar, in 958; again rebuilt, by Edward the Confessor, in 1065; and by Pope Nicholas II. was constituted a place of inauguration of the English monarchs. Henry III. rebuilt it from the ground, and

Henry VII. added a magnificent chapel to it. The monastery was surrendered, by the abbot and monks, to Henry VIII.

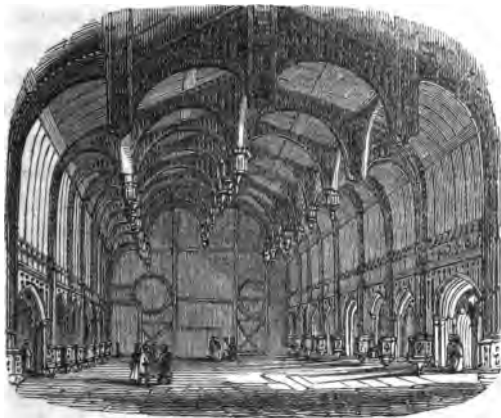
The form of the abbey is that of a long cross ; its greatest length is 489 feet, the breadth of the west front 66 feet, and the height of the roof 92 feet. But without going into a description of heights and lengths, I would rather tell you of the curiosities of the abbey itself. These are principally to be found in twelve chapels, at the eastern end of the church, with their tombs. The usual entrance to them is by an iron gate, at the south-east corner of the church, within which a verger always attends, to show them to strangers ; now without the former shameful extortions.

Directly behind the choir is the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, containing the tombs of that monarch and other royal personages. The screen which ornaments this structure, is regarded as one of the most interesting remains of ancient art, and is decorated with a frieze, representing, in sculpture, the traditionary events of the Confessor's life. The first three are merely historical, the fourth represents King Edward alarmed by the appearance of the devil, dancing upon the money collected for the payment of Danegelt. In the next we have Edward's generous admonition to the thief who was purloining his treasure ; which, if you have read history, you will no doubt recollect.

The chapel containing the remains of Henry V. occupies the whole of the east end of the Confessor's, and is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI. Several relics of this monarch's warlike achievements are preserved in this shrine, and the very helmet which he is believed to have worn in his conflicts with his enemies. On the south side of the chapel stands the tomb of Queen

Philippa, wife of Edward III., at a short distance the tomb of Edward himself; and to the west of this is the tomb of Richard II. and that of his queen, Anne of Bohemia. Besides these, this chapel contains the remains of a great number of noble and distinguished individuals, and also a number of interesting relics of antiquity.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel has been frequently called the architectural wonder of the world. It is dedicated to the Virgin Mary.



HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

On its site formerly stood a chapel dedicated to St. Mary, and also a tavern, distinguished by the sign of the white rose. Henry resolving to erect a superb mausoleum for himself and his family, pulled down the old chapel and tavern; and, on the 11th of Febru-

ary, in the year 1503, the first stone of the new structure was laid by Abbot Islip, at the king's command. It cost £14,000, an immense sum for that period. It would be quite impossible to describe this edifice to young persons, as they would scarcely understand the architectural language necessary to be used. It has lately—that is, within these last ten years—been restored, and £1000 is laid out annually on some other part of the building, towards the complete restoration of the whole edifice. I may say that the whole of the roof of the abbey, including the side aisles, is of wrought stone, in the Gothic style, and is of exquisite beauty. It would seem, indeed, that the architect had wished to give the stone the character of embroidery, and inclose his walls within meshes of lace-work.

In the centre of this chapel stands the altar tomb of Henry, built to receive his remains. It is of basaltic stone, ornamented and surrounded with a magnificent railing of gilt brass. The monument was constructed by Petro Torregiano, a Florentine artist, and is very beautiful. Six devices in bas relief, and four statues of gilt brass, decorate this tomb.

Round the three chapels already mentioned, separated from them by an area, are nine more, dedicated respectively to St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, St. Paul, St. Erasmus, St. John the Baptist, St. Michael, and St. Andrew; the three last having been made into one, in which are many tombs erected to the memory of distinguished persons. Opposite to the chapel of St. Benedict, in the area, is an old monument of wood, erected to the memory of Sebert, the founder of the first church on this site; and in the chapel of St. John and St. Michael is to be seen the monument to Lady Nightingale, by Roubiliac, representing Death stealing from

the tomb, and about to throw his dart at his victim. There is also here a beautiful tablet, in relief, representing the apotheosis of Admiral Kempenfelt, the brave old veteran who so unfortunately perished by the sinking of the Royal George, in 1782.

The prospect from one of the western towers of the abbey, when it can be obtained, is beautiful and picturesque. Peter Parley has taken such a view not very long ago. It happened to be a clear day; and the whole of the west end of the town lay before me like a map, and a great part of the eastern was dimly visible; while the Surrey hills, on the south, and those of Hampstead, on the north, were seen commercing with the clouds.

Such is a short description of a few more of the Lions of the metropolis; and in concluding this chapter, I have only to beg of my young readers, before they go to any of the places I have noticed, to study English history. Without the associations which history affords, such places lose half their interest. In short, it appears to Peter Parley very absurd for people to visit such places, unless their minds are in some degree prepared for it.



## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

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CHAPTER VI.

## TOM HIGGINS ; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A RANGER.

I AM now about to tell you of another American story, concerning the adventures of Tom Higgins. He was born at Kentucky, and it is believed is still living. During the war between the British and the Americans, he entered into a company of rangers, raised to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under command of Lieutenant Journey, who were stationed at a small fort, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalin. These settlements were not then begun, and the surrounding country was nearly one unbroken wilderness.

During the day above mentioned, "Indian signs" were seen about a mile from the station ; and at night the savages were seen prowling near the fort. Early the next morning, Mr. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit. They had not proceeded far, before

suddenly the Indians rose from a thicket in which they were concealed ; their number was between seventy and eighty. They fired, and four of the Americans fell dead, among whom was the lieutenant himself, another was wounded, and the rest fled, excepting Higgins.



It was a sultry morning ; the day was just dawning, a heavy dew had fallen during the night, the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung as a heavy cloud upon the spot. Under cover of this cloud the companions of Higgins had escaped. His own horse had been shot through the neck, and fell to his knees, but again rose. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, and was about leaving him ; but finding the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat. Yet before this he wished to have one pull, as he said, at the enemy.



For this purpose he looked round for a tree ; and he observed one with an Indian beside it, with his tomahawk on his shoulder. Nothing daunted, he told the Indian if he moved he would shoot him dead. Just as he reached the tree, the cloud of smoke partly rose, and discovered to him a number of Indians nearer to him than he supposed. They saw him not. One was loading his gun : at him Higgins took deliberate aim—fired, and the Indian fell. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, re-loaded his gun, mounted his horse, and turned to fly ; when a low voice near him hailed him with—

“ Tom, you won’t leave me ? ”

On looking round, he discovered a fellow-soldier, by the name of Burgess, who was lying on the ground wounded. Higgins replied immediately, “ No, I won’t leave you ; come along, and I’ll take care of you.”

“ I can’t come,” said Burgess ; “ my leg is smashed all to pieces.”

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and taking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot.

“ That is bad,” said Higgins ; “ but never fear. Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off.” At the same time telling his friend to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed.

In the mean time the clouds of smoke that had concealed him cleared away, and induced Higgins to attempt his own retreat. The best means for this was to follow that of Burgess ; but this would be to endanger his wounded friend.



He took the resolution, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and, if discovered, to retreat at full speed. As he left a small thicket, which he had reached, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. For a moment he scarcely knew what course to take ; but at length determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Accordingly he made for a valley not far off ; but as he bounded away, he found one of his

limbs failing him, in consequence of having been struck by a ball, in the first fire, and which until now he had scarcely noticed.

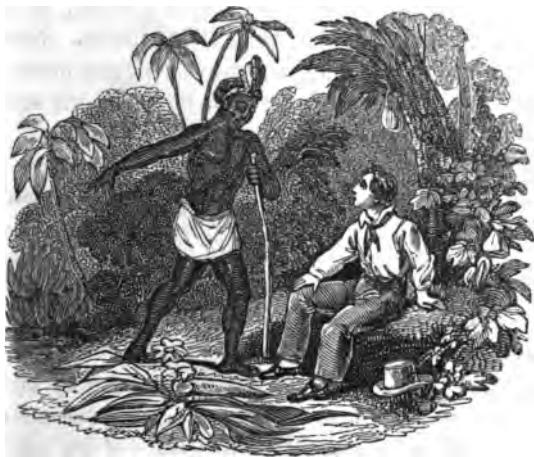
The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned round to fire; but the Indian would halt, and dance about him, to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom well knew he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were closing on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first, he must be overpowered; he, therefore, halted, and resolved to receive a fire. The Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye; and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, suddenly turned his side upon him, and this motion saved his life; for the ball intended for his body was received in a more fleshy part.

Tom fell, but rose again, and ran. The largest Indian, feeling certain of his prey, loaded again, and, with the two others, pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen. As he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times; and the Indians throwing away their guns, advanced on him with their spears and knives. They repeatedly charged upon him; but as he presented his gun first at one and then at the other, they fell back. At last the largest Indian, thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him. Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, with two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no

such notions. He had slain the most dangerous of the three Indians, and he felt but little fear of the others. He, therefore, faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him.

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately for Tom, that the



shafts of their spears were thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of Higgins's tough hide.

From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hands and rifle, in warding off the thrusts, the wounds they made were not

deep. His whole front, however, was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain, as honourable proof of British valour.

At last one of them threw his tomahawk: the edge sunk deep into Higgins' cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on. Tom, instantly recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. At length he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, helped him to rise. Now, taking hold of his rifle as a club, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out. In doing this, he broke the stock of his rifle to pieces, and retained only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian had hitherto fought very cautiously, but now he came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character as a warrior at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded, and almost disarmed, would have tarnished his manhood.

Uttering a terrific yell, he bounded on. He attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off the blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle-barrel with the other.

The Indian remained unwounded, and was now by far the most powerful man. But our hero's courage was not exhausted; and the savage began to retreat, before the fierce glance of his untamed eye, towards the place where he had dropped his rifle.

Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun his own case was hopeless. Throwing away his rifle-barrel, and drawing his hunting-knife, he rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued; dreadful gashes were received on either side. The Indian at last succeeded in throwing Higgins from him, and now ran to the place

where he had thrown down his gun. Tom, in the meantime, searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus both, though bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.



By this time the smoke which lay between the combatants and the main body of the Indians, had passed away. A number of the latter having passed the hazel thicket, were now in full view. It seemed, however, that nothing could save our valiant ranger; but relief was at hand.

The little garrison at the fort had witnessed the whole of this

remarkable combat. They were only six or seven in number; but among them was one heroic woman, a Mrs. Parsley. When she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, she urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs. Parsley, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and, leaping upon a horse, sallied out. The men not liking to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop towards the place of combat.

A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were advancing towards him with savage yells. His friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with loss of blood, had fallen and fainted: his adversary, too intent upon looking for his rifle, did not observe him.

The rangers reached the battle-ground first. Mrs. Parsley, who knew Tom's spirit, supposed he had thrown himself down in despair, for the loss of his gun, and offered him hers. But poor Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse, and turned to retreat, just as the Indians came up.

After being carried into the fort, Tom remained insensible for some time, and his life was preserved only by the most extreme care. His friends extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in his thigh: one of these gave him great pain at times, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a surgeon had settled within a day's ride of him. Tom determined to go and see if he could help him.

The doctor was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. When he reached home, he found the exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discernible to the touch, could be felt.



He requested his wife to hand him a razor. With her assistance he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet. Then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, he "flirted it out," as he himself said, without its costing him a cent.



The other ball remains in his limb yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country ; and it still takes the “ best of a man ” to “ handle ” him.



## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. VI.



## JUNE.

COME away! Come away!  
Flowers are fresh, and fields are gay.  
See the yellow butterfly,  
Hanging from the lilies by;  
Herself a flying primrose born,  
To give back spring's full blushing morn.

Come away! Come away!

Let us climb the mountain's brow,  
And look upon the woods below;  
The broad and spreading oaks which glow  
Amid the sun's resplendent glow;  
Or on the elm or gentle willow,  
Finding on the lake a pillow.

Come away! Come away!

Calmly dies the golden day;  
To the dell and shady fountain,  
Though the cheering sun be set;  
Fringing yonder western mountain  
With his trailing glories yet,

Come away! Come away!

Let us hear, in twilight dim,  
The pealings of the beetle's hymn;  
While the nightingale's last note  
Upon the tangled copse doth float.  
Come away! O, come away!  
Let us make a holiday.

MARTIN.

I COULD sing for ever at this time of the year. It does my heart good to sing and make merry with nature. And she, too, who is so old, to be at times so fresh and young. Year after year, summer after summer, spring after spring—and spring, and summer, and autumn, all beautiful, succeeding a short winter. June, 'tis a glorious month. Every bough is filled with blessings, and the florid fields and fragrant meadows are sparkling with delight. Chanticleer now gives the day an earlier summons; and the early

lark, earlier than the sun, salutes the air with a full roundelay ; and the blackbird, linnet, and thrush, give their last melodies.

June is the sixth month of the year, and was called by the Saxons Weydmonat, because their beasts did then weyd, or wade, in the meadows. They also called it by the following names: Mide-monath, Midsumormonath, and Braeckmonath—thought to be so



named from the breaking up of the soil—from braecon (Saxon) to break. They also named it Leda erra ; which signified, The first month of the sun's descent ; for, from the 21st, the sun begins to descend, the days to grow shorter, and the year to decline. There is, however, no decline in vegetation, for it is now actual summer.

Spring has now completed her toilette. The oak, till now nearly bare, and bearing the wrinkles of winter, now looks young again, in

virtue of its new green. Now also the stately walnut, standing out in pairs, in the fore courts of ancient manor houses, puts forth its smooth leaves slowly, as sage grave men. I love to saunter at mid June, beneath the shade of some old forest, situated in the neighbourhood of a market town, or among the shady groves of old Seckford Hall, and its "whereabout." Overhead and round about, you hear the sighing and whispering, or the roaring, as the wind pleases, of a thousand billows; and, looking upwards, you see the light of heaven transmitted faintly, as if through a mass of green waters. Hither and thither, as you move along, strange forms flit swiftly by you, which may, for anything you can see or hear to the contrary, be exclusive natives of the new world, in which your fancy chooses to find itself. They may be fishes, if that pleases, for they are as mute as such, and glide through the liquid element as swiftly. Stepping forth into the open fields, what a bright pageant is spread before us—everywhere about our feet flocks of wild flowers

"Do paint the meadow with delight."

But we must not stay to pick posies. Yet let us pass along the hedge-rows, and see what they afford. First is the beautiful sweet-leaved eglantine—the rain-scented eglantine; a flower to which the sun pays homage, by counting his dewy rosary on it every morning. And there she scatters her sweet carousals everywhere among the bending branches, or hangs them, half concealed, among the heavy blossoms of the woodbine, that lifts itself so boldly above her, after having first clung to her for support. I think I need not tell my young friends that the eglantine is the wild rose, whose soft

blush has no counterpart on earth, but on the cheek of cousin Sarah.

The woodbine next claims a word, more on account of its intellectual than its personal beauty—so fair, so white, so tender. The air is faint with its sweetness; and the delicate breath of its lovely rival is lost in the luscious odours it exhales. And here it is that pheasants cluster and chirp, and plume themselves for flight.



Now the woods and groves are full of triumphant beauty, and glitter in the mid-day sun. The leaves play and prattle like young children, in the joyous winds. The wheat, and the rye, and the barley, are as "green as green can be," and the shadows of the

clouds passing over them is their only variety. Sutton hills, how I would woo ye! Burket, how lovely must seem your deep hollows! Your patches of purple or of white clover that intervene, and are now in flower, offer a pleasing variety to the above. And nothing can be more rich and beautiful in its effect, in a distant prospect at this season, than a great patch of purple clover lying apparently motionless on a sunny upland, encompassed by a whole sea of green corn, waving and shifting about with every wind that



blows; while the whole air is musical, from some colony of bees underneath hedge-rows or garden palings.

The hitherto full concert of the singing birds is now beginning to falter and to fall short. We shall do well to make the most of it now, for in two or three weeks it will almost entirely cease, till the autumn—I mean that it will cease as a full concert; but we shall

have single songsters all through the summer, till autumn. But we have, alas! now lost the nightingale; and her jubilante is now over. But the woodlark, skylark, goldfinch, and black-cap are with us; and the first-named of these singing in the shade, will soon take a glance on the sunshine.

The rural business of this month is made up of two employments, as beautiful to look at as they are useful—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former; and



in the south-west of England the custom is, we believe, still kept up of throwing flowers into streams—an evident relic of paganism; but, altogether, the holiday is but a gleam of the same merry period, in the cheap and rural time of our ancestors.

Now, as the sun declines, towards evening, may be seen, on the surface of shallow streams, and lying there for a while till its wings

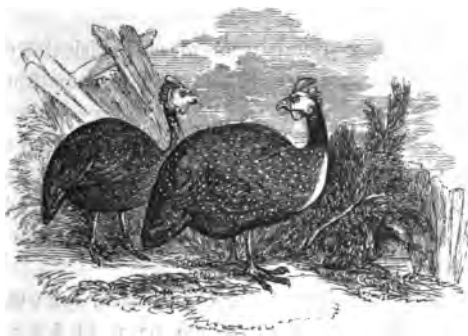


are dried for flight, the misnamed May-fly—catch him if you can, little boy. Escaping, after a protracted struggle of half a minute, from its watery birth-place, it flutters restlessly up and down over the same spot, during its whole era of a summer day's evening, and at last dies as the last streak of day is leaving the western horizon. And yet who shall say that, in this brief space of time, it has not undergone all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life; that it has not felt all the freshness of youth, all the vigour of maturity, and all the weakness and satiety of old age? Ah! little boys and girls, man is no more than a May-fly—it is soon over with him; and, were he not destined to rise again, life would be a mere passing shadow.

I must give a word in June for the dumb creation. If you keep dogs, let them have free access to water, and, if practicable, take them out occasionally into the fields, and let them have the opportunity of swimming, whenever it is possible. If any of my young friends keep birds, let them not, as is too commonly practised, expose them in their cages to a hot sun: it is a cruel and false mistake. Birds, unconfined, seek the shelter in sunny weather. If you do expose them out of doors, cover the top of their cage with a piece of carpet, or, what is better, a green sod, or abundance of leaves. Those who have the care of horses should be especially attentive, during sultry weather, to give them water, and to moisten their mouths. We have often been shocked to see some of the labouring horses, in sultry and dusty weather, foaming at the mouth and dying of thirst.

In conclusion, Peter Parley would have a word to say to school-masters, and especially to the readers of the "Scholastic Quarterly

Review," as they are among the most sensible of them. Do not overwork your pupils in hot weather. Give them exercise in the open air. Let them ramble in the fields. But stay; the holidays are coming, and then hurrah for a thousand delights—horsing, boating, rambling, cricketing. I think I see the coaches full of little boys and girls; omnibuses crowded inside and out; post-chaises crammed; single horse chaises overloaded; and all so merry and so happy. May you long be happy, my children: this is the unceasing prayer of your old friend.



## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### ADVENTURES OF JOHN TANNER.

I DARE say my young friends were pleased with the adventures of Tom Higgins ; I shall, therefore, now relate something of the adventures of John Tanner.

John Tanner was the son of a clergyman, who died about twenty years after John was born. John for some time lived with his father, in Kentucky ; but at length the latter removed with his family to Ohio, where he settled near the mouth of the big Miemie, about the year 1789.

Shortly after their arrival at the above place, John was taken prisoner by some Indians, among whom he resided for thirty years. In the interesting narrative of his captivity and adventures, which he related to a friend of mine, he gave a great quantity of useful information concerning the Indians, besides an account of his many sufferings and privations.

Among other stories which he relates of himself, and of his treatment by the Indians, the following, I doubt not, will greatly interest my young readers.

There was a certain Indian, by the name of Waw-be-be-nais-sa, or White Bird, who was a relation of the family with whom John lived. This Indian became very unfriendly to Tanner, on account of his better success in hunting.



One day Waw-be-be-nais-sa met Tanner, when alone, and rudely thrust both his hands into Tanner's hair, and holding him tight—"This," said he, "is the end of your road. Look down and see the place where the wolves and the carrion birds shall pick your bones."

"I asked him why he offered me this violence?"

"You are a stranger," said he, "and have no right among us; but set yourself up for the best hunter, and would make us treat

you as a great man. For my own part, I hate you, and I will kill you."

"Finding that remonstrance was likely to have no effect upon him, and that he was proceeding to beat my head against a tree which stood close by, I made a sudden exertion of my strength, and threw him on the ground, disengaging my head at the expense of a part of my hair; but in the struggle he caught three of the fingers of my right hand between his teeth. Having sunk his strong teeth quite to the bones of my fingers, I could not draw them out of his mouth; but with my left hand I aimed a blow at one of his eyes: his jaws flew open wide, and he leaped instantly to his feet.

"My tomahawk was lying near me, and his eye happening to fall upon it, he caught it, and aimed so heavy a blow at my head, that, as I eluded it, his own violence brought him to the ground. I jumped upon him, wrenched the tomahawk from his hand, and threw it as far as I could, while I continued to hold him fast to the ground.

"I was much enraged at his violent and unprovoked attack upon me; nevertheless I would not kill him; but seeing a piece of stout lodge pole close by, I caught it in my hands, and told him to get up. When he did so, I commenced cudgelling him: he yelled and capered wofully, and then ran away.

"When I returned to my lord, his son-in-law and three or four other young men, belonging to his tribe, came towards me angrily. 'What is this you have done?' said they, with a fierce yell; and immediately rushed upon me, and with the matting they had in their hands, and which they were then weaving into a sort of cord or rope, threw me on the ground, and bound me to a tree 'Now,'

said they to Waw-be-be-mais-sa, ' we will leave him to do as you like with him.' They then went to a little distance, and sat down, watching my enemy all the time, to see what he would do.

" After capering and leaping for some time, as is the fashion of these Indians before they perform any extraordinary exploit, he came towards me, holding the club in his hand with which I had belaboured him ; with this he beat me cruelly about the head, face, and neck, for my hands were bound so that I could not save my



head. At last I fainted with the excess of pain. I, however, remember hearing one of them say, ' he is dead.' My enemy then took out his scalping knife, and had just made an incision round my temples, when the smart of the wound brought me to myself ; and, making a most mighty effort, I leaped on my legs, and snatching a short knife from the girdle of Waw-be-be-nais-sa, I struck him a severe blow on the face, which cut his nose completely off.

His yell was loud and piercing, and it brought together his companions, who made an united attack upon me. I defended myself bravely, and with my knife cut right and left, till, having wounded several, they all took to their heels, vowing revenge 'some day.'

"A few days after this transaction, one of the Indians came slyly to my dwelling, and succeeded in ripping up one of my dogs. I saw him as he leaped over the fence, and determined to follow him. He ran for the woods; but having nothing to defend myself with, I returned to my house, and armed myself with my broad cutlass and a rifle. Having done so, I determined to go out, and, if possible, have a shot at them; but not wishing to kill, except in case of necessity, I only loaded with small shot. My remaining dog, 'Bob,' followed me, by instinct, as if resolved to revenge the death of his father.

"Our way lay through the tye-tye, that is, amid those masses of foliage which are knit together by the creeping plants of the woods, and among which a very small and narrow pathway is made for man. I followed the path, such as it was, which at last opened upon the borders of a small lake, and there I saw the Indian family sitting in a group, while one of them, a woman, with a baby at her breast, carried a bundle of cudgels upon her head, which they soon seized, and distributed one to each; and, from their menacing attitudes, I soon found that they intended to make use of them in an assault upon some one—no doubt upon me.

"Knowing a little of the Indian language, I was soon convinced of the justice of my suspicions; as I heard my name mentioned, and gathered that I was to be their victim that evening; they having determined to beat me to death with their clubs, and then to set fire

to my dwelling. Waw-be-be-nais-sa seemed very wroth indeed at the loss of his nose, and vowed vengeance in loud and fierce language.

"Thinks I, now is my time to show myself, and if they have a mind for any sport of this kind, to tell them that now is the time to do it. So I suddenly appeared, gave a shout, and walked boldly



up to the group. Every one immediately flourished his cudgel, and seemed ready to rush upon me. I continued to advance, with my rifle on my shoulder, when my old enemy gave the war-whoop, and was rushing towards me, when I levelled my piece and fired.

"The shot scattered widely, and not only wounded him in several places, but struck several of the group, who yelled and capered with pain, and the whole turned tail. I quickly reloaded, and as



quickly fired, sending a charge of shot upon them as they ran, which I suppose did good execution, as they capered, and danced, and howled, as if they had been running on hot iron.

" Having thus revenged my dog's death, I thought I would return to my dwelling; and accordingly went home, feeling confident that, after this peppering, my enemies would be fearful of farther molesting me. But I was very much deceived, as the result will show.

" It was a bright, clear starlight night, and Will Spranger, an old American boatswain, who lived about thirteen miles off, came to consult me upon the best way of getting rid of his 'dispeptic,' or stomach complaint, as they call it in America. Unfortunately Will was especially fond of mint julip, and brandy galaxy; and had so overdosed himself, as to be very near the point of the grave. Will was also an enormous eater as well as a drinker, and always declared that a goose was a little too much for one, and not enough for two.

" So he came to consult me upon the best way of patching himself up for the remainder of his life; for you must know that I had a reputation for the healing art, having in early life been boy at a druggist's, in Boston, which was magnified into having been a 'regular practitioner.' Will was an old friend, too, and perhaps he thought change of air would do him good. But be that as it may, Will was at the door when I got home. I told him of my adventure; and we sat discussing the matter, with a good many glasses of stiff, stiffish, stiffer, and stiffest brandy and water, till we were both, what is called in America, 'tolerably catanatically chowed

up;' and we went to bed—Will putting his feet where his head should be, as the first experiment in a change of his usual habits.

"How long we slept I know not; but I woke with a very strong and savoury smell of toasted, or roasted, or grilled bacon about my nose. I had been dreaming that we had a fry; but, as soon as I opened my eyes, I found myself in a pretty stew.

"My house was in a blaze; and the burning sides scorched my face, and the light was too much for my eyes. Will had awoke about the same time, and we were both crawling about the floor. 'Crawl to the door, Will,' said I; and in a few seconds we were there, taking a sniff of fresh air—very necessary under such circumstances. As I looked out, I saw, by the glare of the fire, that the Indians had done me this honour, as my old enemy and his companions stood about thirty yards off; and, from the squeaking of my pigs, I had no doubt but they were murdering them. I had at this time two sows, with fourteen or fifteen little pigs each; and what was my astonishment to find these little pigs flying up into the air, one after the other, and falling among the Indians, who tied them in their matting with great glee. Some of them, it was clear, were making sad havoc in the pigs' sty.

"Notwithstanding the fire, Will had groped about till he found my rifle and his own (for he had brought one with him); and, luckily, the shot and powder-horns were close with the rifles. We crawled from our burning house, and retreated to its rear, to load; and, from behind the flame, we both fired at the Indians. That our shots took effect we were soon convinced, by the yellings they gave. We loaded again, and fired a second time, before they had time to think where we were.

“ But, at last, Waw-be-be-nais-sa discovered us ; and, giving a yell, ran towards us on the other side of the house, followed by several of his companions, brandishing his tomahawk, and with eyes glaring with savage fury. Will levelled his piece, and shot him dead, just as he came within a few yards of him. The others, seeing him fall, ran away ; upon which I contented myself with peppering them in the rear.

“ The whole party then made off as quick as they could ; and Will and I began to endeavour to extinguish the fire. But our attempts were unavailable : the whole of my little house was burnt to the ground, my live stock was slaughtered, and I was a beggar.

“ ‘ As I have nothing left to live for now,’ said I, ‘ I will have my revenge, or lose my life. Come with me, Will, and we’ll exterminate these Indians, every man Jack of ’em.’

“ ‘ Every man Jack of ’em,’ said Will, ‘ I agree to, but spare the women and the children.’

“ ‘ Of course,’ said I, ‘ we’ll spare the women ;’ and away we sallied. The day was just breaking. My dog scented the trail of the Indians, and in less than an hour we came up with them. I put bullets in my gun, and we both fired at once at the principal men in the group, and they both fell ; the others ran away, and we followed.

“ There were now but two men beside those who had fallen, and we soon came up with the remainder of the party. We again fired at them, with the same good effect ; and when they fell, the women threw themselves on their knees, and begged for mercy, which we as readily gave. We then went to the last two Indians who had fallen, and found one in the agonies of death, and the other badly wounded.

We left them in the care of the women, and went to the former couple, who were both dead.

“ We then returned to my dwelling, but all was desolation. The hot sun had put out the fire, and the white ashes looked as pale as the cheek of death. Will and I both felt sick at heart, and desolate. We sat down by the charred ruins, and my poor dog came and licked my hands with affection. So I cheered up, and took a glass of brandy from the other end of my shot bolt; and Will and I consulted how to set the house up again.

“ Our neighbours in the surrounding districts were soon made acquainted with our exploits and misfortunes, by Will; and in less than a week we had help from all quarters. The house was built up in a new and improved style of architecture; and we had another house warming, without a house firing, and some of the sucking pigs helped to furnish the tables of the festival.”



## TALES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

## No. II.

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

MANY persons in this little world have borne the title of Great, who had no real pretensions to it. Such persons have generally been called great, because they did a great deal of mischief—such as murdering millions of their fellow-creatures, sacking and burning towns, and carrying thousands into slavery; but the hero whose name stands at the head of this chapter, was great for other reasons, as you shall hear.

Alfred was one of the most illustrious of the monarchs of England. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire; and his father sent him at a very early age to Rome, to receive his education. On his father's death he succeeded to the crown; but found the whole of his native land overrun with swarms of Danes, who threatened to be sole masters of England. The invaders had already penetrated into the heart of the kingdom; and, before he had been a month on the throne, he was obliged to take the field against them. After

many battles, in which the Danes were more frequently the victors, Alfred was at last reduced to the greatest extremities, and entirely abandoned by his subjects.

In this situation, the unfortunate prince had no other alternative than to give up his kingly authority, and lay aside all marks of



royalty. He wandered about for some weeks in a beggar's attire, and at last, exhausted and penniless, took refuge in the house of a shepherd. Here he was importuned by a beggar, seemingly more destitute than himself, with whom he cheerfully divided his last loaf; an act which showed that misfortune is not a hardener of the

heart, but is calculated to make it more feeling, in those who happen to have their hearts in the right place.

Alfred afterwards retired to the island of Athelney, in Somersetshire, where he built a fort, for the security of himself, his family, and the few remaining servants attached to him. When he had been about a year in this retreat, having been informed that some of his subjects had routed an army of the Danes, killed their chief, and taken their magic standard, he issued a proclamation, inviting his nobility to come to him, and expel their enemies. Numbers of them flocked to his standard, and secretly an army was raised devoted to his service ; and the king approached the Danes before they had any notice of his design.

The evening before he intended his attack, Alfred went into the camp of the Danes, disguised as a harper, and had an opportunity of observing the disposition, strength, and plans of his enemies for their defence. He observed, also, that they were addicted to drinking and carousing. Being taken to the tent of their chieftain, he noticed his want of caution, and the insecurity of his court and army. Stealing away during the night, he brought his forces together with the early dawn, and, making a sudden attack, speedily routed his enemies, who fled on all sides ; the principal numbers, however, taking up their abode in a neighbouring castle, where they were obliged to surrender at discretion. But now, to prove himself truly great, Alfred granted the vanquished better terms than they had any right to expect ; and agreed to give up the whole kingdom of the East Angles to such as would embrace the Christian religion, and pledge themselves to live peacefully. Guthrum and thirty of his principal officers, being won by this act of the king,

and converted by the practical mercy of Christianity, were then baptized, and Alfred became sponsor for the Danish chieftain.

After some years respite, Alfred was again called to the field; for a body of Danes came, with a fleet of 250 ships, and made a landing on the coast of Kent. Another fleet advanced up the Thames. Alfred immediately approached them, and pitched his camp between their armies, to prevent their junction.

The Danes settled in Northumberland, notwithstanding they had given hostages for their good behaviour, equipped two fleets, and, after plundering the northern and southern coasts, sailed to Exeter and besieged it. The king, as soon as he received intelligence, marched against them; but before he reached Exeter they had obtained possession of it. He kept them, however, closely shut in on all sides, and reduced them to the greatest extremities. Being at length rendered desperate, they made a general sally on the besiegers, but were defeated, although with great loss on the king's side. Before Alfred had time to recruit his forces, another Danish leader came with a great army out of Northumberland, and destroyed all before him, marching to the city of Chester, where they remained the rest of the year. The year following they invaded North Wales; and after having plundered and destroyed everything, they divided, one body returning to Northumberland, another into the territories of the East Angles. But Alfred at length attacked them at all quarters, and large numbers of them were compelled to quit the island.

Alfred now employed himself in correcting and amending the laws, and in an impartial administration of justice. He translated the Psalms into the common tongue, and also the fables of Æsop. He



patronised learned and good men. He laid the foundation of the English navy, by causing good ships to be built, and manned with " hearts of oak ;" he also sent out ships of discovery into foreign parts, in the north of Europe. He set an example of piety, virtue, and propriety, to all around him ; and it is this conduct which has obtained for him the name of GREAT. Alfred died in October, A.D. 900, and was buried at Winchester.



## ADVENTURES OF BALBOA.



BALBOA DISCOVERED.

I DARE say that most of my young friends know that Columbus was the first European that ventured across the Atlantic Ocean, to

find the hitherto unknown shores of America. But Columbus had no sooner found the way, and the people heard of the gold which some of the South American countries contained, than a great many other adventurers flocked there.

Among the rest was one Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a Spaniard, born of a rich family ; but having contracted the bad habit of wasting his money and getting into debt, he at last became so deeply involved, that he determined to quit his country and go to the New World.

Just at that time there was an expedition fitting out for Carthagena, in New Grenada, under the command of one Encisco. Balboa contrived to get sily on board Encisco's ship, and concealed himself in a large cask ; and though Encisco was at first angry with him, he knew he might be of great service to him in America, so he pardoned him.

They arrived in America ; and Balboa, who, in spite of his prodigality, had many good qualities, soon became distinguished. He had one excellence, very uncommon in those days among the money loving Spaniards, namely, a kind disposition towards the native Indians. Balboa reached America in the year 1510. At this period the Pacific Ocean was not known. The Spaniards and others who came over had been so eager after gold, that they had not thought of anything of the kind.

Balboa, although he was very kind to the Indians, was very fond of getting gold from them. One day, after he had received a large quantity of it from an Indian chief, and was weighing it into shares, for the purpose of dividing it among his men, a quarrel rose as to the exactness of the weight. One of the sons of the Indian chief

being present, was so disgusted at this, that he struck the scales with which they were weighing it so hard with his fist, that the gold was scattered all about the room.

"Why," said he, "do you quarrel for such a trifle? If you really value gold so highly, as to leave your own homes, and come and seize the lands and dwellings of others for the sake of it, I can



tell you of a land where you may find it in plenty. Beyond those lofty mountains," said he, pointing to the south-west, "lies a mighty sea, which people sail on with vessels almost as big as yours. All the streams that flow from the other side of these mountains abound in gold, and all the utensils of the people there are made of gold."

This was enough for Balboa. He inquired of the Indian the best way of getting across the mountains, to find this land of gold. The

Indian kindly told him everything he knew, but at the same time warned him not to go over there, for the Indians were many and were fierce, and would eat human flesh. But Balboa was not to be discouraged. He collected a band of 190 bold and hardy men, armed them with swords, targets, and cross-bows, and some blood-hounds (for, strange to tell, the Spaniards had trained fierce dogs to hunt the Indians, and even the mild Balboa was not ashamed to use them), and so he set out on his expedition to the west.

Embarking with his men, September 1st, 1513, at the village of Darien, in a brigantine and nine large canoes, he sailed along the coast to the north-west, to Coyba, where the young Indian chief lived, and where the Isthmus of Darien is narrowest. He had taken a few friendly Indians with him, as guides; and the young Indian chief furnished him with a few more on his arrival. Then leaving half his own men at Coyba, to guard the brigantine and canoes, he began his march for the mountains, and through the terrible wilderness.

It was the sixth of September. The heat was excessive, and the journey toilsome and difficult. They had to climb rocky precipices, struggle through close and tangled forests, and cross marshes, which the great rains had rendered almost impassable. Sept. 8th, they passed an Indian village at the foot of the mountains, but the inhabitants did not molest them; on the contrary, they fled into the forests.

Here some of the men became exhausted, from the great heat and travelling in the marshes. These were sent back, by slow marches, in the care of Indian guides, to Coyba. On the 20th of September they again set forward.

The wilderness was so craggy, and the forest trees and under-wood so matted together, that in four days they only advanced about thirty miles; and they now began to suffer from hunger. They also met with many rapid foaming streams, to cross some of which they had to stop and build rafts.

Now it was that they met with a numerous tribe of Indians, who, armed with bows and arrows, and clubs of palm wood, almost as hard as iron, gave them battle. But the Spaniards, although comparatively few in number, with their fire-arms and bloodhounds, and the aid of the friendly Indians who were with them, soon put them to flight, and took possession of their village. Balboa's men robbed the village of all its gold and silver, and of everything valuable in it; and even he himself, whose heart the love of gold had begun already to harden, shared with his men the plunder.

It was a dear-bought victory, however; for though the Indians had lost six hundred of their number in the contest, they could easily recruit their forces. But Balboa, whose band was now reduced, by sickness and the contest, from ninety-five men to sixty-seven, had no means of adding to his strength, but was forced to proceed with what forces he had.

Early the next morning after the battle they set out again on their journey up the mountain. About ten o'clock they came out of the tangled forest, and reached an open space, where they enjoyed the cool breezes of the mountains. They now began to take a little courage. Their joy was heightened still more, when they heard one of their Indian guides exclaim, "The sea! the sea!"

Balboa commanded his men to stop; and resolving to be the first European who should behold this new sea, he forbade his men to

stir from their places till he called them. Then ascending to the summit of the height which the Indian had mounted, he beheld the sea glittering in the morning sun.

Calling now upon his little troop to ascend the height, and view the noble prospect along with him, "Behold," said he, "the rich reward of our toil. This is a sight upon which no Spaniard's eye ever before rested." And in their great joy the leader and his men embraced each other.

Balboa then took possession of the sea, and the coast, and the surrounding country, in the name of the King of Spain; and having cut down a tree, and made it into the form of a cross—for they were Catholics—he set it up on the very spot where he first beheld the grand Pacific Ocean. He also made a high mound, by heaping up large stones, upon which he carved the king's name. This was on September 26th, 1513.

Not content with seeing the ocean, Balboa determined to visit it. Arriving, after much toil, at one of the bays on the coast, he called it St. Michael's Bay. Coming to a beach a mile or two long, "If this is a sea," said he, "it will soon be covered with water; let us wait and see if there be a tide. So he seated himself under a tree, but the water soon began to flow. He tasted it, and found it salt; and then waded up to his knees in it, and took possession of it in the name of his king.

Balboa's heart was now so lifted up by success, and his whole nature so changed, that he was ready to fight and destroy every Indian tribe that opposed his progress. But he had not always the best of it. On one occasion he was lost; with one or two followers, in one of the mighty forests of the country, and having been seized

by some natives, carried immediately before their cazique, or chief. He was seated on a raised seat, covered with a panther's skin, and bore a single feather of the vulture upon his head. Beside him stood his slaves, to fan him, and screen his head from the sun, and around him warriors, with the skulls of their enemies fixed upon their spears; which made the whole scene very horrible.



Balboa humbled himself before the chief; and taking off his coat, profusely decorated, offered it as a peace offering. The cazique would not accept it, but said, "You are poor and desolate—I am rich and powerful. I will not hurt you, though you are my enemy." He then ordered him safe conduct through the forests; and Balboa regained his own people, the Spaniards, in safety.



This escape softened Balboa's heart, and he never afterwards treated the Indians with the same severity. After many victories, and many other singular escapes, he returned back to Coyba. But the sufferings of his men, in returning, were extreme, for want both of water and provisions. The streams were most of them dried up, and provisions could not be found. Gold they indeed had, almost as much as they could carry, and the Indians kept bringing them more ; but this they could not eat or drink, and it would not buy what was not to be bought.

He arrived at Darien after about two months' absence, having lost nearly all his men, by war and sickness. His discovery made a great noise, and procured him much honour, but he did not live to enjoy it. A new governor was appointed in his place, who, having a mortal hatred to Balboa, threw him into prison, and, after a mock trial, had him beheaded, in 1517, when he was in his forty-eighth year.

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**PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.****No. VII.****JULY.**

**IN July we have full summer. The rye is yellow, and almost fit for the sickle. The wheat and barley are of a dull green, from their swelling ears being alone visible, as they bow before every breeze that blows over them. The oats are whitening apace, and**

quiver, each individual grain on its light stem, as they hang like rain-drops in the air. On the high downs, all the little mole-hills are purple with the flowers of the wild thyme, which exhales its rich aromatic odour as it is pressed by the feet; and among it the elegant blue heath-bell is nodding its half dependant head from its almost invisible stem—its perpetual motion, at the slightest breath of air, giving it the look of a living thing hovering on invisible wings just above the ground.

In the green lanes—O, how I love to wander down the green lanes, to congratulate the donkeys, and see them luxuriating on thistles and bramble bushes; and to think that a beast who could live so cheaply should be harnessed to a truck or a crockeryware cart, as poor Neddy Bray was. But the green lanes—now it is we find them clothed in a beautiful variety of flowers, that have not elsewhere been noticed. Richly does the great bind-weed thrust its elegant white flowers from among the thickest of the shrubs, that yield it support. Nearer to the ground, but more exposed, we meet with a handsome relative to the above, the wild convolvulus; while along the face of the hedge, clinging to it lightly, the various coloured vetches, and the enchanting, or enchanter's, nightshade, hand their flowers into the open air. It is this which afterwards turns to those bunches of red berries, which hang so temptingly, in autumn, just within the reach of little children, and which, perhaps, the "babes in the wood" might have eaten.

On the bank from which the hedge-row rises, a most rich variety of field flowers will be found. I dare not venture to notice half of them. Many of them look, as they lie among their low leaves, only like minute morsels of many-coloured glass scattered upon the green

ground—scarlet, and sapphire, and rose, and purple, and white, and azure, and golden ; but pick them up, and bring them towards the eye, and you will find them pencilled with a thousand dainty devices, and elaborated into all the most exquisite forms and fancies, fit to be stuck into necklaces for Fairy Titanea, or set in brooches and bracelets for the neatest-handed of her nymphs.

But there are many others that come into flower this month, some of which I cannot pass if I would. Conspicuous among them are the centuary, with its elegant cluster of small, pink, star-like flowers ; the ladies' bed-straw, with its rich yellow tufts ; the meadow-sweet, sweetest of all the sweetness of the meadows ; the wood-bitony, lifting up its handsome head of rose-coloured blossoms ; and, still in full perfection, and towering up from amid the low groundlings that usually surround it, the stately fox-glove.

I must not forget the wild teasel, which now puts on as much the appearance of a flower as its ragged nature will admit. It is a species of thistle, which shoots up a strong serrated stem straight as an arrow, and beset on all sides by hard sharp-pointed thorns, and bearing on its summit a hollow egg-shaped head, also covered at all points with the same armour of threatening thorns, as hard, as thickly set, and as pointed as porcupines' quills. Often within this fortress, impregnable to birds, bees, and even to mischievous boys themselves, that beautiful moth, which flutters about so gaily during the first weeks of summer, on snow-white wings, spotted all over with black and yellow, takes up her final abode ; retiring thither when, weary of its desultory wanderings, and having prepared for the perpetuation of its ephemeral race, sleeping itself to death, to the rocking lullaby of the breeze.

Now, too, if we pass by some gently lashing water, we may chance to meet with the splendid flowers of the great water-lily, floating on the surface of the stream like some fairy vessel at anchor, and making variable, as it ripples by it, the elsewhere imperceptible current. Nothing can be more elegant than each of the three different states under which this flower now appears: the first, while it lies unopened among its undulating leaves, like the halcyon's egg within its floating nest; when its snowy petals are but half expanded, and you are almost tempted to wonder what beautiful bird it is that has just taken its flight from such a sweet birth-place; and, lastly, when the whole flower floats confessed, and spreading wide upon the water its pointed petals, offers its whole heart to the enamoured sun.

But it is hot—wonderous hot. The birds are silent; the little brooks are dried up; the earth is chapped with parching. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The flints sparkle with heat; and the dry, dusty roads—oh!—but still,

The poetry of earth is never dead.  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge, about the new-mown mead—  
That is the grasshopper's.

The dog-star rages. The dog-days commence, according to the almanacks. They are a certain number of days preceding and following the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the Dog-star, in the morning. Their beginning is usually fixed on the 3rd of July, and their termination on the 11th of August. But this is a palpable mistake,

since the rising of the star does not now take place, at least in our latitude, till near the latter end of August; and, in five or six thousand years more, Canicula may chance to be charged with bringing frost and snow, as it will then, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, rise in November and December.



It was in the Dog-days that Peter Parley was born. During a violent thunder-storm was he ushered into the world. But to return to the Dog-star. This star was called by the Egyptians Sihor, i. e. the Nile. The Latins called it Sirius. The Egyptians called it also, Thaaüt, or Tayout, the dog. It never rises high in the horizon, but may be seen glaring and glowing like a distant sun, which it no doubt is; and yet the nearest body of the kind to our earth—being the least distant of all the fixed stars. It is computed at the enormous distance of 2,200,000,000 miles from our

globe, and which could not be reached by a cannon-ball, flying with its usual velocity, of 480 miles in an hour, in less than 523,211 years.

Now is the time for mad dogs ; therefore beware of dogs, and do not worry or irritate them. There is no cure for hydrophobia. "Prevention is better than cure," as poor Richard says. But do not proceed against dogs as universal barbarians ; do not raise the



cry of "mad dog" upon every poor ill-favoured looking creature, nor hunt him, or it will produce the disease you would wish to shun. Dogs are emancipated from the truck system ; and let us not add to the number of their persecutors, or even to those of the cats.

If a dog could speak, during this weather, he would lament somewhat in the following manner :—"Warrants are out against me.

It is very hard that a quiet, sensible dog, like me, cannot go about the streets without being watched by policemen. If I look up in any stranger's face, he thinks I am going to bite him. If I go with my eyes fixed upon the ground, they say I have got the ropes, and am going mad. If I wag my tail, I am too lively: if I do not wag it, I am sulky. If I pass a dirty puddle without drinking, sentence is pronounced. I am perfectly swilled with the quantity



of ditch-water I am compelled to drink in one day, to clear me from imputation—a worse ordeal than the water ordeal of your old Saxon ancestors. If I snap at a bone, I am furious: if I refuse it, I have got the sullens, which is a sure symptom. I dare not bark outright, for fear of being thought to rave. It was but yesterday that I indulged in a little innocent yelp, on the occasion of a cart-wheel



grinding off the tip of my tail ; and the whole populace were up in arms, as if I had betrayed some flightiness in my conversation. In short, I am so hot with this consternation, that I fear I shall go as mad as a March hare, unless Peter Parley will say a good word for me. Bōw wow."

But it is really hot weather, my young friends. The dog-star is an evil star. I went into the country, and took an omnibus to Sheen ; but the red plush of it was scorching, and the straw hot—hot and dry. It was evening, and there was no cool in it. I went to bed hot, and slept hot all night, and got up hot next morning to a hot tea breakfast, with hot rolls ; looking all the while on the hot print opposite—Hogarth's Evening—with the fat hot citizen's wife sweltering between her husband and the New River ; the hot little dog looking wistfully on the reachless warm water ; the crying hot boy riding on the husband's stick ; the scolding hot sister, and all the other heats of that very " warm work " of the painter, which must have been done in boiled oil. But, blessed relief, next comes

ST. SWITHIN'S. If it rains on St. Swithin's day, there will be rain the next forty days afterwards. Who was St. Swithin ? I think I hear some of my young friends inquire. He was, as it appears, Bishop of Winchester, to which rank he was raised by King Ethelwolf, the Dane ; and dying, was canonized by the Pope. He was singular for his desire to be buried in the open churchyard ; but the monks, upon his being canonized, taking it into their heads that it was disgraceful for the saint to lie in the open churchyard, resolved to remove his body into the choir ; which was to have been done with solemn procession, on the 15th of July. It rained, however,

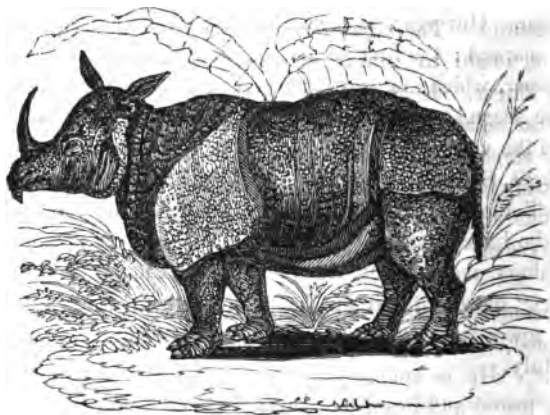
so violently on that day, and for forty days succeeding, as has hardly ever been known, which made them set aside their design as heretical and blasphemous ; and, instead, they erected a chapel over his grave, at which many miracles were said to have been wrought.

But why is it generally wet about this season of the year ? The tradition proves it to have been the same in this country a thousand years ago. Our year, it seems, divides itself into two periods, distinctly marked : the first period sets in with the decline of the heats of summer, which are greatest between the 12th and 25th of July ; and the second, with the cessation of the colds of winter, giving birth to the vernal showers.

With St. Swithin the holidays may be said to close ; and I hope they will close cheerfully with my young friends, especially with those who have read my " Holiday Book," as they will have learned some things even during the vacation, and not wasted their minds entirely " on the desert air." Wishing them all health and fresh vigour towards study, Peter Parley must now close his parleying about July.



## SOMETHING ABOUT THE RHINOCEROS.



THE above cut represents the rhinoceros; which name is derived from the Greek, signifying a horn on the nose; and a very large horn it is sometimes, and a very dangerous one, too. The animal that bears it is one of the order of pachydermatous animals, that is, the thick-skinned; and a very fine specimen is at the present moment in the gardens of the Zoological Society.

The skin of the rhinoceros is proof against the claws of the lion and tiger, the sword, and the ball of a musket; as it is thicker and

harder than that of the elephant, and consequently insensible to the sting of insects. It is incapable of extension or contraction, and is rolled up into large folds at the neck, shoulders, and crupper, in order to give motion to the head and limbs of the creature. The head is larger than that of the elephant, the eyes less, and generally half closed, except when the animal is roused, when they roll and glare fearfully. The upper lip is elongated and prehensile—which word you ought to know the meaning of—and it terminates in a pointed finger. It is a kind of imperfect trunk, by which the animal can seize on any object with great facility. Instead of tusks like the elephant, the rhinoceros is furnished with two strong incisive teeth in each jaw, situated at a great distance from each other, one in each angle of the jaw. The horn, at its full size, measures near four feet in length, and six or seven inches in diameter.

The rhinoceros used to be thought quite untameable; but he is now tamed, to a certain extent, though still apt to be dangerous to strangers. He is among larger animals what the hog is among smaller, brutal and insensible—but still not insensible of kindness; as no living thing ever is, when properly tendered. He is naturally not a quarrelsome animal, and neither disturbs the lesser, or fears the greater beasts of the forest, but lives amicably with all. He subsists on the grossest herbs, and is fond of the sugar-cane, and all sorts of grain.

In consequence of its boldness and strength, the hunting of the rhinoceros is one of the most splendid and hazardous of the wild sports of the east. It is to be sought for in the jungles, and is often found in parties of about half-a-dozen, led on by the biggest

of the whole, as is the case with the herds of elephants. In the tall vegetation of the Indian jungle, the sportsmen cannot hunt for this animal unless they are mounted on elephants; and they find it necessary to go in bands, so that while some of the elephants are receiving the charge of the rhinoceros, those mounted on the others may take aim and wound him. A single one, it is said, always flies to the thickest part of the jungle; but if again roused, it advances to the attack. Its object appears to be to get at the elephant on one side, and passing the horn in underneath, to rip it open. The elephant is also said not to attempt using his tusks. What may be done in a state of wild nature by these animals, when they quarrel, it is very difficult to say; for, probably, nobody ever saw a battle between an elephant and a rhinoceros, in wild nature.

Whether the rhinoceros was the unicorn of the ancients, is a matter of dispute; but that there never was such an animal as the unicorn, represented in the royal arms, may be easily believed. There are, of course, both single horned and double horned rhinoceri; there are also extinct species of these animals, which belonged to a very remote age. They have (as organic remains) been met with in Siberia; and a preserved specimen, nearly entire, was found in the ice, far north, in the year 1771. Fragments of other species have also been found in Germany: these generally belong to the two-horned species. The remains of a very small species have been found in France, not much larger than the common hog, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the ground, mingled with those of crocodiles and tortoises.

## TALES ABOUT THE INDIANS.



## CHAPTER VII.

## INDIAN GRATITUDE.

WHILE the frontier war between the Indians, aided by the French, and the British colonies of America, was at its highest pitch, James Pritchard, a young Englishman, served in the capacity of a surgeon to a party of colonists, who occupied a small fort, which was built to afford protection to the surrounding country. It was in

the middle of summer. Being a lover of nature, it was our hero's delight to travel through the woods. One evening, tempted by the unusual pleasantness of the air, he strolled rather farther than usual from the little fort, and entered a clump of towering forest trees, which bordered on a large swamp. The sun was just setting majestically in the west; and his bright reflections on the clouds, seen through a large opening in the other end of the vista, contrasted with the deep gloom of the shade of the trees, awakened in his breast sensations of the most pleasurable description. With his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes bent to the ground, he slowly paced along, luxuriating in his own reflections. At one moment the music of the frogs swelled among the trees in an uninterrupted strain; now it was broken in upon by the note of the Whip poor Will; and then a sharp croak, and a sudden plunge into the water, told that he had disturbed the serenity of the deep-throated musicians of the swamp. Suddenly he was awakened from his pleasing reverie by a loud "Hugh," pronounced close to him; and on lifting his eyes, he was startled by the appearance of a large Indian, who, by his dress and accoutrements, appeared to be a chief of some consequence. The hand of the surprised youth passed mechanically to the hilt of his sword, the only weapon of defence which he had about his person; but before he had half withdrawn it from the scabbard, the muscular grasp of the savage completely paralyzed his efforts. By a few signs, easily understood by persons in peril, the Indian assured him that it was not his intention to hurt him; and, striking into the thick woods, beckoned him to follow. Seeing that it was useless for him to make any efforts against his powerful conductor, and, besides, being pretty well assured of his

peaceful intentions, he silently followed his rapid strides through the forest.

They soon arrived at a temporary wigwam, built in a secluded and secure spot. Here lay languishing a female, evidently a favourite wife of the Indian warrior. Her disease had baffled the most powerful incantations of the Indian magicians, and had bid defiance to their whole materia medica. Hearing, by one of his fellows who had rambled from his companions in a hunting excursion, and who had observed the surgeon of the little fort engaged in the examination of new plants, that a great white medicine was in the country, he, with a few of his men, brought the sufferer to her present situation, and laid in wait for the doctor, whom, as we have seen, he succeeded in capturing.

Pritchard examined the case of his new patient with attention, and finding that the rude means applied to her cure were worse than the original disease, he, by the use of his European skill, soon brought her to a state of convalescence. The chief was delighted; and loading the young doctor with thanks, and offering him presents—which the other refused to accept—he led him back, with every appearance of gratitude imprinted upon his countenance.

Not very long after this circumstance, the little fort was attacked by a large tribe of savage warriors. Its defenders enacted prodigies of valour, and our hero exerted himself against the assailants with great bravery. A thousand weapons were levelled at him, but none, although he was often wounded, reached his life. At length the superior numbers of the enemy prevailed. In the gloom of the night they burst forth from every side, with hideous yells, on the gallant little band, who were weakened by fatigue and hunger, and completely mastered them.



It was the lot of Pritchard to be among the prisoners ; but he was preserved from immediate slaughter only that his death might be made the more lingering and excruciating ; for his exploits against the savages awakened powerfully feelings of deadly revenge. The spot where the surgeon was first surprised by the Indian chief, was chosen as a scene of the tragedy they were about to enact. Our hero was fastened to a tree, to be the mark at which the young warriors were to exercise their skill as archers. A number of these were arranged at a short distance, and a flight of arrows was discharged at the victim ; but just as the shower of missiles were descending, an Indian dashed forward, ready to receive their whole force on his naked body. " Forbear," he said ; " this is the saviour of my wife : he is Indian's friend." And raising his tomahawk, he vowed death to the first who should discharge another arrow. He then, in a few words, explained to this tribe his obligations to Pritchard, who was immediately released, and conducted in safety to his settlement.



## LIONS OF LONDON.

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PETER PARLEY has had another walk through London, and had the satisfaction of beholding the statue of the Duke of Wellington placed in front of the new Royal Exchange, in the presence of the King of Saxony. He cannot help saying a few words of the old, and of former Exchanges, which stood on the site of the present one.

Previous to the year 1566, the City of London had no public place for its merchants to assemble in to transact business; but at that time Sir Thomas Gresham, a wealthy citizen, resolved to supply the deficiency at his own expense. The city, however, purchased the ground, upon which Sir Thomas began the building—a brick edifice, first called the Bourse—and completed it the following year. In 1570, it was visited in great state by Queen Elizabeth, who ordered it to be proclaimed as the Royal Exchange.

Sir Thomas, by will, left this munificent erection to the City of London, and appointed the Company of Mercers its trustees, under certain conditions; but, exactly one hundred years after its original foundation, the late building, burnt down about five years ago, was

raised in its place—the first stone of which was laid by King Charles the Second, in 1667 ; and his statue, in consequence of that event, graces the centre of the quadrangle.

The first stone of the present building was laid by Prince Albert, and a very interesting ceremony it was ; and the new erection has arisen with astonishing rapidity. In a few months we may hope to see it completed, and that our Royal Lady will imitate Queen Elizabeth, and give the citizens of London a “ grand opening.”

Close by the Exchange is the Mansion House, the town residence of the Lord Mayor for the time being. The Lord Mayor is a great man in the city, and out of it sometimes, I can assure you. He takes the first place in the Privy Council, until the new sovereign is appointed, and at his coronation acts as chief butler. He is the chief magistrate in the city ; and although, like Sancho Pancha, he has to settle odd disputes in a summary manner, and legislate for fish-fags and chimney-sweeps, his is a proud office ; and many who hold it would like it the better if not an annual.

When the Lord Mayor goes out in procession, which he sometimes does, he appears in great state ; the city sword and mace are carried before him. By a grant of Edward III., the mace is permitted to be of gold or silver ; a distinction conferred on no city of England, except the arch-episcopal city of York.

The Mansion House is worthy the residence of the Mayor. A bold flight of steps leads to a fine portico in front, composed of Corinthian columns, which spring from a massy rustic basement, and are surmounted by a pediment, in the centre of which is an alto relievo, emblematical of the dignity and opulence of the city. The interior of this mansion is very grand. The principal room is

called the Egyptian Hall, and is nearly a hundred feet long, and is the entire width of the house. At the sides of the saloon there are also a justice-room, a sword-bearer's room, and a very handsome room called Wilkes's Parlour. In the Egyptian Hall, banquets are given by the Lord Mayor to great personages, and these are sometimes very grand.



GUILDHALL.

The City of London is governed by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, assisted by a Court of Common Council; the latter consists of 236 persons, chosen by the inhabitants of each ward, some of which send seventeen, and others only four, to represent their interests. The powers of this court are extensive. It has the entire disposal of the funds of the corporation, and occasionally indulges in what

are called emphatically "city feeds;" by no means the least important of the City functions.

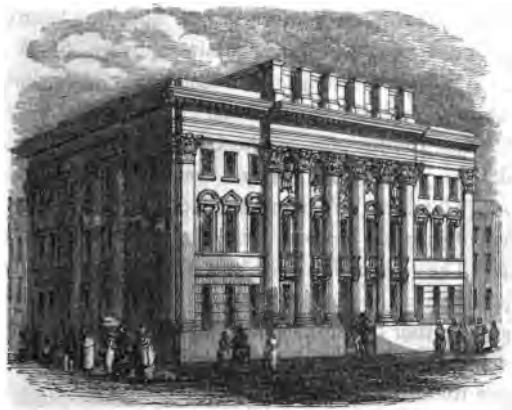
Another important City edifice is Guildhall. It is situated in King Street, Cheapside, and is an extensive structure, partly ancient and partly modern. It is the public hall of the City of London, in which are held the various courts, the meetings of the Livery, to choose their Members of Parliament, &c. Guildhall was originally built in 1411, by voluntary subscription, and was twenty years in progress. The Hall itself will contain between 6000 and 7000 persons, and is 153 feet long, 48 broad, and 55 in height. The windows at each end are enriched with painted glass, representing the Royal Arms, the insignia of the Orders of the Garter, the Bath, St. Patrick, the Thistle, &c. Here are also monuments to Lord Nelson, Lord Chatham, William Pitt, &c.

Two ancient gigantic figures, carved in wood, stand at the bottom of the hall. They are called Gog and Magog giants. One holds a long staff, with a ball stuck with spikes hanging by a chain to the end of it; the other holds a spear; and both look very terrible to little boys and girls—many of whom are said to go, on the first of April, to see them come down to dinner.

Another noble edifice is the East India House, Leadenhall Street, comprising the principal offices of the East India Company. Here the courts are held. The principal front of this building consists of six Ionic columns, supporting a rich entablature and pediment. The frieze is sculptured with ornaments, and the pediment contains a group of figures emblematical of the commerce of the country, protected by George III., who is represented as extending a shield over them.

The India House contains a museum, which is well worth the attention of my young friends ; and I would advise them to go and see it.

Goldsmiths' Hall, which is here represented, is another celebrated City building, and belongs to one of the richest companies in London, that of the Goldsmiths, who were incorporated in the reign of



Elizabeth, and one of whom was an important character in the reign of James I., and figures especially in the "Fortunes of Nigel." It is here that all gold and silver ware is assayed and marked, previous to its being sold—such as spoons, forks, articles of plate, &c.

Another fine and important building is the Custom House, situated in Lower Thames Street. It was originally built in 1718, and was consumed by fire in February, 1814, in the presence of old

Peter Parley, who saw the oil and spirits flowing on the top of the Thames, and the very Thames on fire as well as the Custom House. The present building was erected a little to the west of the old one. It is 480 feet in length, and 100 in depth. The Long Room is a vast-proportioned apartment, 190 feet long, and 66 feet wide; being nearly the largest room in Europe. The flooring of this room sank,



some years ago, and caused great consternation, but it is now firm and secure.

Somerset House is another place well worthy of attention; it is without the city, and to see it, we must pass through Temple Bar. It is, as you see by the cut, a noble building, situated in that portion of Westminster called the Strand. Somerset House originally rose upon the ruins of some old religious edifices and private dwell-

lings, pulled down by the proud Duke of Somerset, who degraded and abused his authority, by making it the minister of his personal gratifications. He pulled down a church, an inn of court, and a number of houses, to make room for the magnificent palace which he here erected, without making the slightest compensation to the owners. But he did not long enjoy his splendid abode, as he died on the scaffold, in the year 1552.



In succeeding reigns Somerset House became the residence of various Queens, The great Elizabeth sometimes resided here. Anne, of Denmark, Queen of James I. here kept her court, which was remarkable for its grotesque amusement; being, as an old author says, "a continual masquerade." The unfortunate Queen of Charles I. resided here after her husband's execution; and here



the Roman Catholic Queen of Charles II. kept a separate court. All these historical notices refer, however, not to the present building, but to the old one, which was pulled down to make way for it. This extensive pile was commenced in 1779, from the design of Sir William Chambers; and here several of the departments of Government are carried on: such as the Stamp Office—the Victualling Office—the Auditing Office, and Navy Office; and an extended wing is the celebrated King's College, where some of my readers are no doubt educated,

A little below Somerset House, on the opposite side of the way,



is "Exeter Hall," a public building designed for meetings of various religious bodies; it has over the portico entrance the words "Philadelphion," or, loving brothers—not a very appropriate title, considering the various bitter sects and acrimonious parties who

meet there to abuse each other, and all the world beside. It has, however, been lately made much more harmonious by the introduction of "Singing Classes;" and the great organ is one of the most delightful of things, which Peter Parley would sooner have than the clamour with which Exeter Hall is usually filled.

Not far from Exeter Hall is the Adelaide Gallery: a place both of amusement and instruction, at which a few hours may be agreeably



spent. Here Dr. Jones provides a varied entertainment every day, especially delighting to holiday parties. Curious matters of science and art; inventions; discoveries; wonderful sights; music; models; specimens of geology and mineralogy; pictures; legerdemain; steam guns; locomotive balloons; diving bells; curious mirrors; wonderful optical deceptions; wonders of the microscope;

weaving; glass-making; electro-magnetism; galvanism; electricity; and many other puzzling matters, too numerous to mention. To this institution I would especially direct my young readers at the present season, where they will be sure to find both delight and information.

The British Museum may then claim attention. It is situated in Bloomsbury, but a short walk from the Adelaide Gallery. It is



entered by a mean portal, and when you enter, the court yard has a gloomy appearance. But the interior is rich in the objects of antiquity, rarity, curiosity, instruction, and fine art. Here are preserved fine Elgin marbles, master pieces of Grecian sculpture; here are also busts, statues, and images, of most exquisite finish, especially in the statue room—where students are to be found

diligently employed in copying the most beautiful remains of ancient art.

The Museum is rich also in specimens of every branch of Natural History. The collection of birds in the long gallery, from the advantageous manner in which they are now placed, form objects of great attraction ; among them is a most superb specimen of the golden eagle ; he is represented as having slain a white hare, over which he is gloating, his wings are expanded, and his eyes are glistening. This bird uses his wings as weapons of offence ; they have a bony protuberance, with which he strikes his prey ; they also serve him in his defence from venomous snakes and reptiles, whom he wearies and bruises with them till exhausted, when they are easily destroyed. This bird is only rivalled by the Peruvian condor, which however we do not see in the collection, a fellow whose wings are from nine to eighteen feet in length, and who, Marco Polo says, could lift an elephant. There is a splendid collection of the falcon family in fine condition, the gentil, the peregrine, and the spotted ; the gray and the gyr ; the Iceland, which is the white gyr ; also the laughing, the lammer, the harier, the kestrel, the merlin, the sparrow, and many more. Opposite are placed the gorgeously decorated peacock race, who are seen in all their galaxy of splendour, a family whom the Italians describe as having the plumage of angels, the voices of devils, and the stomachs of thieves. Opposed to them are the tribe of buceridæe or hornbills, the singularity of whose appearance, from the immense horned head which nature has bestowed upon them, leaves them perhaps, unrivalled in ugliness by any other class in the exhibition.

I would likewise advise my young friends to examine especially the geological and mineralogical attractions. The Egyptian rooms are now also highly interesting. Here we enter, as it were, the home and habitations of a people three thousand years old ; here are their various articles of domestic use ; their beads ; hair pins ; looking-glasses ; culinary utensils ; tables ; stools ; chairs ; beds ;



“ wigs ;” and lastly, their dead bodies, preserved as mummies ; some encased, some in three winding sheets or cere clothes, and others unrolled ; and priests and kings, queens and priestesses, greet the beholder with a silent stare.

The Museum also contains a most extensive library, frequented by thousands daily. It has also a wonderful collection of MSS.,

which may be consulted under proper regulations. The Museum is now undergoing extensive alterations, and will, in a short time, be worthy the English nation, and surpass every other similar institution in the world.



## A WORD ABOUT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

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THE Hippopotamus, or, as it is sometimes called, the sea or river Horse, although it is indeed very little like the horse, belongs to the order of bellucee, in the class of mammalia. It is inferior in size only to the elephant. The male has been found to measure seventeen feet in length; the circumference of the body fifteen feet; the head near four, and the jaws upwards of two feet in length. The body is of an ashy greyish colour, thinly covered with hair; and the whole form of the animal seems to partake of the form both of the ox and hog; and its voice bears a resemblance to the bellowing of the one and the grunting of the other.

The Hippopotamus is an amphibious animal, living as well upon land as upon water; but it chiefly resides at the bottom of great lakes and rivers in those parts of Africa between the Niger and the Cape of Good Hope, where it lives an indolent kind of life—devouring all the lesser fish, but seldom attacking its equal in strength. It walks at the bottom of the river with the same facility as upon land, and will continue for half an hour together under water without once rising for the purposes of respiration. When its aquatic

food fails, it will ascend the higher grounds, and commit great devastations upon the sugar plantations. Then the natives beat drums, light fires, and set up a hideous outcry, in order to frighten it back to its retreat. When wounded, it will attack boats and canoes, and upset them, and sometimes destroy the passengers; it will also destroy land animals and children up the country, but its motion is but slow, whereby its rage may be evaded.

In the arrangement of animals, according to Cuvier, the Hippopotamus belongs to the genera of pachydermata, or thick-skinned; and a very thick skin it has. When fired at by its hunters, common bullets receive such resistance from this thick skin that they seldom penetrate to the vital parts of the beast. The skin is not of much use as leather; it is too hard for that, but, cut into very thin stripes, whips are often made of it by the Egyptians and Arabs; and many a poor Christian slave has been flogged by the hide of an Hippopotamus.

The most valuable portion of the Hippopotamus is its teeth, as these are more hard, compact, and beautiful, than those of any other beast. They are, in fact, the strongest of all known substances, and are very much sought after by dentists, in the manufacture of artificial teeth, which everybody seems to have now-a-days. On this account the tooth sells for about a guinea a-pound, and when a piece is worked so as to bring an enamel outside, the teeth so produced have all the appearance and durability of natural ones.

This singular genus of animals is now reduced to one species, and that existing merely a fragment in one part of the world, and obviously upon the decline; yet its remains that are met with in the earth show that it had once been a general animal.



In Europe four different species of it have been discovered, and they appear to have been adapted to rivers of all magnitudes ; from the wide-sweeping flood to the small brook ; and their remains are found in Italy, Germany, France, and England. The remains of those found in France, particularly one kind, called the middle-sized Hippopotamus, were not much larger than the common hog ; and a still smaller one could not have been larger than a pig of ten stone ; while the smallest of all not larger than a pig of six or seven stone. The remains of the last kind have been found in France only.

Why this animal should have received the name of the River Horse remains to me a mystery. When only the face of the animal is above the water the straight outline and erect ears give it some resemblance to the face of the horse. This may have been the reason it obtained the name of the River Horse, but a very small portion of the rest of the animal destroys all resemblance. Perhaps some of my young friends will find me a name for this extraordinary animal.



## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. 8.



## AUGUST.

August is the eighth month of the year. It was called Sextilis by the Romans, from its being the sixth month in their calendar, until the senate complimented the Emperor Augustus, by naming it after him; and through them it is denominated August.

Our Saxon ancestors called it *Arn Monat*, or, more rigidly, *Barn Moneth*; intending thereby the then filling of their barns with corn. The sign of the zodiac entered by the sun this month, is *Virgo*, who is generally pictured with ears of corn in her hand; for now the harvest cometh—and, in the words of the poet,

“ The ears are filled, the fields are white,  
The constant harvest moon is bright.  
To grasp the bounty of the year,  
The reapers to the scene repair,  
With hook in hand, and bottles slung,  
And dowlas scrips beside them hung.  
The sickles stubble all the ground,  
And fitful hasty laughs go round.  
The meals are done as soon as tasted,  
And neither time nor viands wasted.  
All over, then the largess foam—  
The largess cry—‘ The Harvest Home.’ ”

The harvest crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest home is generally the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labour with considerable merrymaking. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers. They sang, they shouted, they danced; they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and, what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom, man, woman, and child, received a little present. But now, alas! the case is very

different in England. The labourer is looked upon only as a beast of burden or of toil ; his food is given grudgingly—his labour has not its reward. He is ground to the earth by sordid farmers, who luxuriate in mirrors, Turkey carpets, and pianos—and he eats the bread of bitter sorrow and revenge. Thus the hymn of thankfulness is changed into the fire of vengeance ; and the rick blazes, to the terror of the community, and to the destruction of property.



But though man grows hard-hearted and wicked, nature flourishes. The trees hang profusely with fruit of every kind ; and if the delicate wild flowers have vanished for their seeding-time, in the drought of the hot sun, the wastes, marshes, dells, thickets, nooks, and woods, are dressed in luxuriant attire ; and ferns, and heaths, and sweet dewberries, and wood anemonies, in all their beauty of silver, purple, and gold, disclose delights everywhere.

Now, too, the young broods of goldfinches appear, lapwings congregate, thistledown floats, and birds resume their spring songs. A little afterwards flies abound in windows—linnets congregate. Towards the end of the month the beech tree turns yellow, the first symptom of approaching autumn.

The garden blooms with vegetable gold,  
And all Pomona in the orchard glows ;  
Her racy fruits now glowing in the sun.  
The wall-enamoured flower in saffron blows ;  
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold.  
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run.  
Hope, the forerunner of the farmer's gain,  
Visits his dreams, and multiplies the grain.

The first of August is a grand day on the water—that is, on the river Thames ; where there is a rowing match for a coat and badge, given by Thomas Dogget, an old actor of celebrity, who gave a waterman's coat and silver badge to be rowed for on the first of August, being the anniversary of George the First's accession to the throne. The contest is between six young watermen whose apprenticeships have expired the year before. The match is from the Old Swan, near London Bridge, to the White Swan, at Chelsea ; and a pretty good pull it is.

The fifth of August is a still more celebrated day, especially in London and its vicinity ; for now it is that oysters come in, and

Now, at the corner of each street,  
With oysters fine each tub is fill'd ;  
The cockney stops to have a treat,  
Prepared by one in " opening " skill'd.

The pepper-box and cruets wait  
To give a relish to the taste ;  
The mouth is watering for the bait,  
Within the pearly cloisters chas'd.

Take off the beard ; as quick as thought  
The pointed knife divides the flesh :  
What plates are laden—loads are brought,  
And eaten raw, and cold, and fresh.

With watchful eye, in many a band,  
The ragged boys and girls appear ;  
And hold the shell with anxious hand,  
And say—" It is but once a year."

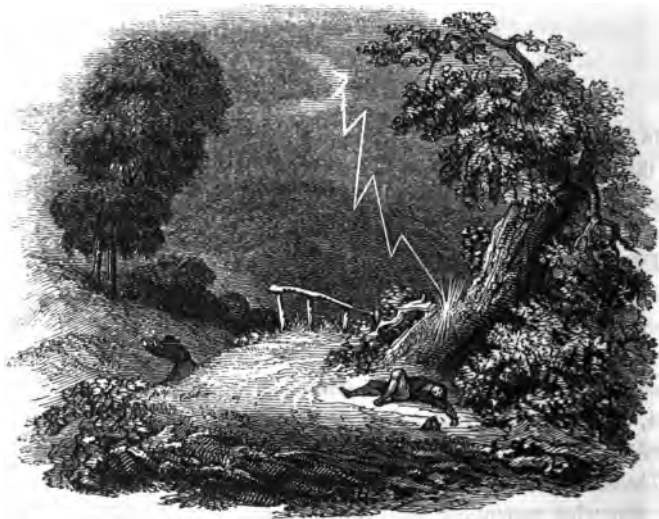
In this season of the year the young observers may also look out for the glow-worm, which in hot August nights may be seen shining brightly on banks or in hedges. It is little to look at by day, but by night shines like a little star.

The glow-worm is a genus of insects of the order of coleoptera, and there are twenty-six species. The male and female are so different in appearance, that they do not seem to be of the same genus. The male is a small fly, furnished with wings, of an oblong depressed body, a broad dun-coloured flat head, and large black eyes, without any of that luminous appearance, the property of the female.

The female is a mere crawling insect, destitute of wings. In form she somewhat resembles the common earwig, without a forked tail. She is of a dusky colour, with a streak of white running down her back ; the body is flat, and is composed of twelve rings, and she has six legs on each side. It never emits its luminous appearance.

but in the night, in the summer months. Peter Parley has caught many, and kept them in his garden for weeks ; and, what is better, has seen others in his garden on following years, as if they had bred there.

There is in Italy an insect, of a luminous nature, called the *luciola* ; and in the West Indies and in China there are various kinds of luminous insects, called fire-flies ; and the inhabitants of these parts consider them the souls of their deceased relations.



Thunder and lightning frequently occur in August. It was looked upon as sacred both by the Greeks and Romans, and was supposed to be sent to execute vengeance upon earth. Hence persons killed

by lightning were thought to be hateful to the gods, and were buried apart by themselves, lest the ashes of other men should be polluted by them.

The cause of thunder and lightning is now accounted for by electricity. When a stormy cloud, which is nothing but a heap of exhalations positively electrified, approaches near enough to another cloud negatively electrified, the electric fluid rushes from one to the other in a stream of fire, called lightning, and with a clap of thunder. The thunder is sometimes composed of several claps, or multiplied and prolonged by echoes. As soon as we see a flash of lightning, we have only to reckon the seconds on a watch, or how often our pulse beats between the flash and the clap: when we can reckon ten pulsations, the thunder and lightning is too far off to do us any harm; nor, indeed, does it ever affect us, except when the clap follows the lightning immediately. Such, my young friends, are a few of the phenomena of the month of August.





## DAYS OF FISHING.



Now is the time for fishing. Bless me, how they sparkle in the sun between Richmond and Twickenham ; and the water is so clear, and the pebbles so bright at the bottom of the river, and the trees hanging over them so green and cool, and the anglers so contented, that one would almost wish to be a fish—were it not for being caught.

And there stand Masters Hetherington and Burtenshaw, and the young gentlemen of Mr. Roberts' school—and a nice set of boys they are—with their rods : not school rods—these they scarcely know by name ; but hiccory, bamboo, or hazel, as they ought to be.

Now, there's a bite—no—yes ; it's only a nibble : some sly old roach is too deep to be caught, and so he gives a turn of his body, and a twirl with his tail, as much as to say, " It won't be hookey with me, young gentlemen."

I wonder if these young gentlemen can sing : some of them look as if they could ring a bell upon an occasion. Many of them have singing faces, for they look as cheerful as larks ; just as I like to see boys look. I am sure they can sing ; so here is a song for them.

O, the gallant fisher's life,  
'Tis the best of any ;  
Full of pleasure, void of strife,  
And beloved of many.

Other joys  
Are but toys,  
Only this  
Lawful is,  
For our skill  
Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In the morning up we rise  
Ere Aurora's peeping ;  
At the fountain wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping.

Then we go  
To and fro,  
With our knacks  
On our backs,  
To such streams  
As the Thames,  
If we have the leisure.

## DAYS OF FISHING.

We have gentles in a horn,  
We have paste and worms, too ;  
We can watch both night and morn,  
Suffer rain and storms, too.

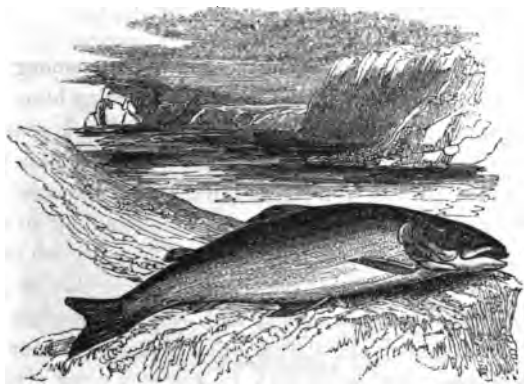
At eel-pie house  
We can carouse,  
Laugh and play,  
Then fish away,  
And sit quite still  
To watch our quill.  
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
Make our bodies swelter,  
To an osier hedge we get,  
For a friendly shelter ;  
Where in dyke,  
Perch or pike,  
Roach or dace,  
We do chase—  
Bleak or gudgeon,  
Without grudging ;  
Sworn brothers of the angle.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
Under a green willow,  
That defends us from a shower,  
Making earth our pillow.  
Where we may,  
Day by day,  
Laugh and sing  
Like anything,  
In earth or air,  
That's free from care,  
And happy and contented.

The principal fish in the river Thames are roach, dace, pike, trout, bleak, and gudgeon ; and of these, and a few others, it is my intention to say a few words.

It was on a warm, wet, and sultry morning, that I sallied out, equipped with all the implements of angling necessary for light tackle fishing, towards Hampton ; my principal object, perch. I purchased on the Saturday some red worms, and let them scour themselves well with moss, adding each night a teaspoonful of milk.



Well, I was soon on the towing-path of the Thames, between Petersham and Teddington lock, at a quarter to seven in the morning, fishing midwater—which, I think, is the best depth for perch ; and thus I went on till a quarter to eleven, when the day getting up, they ceased biting. I had then in my bag eleven fine perch, weighing about two pounds and a half ; while a young man, who was

stationed about a dozen yards from me, and who, according to his own account, had begun at five, had taken nothing but a small eel. He inquired what I was fishing with? It proved to be the same bait as his; but, on comparing tackle, he was fishing with Indian twist, and No. 9 hook, while mine was No. 12, on sorrel-coloured single hair. This, I think, is pretty good proof that you will stand but little chance of capturing many of the finny tribe, unless you mind what you are about, and use the right tackle.

“ The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye,”

is a nice fish, in his way, lying in the shady parts among flats and holes; and the duller the day the better for catching him, provided the wind be not north-east. In fishing for them, I generally try different places; well knowing, if there are any perch on the spot, they will take the bait directly. Give the gentleman plenty of time, as he is very fond of nibbling, never attempting to strike till your float is fairly immersed. If you land him—which ten to one you do—but whether or not, put in again as quickly as possible; for perch generally swim in shoals, and, if you are quick in your movements, you may secure the majority of them. If near gardens, endeavour to prevail with the man to give you a few grubs; they are most excellent bait. A good ground-bait may be made with some mud or clay, rolled up in balls; and, if there are worms to spare, chop them small, and inclose them.

## STORY OF A PERCH.

The tenacity of these fish is quite remarkable ; and the following story, though savouring much of Baron Munchausen, is a stubborn fact ; the finny hero living, and answering for its veracity, as T. Hofland can testify. On the sixteenth of March last I met my man by appointment. On arriving at the marked spot—a pool, or canal,



not far from Brentford—we had the satisfaction of finding its surface encased with ice. This was a most freezing sight for a jolly angler to behold ; but we had not walked that distance for nothing. Some well-directed stones soon opened a passage for our lines ; and our extraordinary exertions were crowned with success. The last perch was taken at eleven o'clock, and we put up soon after ; the bag

going into my man's pocket. I strolled very leisurely home, arriving there at one o'clock. On displaying them, as usual, symptoms of life were very strong and perceptible in the largest, which, by opening his gills, expanding his fins, &c., convinced us of his reanimation. No time was lost; he was placed in water, and in less than an hour perfectly restored. This perch has been kept in a small garden pond, made from a large mash-tub, and now is quite well and hearty; having resided in his present domain for nearly six months, biting at everything peckish that comes in his way.



## THE SAXON MARTYRS.

A TALE OF THE NINTH CENTURY.



THE ancient Saxon times were full of deeds of outrage ; and we ought to think ourselves blessed, little children, that we live in times of peace and tranquillity, and that we have equable laws to govern and protect us.



The fourth king of Saxon Mercia was named Penda. And at that time the fierce and pagan lord of Northumberland overran the dominions of the peaceful monarch, Peada, the son and successor of Penda; and having reduced the kingdom of Mercia to little better than a province of his own dominions, he concluded a marriage between the imbecile Peada and his own imperious daughter, Alefrida.

But Peada, mild and gentle, and devotedly attached to Christianity, openly renounced the paganism of his father-in-law, causing all the idolatrous temples to be destroyed; and, by his zeal and piety, endeavoured to work a reformation in the minds of his subjects. But the Mercians, fond of bloodshed, and war, and rapine, at last rebelled under the mild sway of the prince, and he was murdered, at the festival of Easter, by the contrivance of his treacherous wife, Alefrida, and the pagan Wulfere was placed upon the throne.

Wulfere was a stern and passionate man, eager in revenge, and valiant in the field. He restored the idolatrous superstition of his ancestors, and rigorously persecuted those who cherished the Christian doctrines. Still there were some who, despite the severity of their monarch, persisted in professing the Christian faith. Among this proscribed and banished few was an aged nobleman, named Cedd, who, with his only grandchild, Miriam, had retired into the deepest recesses of Wolfarcester, now Staffordshire. Here, in a solitary cave, fashioned by the hand of nature, the once powerful statesman lived the life of a hermit, cheered by the sweetness and piety of the faithful and saint-like Miriam.

One morning, as the venerable recluse knelt before the blessed

symbol of his Redeemer, and poured forth the full tide of his soul in thankfulness, a loud noise, as of the tramping of mailed feet, was heard ; and, in a moment, the stern Wulfere appeared, at the



head of an armed band, and rushing with glaive and axe upon the old man, slew him before the humble altar of his faith. Miriam was seized, and carried she knew not whither.

The stern murderer continued his career of violence, and numerous were the battles fought between him and his half brother, Karnac, who had disputed his authority. At last, Wulfere was defeated, driven from his throne, and far away, in the deep caves of Cumberland, was glad to take refuge. And, as he sat silent and



sad on the mossy stone, some of his former enemies, the Christians, who had fled to the same district from persecution, gathered round him. And here the soft and gentle Miriam, like an angel of light, appeared, to call his blighted heart to repentance, and to open to his mind the blessed doctrines of Christianity. The gospel reached his heart, from the purity of female lips, and the pagan began to tremble, then to repent—and was about to believe and embrace the

doctrines of the Cross. But intelligence reached him that an opportunity offered for him to fall upon his brother secretly ; and arming some of his followers, he arrived at the spot where Karnac was, as he supposed, securely lodged. He surrounded the house, murdered all opposed to him, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, set fire to the building, to obliterate blood by fire.



In this encounter, however, the stern man was mortally wounded, and, after the heat of the conflict was over, drew back to the banks of a small river, where he laid himself down to die. Here again

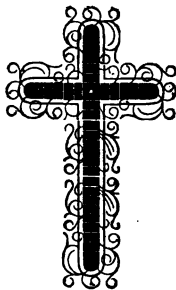
the faithful Miriam was found, to administer the sweet consolations of repentance; to pour upon his afflicted spirit the balm of forgiveness. She brought before his dying eye and his wavering mind the hopes, the joys, and the rewards of the Christian faith, and



imparted to him those promises made to all who repent and believe. So much sweetness, so much gentleness, so much purity, overpowered the heart of the dying warrior. She seemed to him as an angel of light sent down to save his soul: he believed—and expired.

But, alas! the Christian heroism of the maiden was to be sadly requited. In the very cup with which she administered the last

offices of religion to the dying sinner, poison was mingled by pagan hands. She partook with him ; and before the sun passed down the west, felt herself in the pangs of death. She reclined upon the royal couch ; and lords and ladies stood beside her, to sneer at her dying constancy. But, placid, and calm, and holy—full of faith, and hope, and peace, her soul ascended to heaven, like a bird that returns to its native home ; and the odour and sanctity of her name remains, to testify that, amid the darkest and the foulest deeds of the sons of men, goodness, and holiness, and constancy may dwell.



## A TALE OF A TIGER.



TIGERS are "odd customers," but they sometimes meet with their equals; as will be shown in the following narrative, which I picked up in my book travels. The Rajah of Coorg is fond of exhibiting tiger fights to his friends, and particularly to strangers; and, on the occasion of our troops reaching the city above named, some British officers were invited to observe how a Coorg could kill a tiger.

The Coorg entered an inclosure, which had been prepared for the occasion, and which was surrounded by high seats, that the spec-

tators might have a full view of what was passing. The rajah was seated in the midst; and the champion who was about to be opposed to the tiger, presented himself to the rajah, and made his salam. He was, as represented in the picture, nearly naked, and armed only with a Coorg knife, which he held so closely in his hand as to be scarcely distinguishable. He was tall, of a muscular figure, and possessed great activity. The expression of his countenance was very grand when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose, and his body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it, to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arms for several moments above his head, when he made the motion to admit the enemy to the arena. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above, and a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving its tail slowly backwards and forwards, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl.

The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery, where the rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom: it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage, from which its keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail. A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now dashed into the area with a terrific yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement: it at length crouched in a corner, growling as a cat does when alarmed.

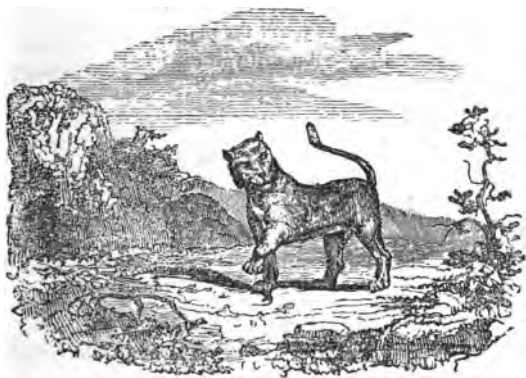


Its retreat had now been cut off, by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching the enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself, but retreated; the fur on its back being erect, and its tail dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently on the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting his front to the enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expansion of his eye was no longer visible, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward—crouched, and sprang, with a short sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and, as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force on the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared, and turned suddenly on the Coorg, who had by this time retreated several yards—advanced fiercely upon him—its wounded leg hanging loosely on the skin, showing that it was broken.

The two stood breathless. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the infuriated brute was within his reach, he

brought down the ponderous knife upon its head, which nothing could resist, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped his knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salam to the rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

His highness informed us, that this man had killed several tigers in a similar way ; and that, although upon one or two occasions he had been severely scratched, he had never been seriously wounded. The Coorgs are also well known to attack this terrible animal in the jungles with their heavy sharp knives, and with almost unfailing success. This is right ; but Peter Parley holds it to be very wrong to make a public spectacle of killing tigers ; and although it may be without question in a heathen land, it would be very improper in a Christian country.



## THE RICH GIRL AND POOR BOY.

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JULIA.

“ We must not play together,  
Tom Smith, I’m very sure ;  
For my papa is very rich,  
And yours is very poor.”

THOMAS.

“ But my papa is honest,  
A good and useful man ;  
In what is yours the better,  
Pray tell me, if you can ? ”

JULIA.

“ He’s very rich, I tell you :  
Now, Tom, what would you give,  
If in a house as grand as ours  
Your own papa could live ? ”

THOMAS.

“ I would not give a sixpence ;  
For, though your house be higher,  
’Tis just as likely to blow down,  
Or be burnt up by fire.

" Amongst your fine rich furniture  
You cannot eat in peace ;



Lest on your Brussels carpet you  
Should get a spot of grease."

## THE RICH GIRL AND POOR BOY.

JULIA.

“ But, Tom, look at your coarse thick coat,  
Then at my dress so fine ;  
What would you give if you could wear  
Clothes half so rich as mine ? ”

THOMAS.

“ I would not give a farthing,  
Whatever you may think,  
For finery that may be spoiled  
By every drop of ink.

“ My clothing is my comfort,  
And in comfort is it worn :  
I'm not, like you, in constant fear  
Lest it get soiled or torn.

“ Thanks to my best of mothers,  
My dress is whole and clean ;  
Nor do I wish to change it  
For the gayest ever seen.

“ And, for my dear good father—  
As I have said before—  
Yours may, perhaps, be richer,  
But you cannot love him more.

“ Nor is he more respected :  
Such is my father's worth—  
His children would not change him  
For the richest man on earth.

“ You boast your father's fortune—  
And rich enough is he ;  
With his fine houses here in town,  
And vessels out at sea.

“ But many as rich a merchant,  
And prosperous as he,  
Have, by misfortune, been reduced  
To utter poverty.

“ Your vessels may be shipwrecked,  
Your houses may burn down ;  
And you may find yourself at last  
The poorest girl in town.

“ If you have nought but riches  
To pride yourself upon,  
You'll be a very wretched Miss,  
When all your wealth is gone.

“ Virtue, be sure, and learning,  
Are treasures of more worth  
Than all the gold that ever men  
Have hoarded upon earth.

“ For when the fire or tempest  
Take other wealth away,  
Our knowledge and our goodness then  
Are treasures that will stay.

“ And one thing more I’ll tell you—  
Deny it, if you can ;  
’Tis honesty and goodness  
That woman makes, or man.”

When this was uttered, Julia  
A pretty curtsey made ;  
And said, “ I thank you, little boy,  
For all that you have said.”

And then approached him kindly,  
And took him by the hand,  
And said, “ I’ll value goodness more  
Than money, house, or land.”



ANECDOTES OF LORD NELSON.

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ALTHOUGH I deeply regret that the talents of so great a man as Nelson should have been turned into such a channel as they were, yet I cannot but give my young readers an anecdote of him, as setting forth his firmness, resolution, and perseverance of character. When principles are rightly formed—directed towards laudable objects—these qualifications are of essential benefit in the career of life.

When Nelson was quite a child, and on a visit at his grandmother's, he one day went out with a companion, of his own age, a bird's-nesting. The dinner-hour arrived, but Horatio did not make his appearance. The old lady became alarmed, and messengers were dispatched in every direction in quest of the truant. The young rambler was at length discovered composedly sitting under a hedge by the side of a brook, counting over the spoils of the day. The grandmother began to scold, and concluded her lecture by saying, "I wonder, child, fear did not drive you home!" "Fear!" exclaimed the young hero, "I never saw fear; what is it?"

Once, after the Christmas holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on their ponies to return to school, they found their journey impracticable, in consequence of a heavy fall of snow. They returned home, and informed their father of the circumstance. "If that be the case," said Mr. Nelson, "you certainly shall not go: but make one more attempt, and I will leave it to your honour.



If the road is dangerous, you may return; but remember, boys, I leave it to your honour!" William, who did not exactly relish a journey under such circumstances, wished to turn back, but his brother peremptorily refused. "We must go on, brother; remember," said he, "it was left to our honour."

Another anecdote is related, as a proof of the cool intrepidity which this young mariner possessed, even amid scenes of danger. During one of those clear nights common to the northern latitude, young Nelson, heedless of the severity of the weather, was missing from the ships. Captain Lutwidge, fearful of consequences, caused immediate search to be made, but in vain, and every one gave him over for lost. As the rays of the sun illumined the horizon, he was discovered by his messmates at a considerable distance from the ships, attacking a huge bear. The signal was made for them to return; but in vain did Nelson's companions urge him to obey it. His musket had flashed in the pan, and he had expended all his ammunition. He was fortunately divided from the bear by a small chasm in the ice, which probably saved his life. "Never mind," said he, "do but let me get a blow at this creature with the butt end of my musket, and we shall have him." His captain, however, who saw the danger, ordered a gun to be fired, which immediately frightened the animal, and Nelson returned to his ship. Captain Lutwidge, who had been extremely uneasy during his absence, reprimanded him, on his return, for quitting the ship without leave; and asked, in a severe tone, what motive could possibly induce him to commit so rash an action. "I wished, Sir," replied Horatio, "to kill the bear, that I might give the skin to my father."

## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. IX.

## SEPTEMBER.

“ In harvest time, harvest folk,  
Servants and all,  
Should make altogether  
Good cheer in the hall ;  
Let them fill the black bowl,  
And be blithe in their song,  
And let them be merry  
All harvest-time long.  
Once ended thy harvest,  
Let none be beguiled ;  
Please such as did please thee,  
Man, woman, and child.”

OLD POET.

**THIS** was anciently the seventh month of the year, as its name implies, when the year used to begin in March ; now it is the ninth month. The word September is a compound ; being from *septem*—seven, and *imber*—a shower of rain ; from the rainy season usually commencing at this season of the year.

The Saxons called it *Gerst Monat* ; because barley, which in this month is commonly harvested, was anciently called *gerst* ; the name of barley being given to it by reason of the drink therewith made, called *beere*. From *beerleigh* it came to be *berleigh*, and from *berleigh* to *barleg*—and thence to *barley*. September is the month of barley harvest more especially ; the wheat, for the most part, has been gathered, but the barley remains to be gathered.



In this month the sun enters into the sign *libra*, the balance—when the days and nights are of equal length, and autumn is said to commence. This is especially the month of finishing—of winding up of sunshine and hot days. It is also the month of nut-gathering, and of cider-making, in the apple counties. Towards its close the trees begin to look a little yellow, and the birds to migrate—such of them as do migrate.

No sooner is the remainder of the harvest got in than the hus-

bandman ploughs up his land again, and prepares it for the winter grain. Now, too, the oaks and beeches shed their nuts, and the mornings and evenings are chill and foggy ; but still the month has noble attributes, for it spreads the board of nature with bountiful provisions. There is grain for men, birds, and horses ; hay for the



cattle ; loads of fruit on the trees, and swarms of fish in the ocean ; and, in the words of the poet—

“ The feast is such as earth, the general mother,  
 Pours from her fairest bosom when she smiles  
 In the embrace of autumn. To each other,  
 As some fond parent fondly reconciles  
 Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles  
 With their own sustenance ; they relenting weep.  
 Such is their festival, which, from their isles,  
 And continents, and winds, and oceans deep,  
 All shapes may throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.”

September used to be celebrated for what in common language was called Bartholomew Fair. In very ancient times it was at this fair that the London scholars held logical disputations about the principles of grammar. But the disputations used to be of a



very different kind in later days, when the fair was in all its glory:  
for—

Here were, first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,  
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving ;  
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shrieking,  
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls squeaking.

Here were drolls, hornpipe dancers, and showing of postures,  
With frying black-puddings, and opening of oysters ;  
With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squalling ;  
With Punch with his cudgel, through mouthpieces bawling.  
Wild beasts all alive, and peas-pudding all hot,  
And pigs' pettitoes nice, and stewed eels on the spot ;  
There was Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,  
The chaise without horses, and bears black and hairy ;  
The famed learned hog, who knew all his letters,  
And the monkey who'd dance a new hornpipe in fetters.  
In short, such a mixture of things odd and rare,  
That nothing on earth was like Bartlemy Fair.

The first of September is a day, above all days, celebrated by sportsmen ; who now furbish up their guns, and go forth to slaughter



pheasants and partridges. When I look at a pheasant in all its beautiful plumage, its soft tender look, its elegant shape, the grace of its motions, and its peaceful happiness, I could no more shoot at it

than I could at my own nose. And yet we hear of wholesale slaughterers—and some of them otherwise amiable persons—making a brag of having killed from forty to fifty brace of these beautiful birds in a day; and a noble prince was reported to have slaughtered no less than 290 brace of birds during one day's sport. This is indeed wholesale butchery, and the voice of humanity ought to be raised against it. Let not little boys, as is too frequently the case, be seen popping off their fowling-pieces at sparrows and blackbirds in hedge-rows. It is a foolish and wicked sport; and he who inflicts pain merely for the sake of his own gratification, possesses not the feelings of a human being, but rather of a fiend. How ridiculous it is to see these would-be sportsmen, with their shot-pouches slung round them, and dressed in their buckskins and green velveteen jackets, sauntering about like unfortunate butchers out of work, with perhaps a little yelping spaniel at their heels, snapping at everything he sees.

So beautiful is the pheasant, that I cannot help saying a few words concerning it. The common pheasant is so called from the country whence it is said first to have been brought into Europe—the banks of the river Phasis, in the ancient state of Colchis. It is rather a solitary bird, seldom associating with its own species, except at certain seasons. It is also a very shy bird; yet, when in the habit of being attended in the coverts by the keeper, they will immediately attend his whistle, to be fed; nay, will follow him in flocks, and will scarcely let the peas run into the trough before they begin to eat; and those that cannot find sufficient room at one trough will follow him with the same familiarity to another. They are fond of buck-wheat and corn, but will frequently feed on the

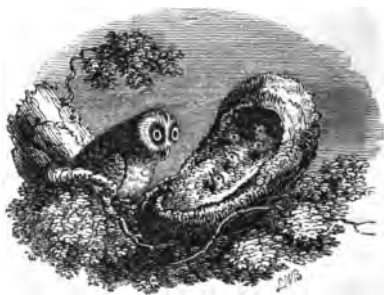
wild berries of the woods and on acorns. They feed their young on insects, on worms, and on the pupæ of ants. They are fond of the shelter of woods and thickets, but will very frequently breed in clover fields. The nest is made on the ground, and is generally composed of dry vegetables carelessly put together. They lay from ten to sixteen eggs. A very considerable number of their eggs is frequently destroyed by the mowing of clover, near woods that the pheasants frequent.



As the cold weather approaches, in the months following September, these birds fly at sunset to the branches of the oaks, where they roost; and this they more frequently do as the trees lose their foliage and winter advances. The males on these occasions make a noise that in the country is called cocketting, which they repeat three or four times; but the hens utter only one shrill whistle, on flying up, and then remain silent.



The sportsman reckons the pheasant a bird of easy conquest, owing to its size and awkward flight ; and it is even reputed stupid, because when roused it will perch on a neighbouring tree, and have its attention so rivetted on the dogs as to suffer the sportsman to approach very near. The old cocks, however, are more cunning, and very often elude and outwit the sportsman, and cause him to waste his powder and shot.



## ROSE VERNON.



## CHAPTER I.

THE rose—'tis a beautiful flower, the glory of April and May—so Dr. Watts called it; and he says, too, I think, that its perfume lasts when its blossom dies—and that in like manner a good name survives after our bodies perish, to embalm our memory when we are dead.

So it is with Rose—sweet Rose Vernon; once one of the fairest, the blithest, the loveliest of all the little village maidens that ever “pulled posies” on a May-day, or picked up the fallen grain, or

collected the dry wood for a winter's fire. Dear little Rose, my heart weeps when I think of you ; and yet why should either heart or eyes weep ? for Rose was not without her reward.

Rose was an orphan : her mother died in giving her birth, and her father was killed in battle, before she was three months old. She was taken by her grandmother, a poor woman who obtained her living as a washerwoman, and worked early and late—as such poor people generally do—to obtain a very scanty livelihood.

And Rose, little dear, as she grew up, with her soft flaxen hair waving in ringlets and floating in the wind, would work too : before she was five years old, she would steal from the bed in which she slept with her grandmother, and before the poor old woman opened her eyes—being of course very drowsy after a hard day's work—Rose would get up and make the fire, fetch the water from a brook a quarter of a mile off, set the breakfast, and then awaken her dear mother, as she called her, with a kiss.

And the old woman's eyes would gush with tears of affection at these little proofs of love ; and she used to pray day and night that God would take care of her dear darling when she was gone. And all day long when she was at the wash-tub, with the everlasting soap, soap, soap—rub, rub, rub, would she think of her dutiful little granddaughter ; and when she thought of her many kind little acts, she went through her work with such spirit, and seemed so happy, and made such haste to get her task done that she might get home, as to please every one who saw her.

Ay, my dear little children, never think that because people are poor they must necessarily be wretched. Wherever love is, there is true riches ; wherever love is there is, true delight ; wherever love

dwells, there is peace for evermore. This poor old creature and her little granddaughter, although they sometimes had only a cup of tea and a slice of bread-and-butter for dinner, were always happy ; and they used to enjoy it in summer-time beside their little cottage door, and in the winter round a snug little fire, with an intensity of delight not found in courts or palaces, and only known to those who love each other.

When Rose grew up, and was about eleven years old, she was one of the neatest, cleanest, best-looking little girls in the neighbourhood. Her hair was generally close combed, without curls ; she wore little mittens on her arms ; a pretty apron, worked with her own hands ; and she was housekeeper, housemaid, cook, and servant of all work. She was also ladies'-maid on a Sunday to the old woman, and used to send her to church as prim and as nice and smart as a poor woman should be. Then she provided her a nice hot dinner ; and while the good old dame had a nap after it, Rose would go to the village church, and pray to God to keep her and preserve her from the wickedness of the world.

Rose grew older and more beautiful, and, before she was quite fifteen, was as lovely a creature as any to be found. Her clear white skin, and the soft delicate flush upon her cheeks ; her soft bright blue eye, and her delicate form, struck beholders with admiration. Such personal accomplishments would have made many a young lady, much better taught, excessively vain—but Rose was almost unconscious of it ; and, so far from being vain, she scarcely ever looked in the glass, except when she put her hair in order ; and if she did, now and then, prolong her look over a pail of water, in which her sweet countenance would appear, it was but for a mo-

ment, while she rested ; and the pail was soon taken up again, and carried along with that lightness and cheerfulness which was common to her.

But if Rose had been ever so vain, the trials she had to encounter would have been sufficient to have cured her of it all. Owing to over-work and increasing years, her poor grandmother was seized with a severe fit of illness. Rose attended her with the most affectionate attention, ekeing out their little means day by day, and clipping, and saving, here a meal, and there a meal—here a loaf, and there a loaf ; till at last the malady—a rheumatic fever, took away the use of the poor woman's limbs, and she became bed-ridden.

Rose toiled on and on, indefatigably and unrepiningly. She took in needlework ; and sat hour after hour by the side of her little case-ment, working away as quick as she could move her fingers, to procure for her grandmother the necessaries of life, and to pay the doctor. And so neat, and clean, and tidy, and comfortable did this affectionate pair seem, that no one suspected them to be in such great want ; no one thought that they lived upon two meals a day—sometimes upon one, and occasionally without anything—but it was so.

There was a very good rector in the parish, but he was imposed upon by the dirty and clamorous, and only visited those who, as he supposed, could not assist themselves. He was not sufficiently acquainted with the wickedness of many of the poor, who owe to improvidence and evil courses the sufferings they endure : so, while the squalid beggars who infested his doors almost from morning till night, as candidates for soup, flannel petticoats, bread, or coals, in

the winter, received relief, the retiring and humble few were suffered to perish unheeded; and thus Rose's virtues, and her grandmother's sufferings, were almost unknown.

But at last things became worse and worse; the meagre earnings of the poor girl were quite inadequate to provide food for both; and so recourse was had—not to charity, for Rose had a feeling above that—but to their clothes. First the poor little girl disposed of all her finery, and she had not much: her shawl, which she was, perhaps, a little vain of on the Sunday, went first; then her little stock of ribands; then her boa; then her work-box was sold—she found she could keep her needles and thread, and other matters, as well in a small band-box. After the work-box went a pair of bellows; and they were eaten in a couple of days; a pair of brass candlesticks lasted them nearly a week; an old-fashioned china punch-bowl two or three; an easy chair almost a month; a clothes-hutch a week or two more; and as the old dame still kept her bed from month to month, various articles of furniture and of apparel vanished, till at last, as the winter set in, their little room, which used to be the abode of so much comfort, looked as bare as the December trees, and desolation and wretchedness for the first time put their heads into this once happy dwelling.

What was to be done? Rose had worked her dear little fingers almost to the bone. She had grown pale and thin—feverish and sad; for she lay on her bed thinking, night after night, how she should save her grandmother from starvation, or, what was almost as bad in her estimation—the Workhouse. Was there no new field for exertion; no untried plan—no expedient?—None—none? And

then the poor thing wept herself to sleep, and awoke with an aching heart and a burning forehead.

The poor old woman was calm and resigned under the infliction of Providence; she placed her trust, as she said, in God, and considered all was for the best; and to comfort her granddaughter, she would say to her, that "when things got to the worst they would be sure to mend;" that it was a long lane that had no turning;" and lastly, that she was sure God would not suffer so good a child to fail in her efforts, and that a period would be put to her sufferings. "If we can but hobble on through the winter," said she, "I have no doubt but spring will set me on my legs again; and then all will be well, and we shall have our comfortable cup of tea, our little home-made cakes, and our halfpenny-worth of shrimps again, and enjoy ourselves as we have done."

But, alas! that spring never came to either of these fond dreamers. The old woman still continued a sufferer; and, week after week, they struggled on, till one morning the Beadle appeared with a paper in his hand, and Jim Quirk, the lawyer's clerk, by his side. "Please to read this bit o' paper, miss," said he to Rose. It was a distress warrant, and a seizure was made for thirteen weeks' rent.

Rose knew the consequences; she dropped the paper from her hand, and staggered backwards. Oh! Mr. Beadle," said she, "pray be merciful! We will pay it all, indeed we will." And observing Quirk take up a chair and look at it, she fell on her knees before him, and begged of them not to take all they had.

"I'm not going to take the chair, you silly wench," said Jim; "I'm only going to put it in the inventory." So saying, he sat

down upon it, and began writing, and mumbling to himself—one—no, two Chairs, one Table, one Chest of Drawers, one Bed. When he had written the word bed, he rose and fumbled the feathers at its side, to ascertain whether or not it was made of flock or feathers.

Rose, full of fears, attributed this action to a desire on his part to take the bed away; when she again screamed out, "Oh, pray do not—pray do not; for mercy's sake do not pull the bed from under her! Good Mr. Beadle," said she, seizing his long staff, "help me! Save my dear grandmother, good Mr. Beadle!"

"What a fool the wench is," said the beadle. "We are not going to take the things; we are only going to take an account of them. They won't be sold before to-morrow. I shall only put a man in possession."

"Let them do as they like, there is a dear girl," said her grandmother, in a low tone. "As I cannot pay, they have a right sell."

"Of course we have a right," said Jem; "or else we should'nt do it. We've got the law on our side, hav'nt we, Collings?"

"Of course we have," said Collings; "and as to you, young woman," addressing Rose, "you must be careful how you molest a hoffer in the hexercise of his duty: you know it is an imprisonment offence hunder the new hact; and I won't be insulted."

"I meant no harm, Sir, I'm sure I did not. I beg your pardon, indeed I do. But what is my poor grandmother to do when the goods are sold? Where shall we go?"

"Go!" said the beadle; "why of course you must be passed as wagrants to your parish, if you have one; and if you havn't, why



then you must——. Ax Jem, and he'll tell you ; he knows best about it."

"I know nothing," said Jem ; "don't ask me no questions. I never give an opinion out of office ; it's against my practice. There," continued he, "that's the finishing article, without you've got a lot of things stowed away in the coal-hole—as many of you lower order have. Let's have a peep, and I have done." So saying, he opened a little closet door, in which food was kept at top, and coals at bottom ; but finding it quite empty, he shut it quickly, and said, "There's an end of it ; and I can tell you," he continued, "that unless you pay the thirteen weeks' rent—amounting to nineteen and sixpence, and eighteen and sixpence costs—by to-morrow at twelve o'clock, Briggs, the broker, will value them, and they will be sold." The beadle then gave a thump on the floor with his staff, and said, in condemnation—"And if any of these things are taken away, you'll both have to go to prison, and be put on the tread-mill—a capital thing to cure your rheumatiz, old woman."

So saying, the unfeeling fellow and his supernumerary took their departure ; and Rose sat down on her little stool, and hiding her face with her hands, wept aloud. But soon recovering herself, she went to her grandmother ; and after having kissed her tenderly, grew more composed, and began to set her mind to work, with a view to avert the impending danger.

But it was all to no purpose. The night of sadness passed—the day of sorrow came, on which they were to be turned out into the streets. Driven now to the last point, they sent a neighbour to one of the guardians of the poor ; who refused to give any

relief, but sent an order for their immediate removal into the Union-house of the district.

The separation of the grandmother and her granddaughter was most painful ; for, according to the rules of the place, one was taken to the infirmary, and the other to the place appropriated to young persons ; and the poor child was not allowed to see her grandmother but once a month—a punishment to her more dreadful than any which could have been inflicted for the worst of crimes.

Rose was soon made to feel the misery of her condition. She was first “cropped short,” like a felon ; then clothed in a rough frock, and set to pick oakum. Her allowance of food was scanty ; her companions heartless ; her bed hard, and not very clean. The master of the house seemed to have been selected for his brutality : he had been a servant in the family of one of the guardians, who put him into the office to save providing for him in another way.

For some time poor Rose bore her sad fate with patience and in silence ; but, being deprived of the sight of her dear kind parent, she grew low and melancholy. Her appetite and strength failed ; but a notion took possession of her mind which for a time revived her drooping spirits—it was to make her escape from so wretched a place, and to seek her fortune in the wide world, where she hoped a kind Providence would prosper her endeavours ; and that thus a way might be made to rescue her grandmother from the misery which she supposed her to endure. So, rising early one morning, she took an opportunity, unobserved, of passing through the garden gate, which was generally open for the egress of the men with carts. She bent her footsteps towards the scenes of her former happy days. There, indeed, stood the cottage, untenanted—

its little garden, once her pride, overgrown with weeds and nettles; the wild rose, that once hung in elegance round the casement, torn and matted together; windows broken, railing dilapidated; and all bearing tokens of desolation, as if the very house had been "sitting in sackcloth and ashes," to mourn for them. "Oh, that I could once gain our little cottage again!" said she; "how happy, how



truly happy I should be!" And then she offered a prayer to God that the plan she had in view might be successful.

Few of the neighbours knew the poor girl, so greatly was she altered in personal appearance; but she made herself known—and

detailing the horrors of her late situation, excited sympathy and pity. Food was offered her, of which she partook greedily, for she had been fasting many hours. She then told her little story, and her plans for the future. "You know, Goody, I can wash, and iron, and mend, and make; that I am a good hand at knitting; and no girl can scour a room better, if I have a mind—and I think I always have a mind. Why cannot I go out for my grandmother, as she did for me? Oh! I will work my fingers to the bone, rather than she should remain at that wretched place."

The neighbours applauded the girl's spirit. One said she would lend her clothes, and another that she would give her a lodging for a few weeks; and it was soon arranged that she should stay with Goody Parker till she had put by a few shillings, to give her a fair start.

The Monday following, Rose got up at four o'clock, and sat down to needle work. She had obtained the making of six shirts from the wife of a bricklayer, and she determined to finish one shirt within the day. It was a very hard task; but the thoughts of the pleasure she should experience on bringing her grandmother back to her little cottage made her efforts light. Indeed, she pictured to herself the restoration of her little garden, and thought how delightful it would be to see the poor old woman sitting, in the sweet summer evenings, enjoying the rays of the setting sun, and the sweet smell of the flowers. She brought back to her remembrance the homely little suppers they had had together, when she used to bring home her morsel of meat and bread, and little bottle of beer, that both might share it together; and then she compared it with her present situation, immured within high brick walls, in the long

ward, where she was exposed to the snubs of cross-grained nurses, and sneers and rebuffs of heartless parish officers. The tears would then come into her eyes; and, as her needle plied quicker and quicker, she would ejaculate to herself, "My dear, dear, dear grandmother, you shall not remain in that cruel place. Rose shall work for you—Rose shall get you liberty. We will soon be in a little home of our own." And then she would burst into a flood of tears, till the linen on which she wrought was wet with them.

But she worked on, in her own little bedroom, all alone. Her dinner—bread and butter, and a little milk—was brought to her, but she scarcely gave herself time to eat it, and half of it was left untasted. She had been twelve hours—stitch, stitch, stitch; the clock struck four, and she had the gussets to stroke down, the wristbands to stitch, and the sleeves to put in. Five—six o'clock—not quite finished. Goody Parker had returned from her field-work to her tea. "No, no, no tea till my task is done, dear Goody."

"Bless the child," said Goody, "she'll work herself to death. You must have a cup of tea."

But, no; her determination was fixed. Seven o'clock—the wristbands are stitched; half-past seven—one sleeve is fixed; quarter to eight—the next sleeve is in—'tis done. Eight o'clock—hurrah! hurrah! 'tis finished, while the curfew is twanging in the twilight; and the dear light-hearted Rose got up, her fingers cramped, her back stiff, her face flushed, her eyes red, her head aching—but her heart light, her soul full of thankfulness, that her wish was done. "A shirt a day! a shirt a day! she ejaculated; that is twelve shillings a week. O, dear granny! I shall soon have you by my side, dear, dear grandmother. We will be happy; we

will be happy ; and she threw herself on her knees by her bed side, and pressed her swollen eyes with her hands, and poured forth to the Father of all mercies a burst of praise and thanksgiving, that words could not express.



## THE NEWSPAPER-BOY.

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### CHAPTER I.

GREAT things come from little beginnings. The little mountain rivulet—a mere thread of water, prattling along in the “quietude of solitude,” and scarcely affording the wild chamois a draught to allay his thirst—becomes mighty as it advances; topples down cataracts, thunders forth into broad expansive lakes, and, emerging thence, flows on in a full and majestic river, bearing on its proud bosom the wealth of nations, and serving as a great highway of commerce.

And as it is in nature, so it is with man. From the smallest beginnings, from the most secret and obscure nooks, arise men who in their early career resemble rivers in their infancy: weak and feeble, poor and desolate at first, they gain strength and power in their course, and pressing onwards with certain, steady, and indomitable courage and perseverance, they at last become the glory of the country which gave them birth, and of the age in which they live.

Such was the case with the hero of this tale, Francisco St. Martin, the foundling. Where he was born, or who were his parents, nobody knew ; but he was found at the foot of the altar of the church of St. Martin, at Paris, by a worthy ecclesiastic of the Franciscan order. By him he was taken to a poor woman, who



watched him faithfully for a while, and then transferred him to the Foundling Hospital ; and by the head of that institution he was named Francisco, in honour of the Order of Franciscans, and St. Martin, in allusion to the church in which he was discovered.

Under the care of the guardians of this institution Francisco remained till he had reached his tenth year. But at this time the sanguinary French Revolution broke out : the institution was destroyed, and the supporters of it scattered ; some being brought to



the guillotine for crimes they never committed, while others fled to England, to avoid the impending calamities.

Francisco was turned adrift on the wide world, a spectator of all the horrors of that eventful period, witnessing at times scenes that would make the mind shudder, and the hair stand on end. He was often reduced almost to starvation, and wandered about the streets without food or clothes. But at last he obtained employment at the office of one of the Paris newspapers, and threaded the dim dark overhung streets with cheerful alacrity—humming or whistling the tune of some French song, and feeling as contented and happy as the days were long.

In one of his daily perambulations he had to deliver a newspaper at the wicket of a tall, dilapidated, dark house, in one of the meanest situations of Paris. The newspaper was taken in at a narrow grating, and paid for at the moment. The face of the person who took it in Francisco never saw ; but a spare, dark, shrivelled hand was presented for the paper, at the same time holding the money, and was immediately withdrawn—when the iron grating was shut, and a wooden door closed behind it with a sharp clap.

Francisco, after delivering the paper one morning, was proceeding back with the fleetness of a young fawn, when, just as he turned from the wicket, he stumbled, and a five franc piece flew before him. He hesitated not to pick it up ; and upon looking attentively at it, to satisfy himself of its genuineness, he thought he perceived some scratches having the appearance of letters. He immediately tried to decipher them, and after some difficulty succeeded ; they expressed that “ Eustace St. Pierre was confined a prisoner in

the Sablionone," which was the name of the old house so frequently visited by Francisco.

"If Eustace St. Pierre is confined," thought the youth, "he is tired of his confinement, else he would not take this method of letting people know it. And I have little doubt but he wishes to be liberated; but what can I do in the matter? But still," said he to himself, "I feel bound to give five shillings' worth of service to the poor gentleman, whoever he may be, for it is nobody that I ever heard of. And, besides, it is worth five shillings to rescue a fellow-creature from prison; and, therefore, I will not spend this money, but keep it, to make it useful in the service I hope to perform, for nothing is to be done without money."

The poverty of the youth, and his former destitution, had taught him this truth, and a valuable one it is. So he crammed the coin into a small pocket made in the waistband of his trowsers, and went about his daily business, full of thought as to who this person could be, and why he was confined. "If I should find out that he is some bad man, what shall I do then?" said Francisco. "If he should be some one belonging to the ancient noblesse, I may be in danger; this, however, I won't care about. Let me see—let me see; and then, to quiet his mind, he put up a pious ejaculation, and noticing a church to be open, Francisco entered it, crossed himself (for he was a Roman Catholic), and bending before the altar, offered prayer to be directed in the right way.

Just as he was leaving the church of St. Martin—the very church on the altar steps of which he had been found—he observed a priest coming towards him. He was a venerable old man, and accosted

Francisco with fatherly affection. "My child," said he, "thy prayers, if not thine alms, will go up as a memorial before God. Thou doest right to ask of God. What is thy grief?" For Francisco being of a very susceptible disposition, had let fall some tears when he withdrew from the altar; for the heart not only gushes over in this way in grief, but in gratitude and devotion.

"I have no grief," said Francisco.

"Then why weep, my child?" said the priest.

"I weep because I cannot help it, holy father," replied the boy. "The tears will flow sometimes, and I cannot tell why. They flow now, perhaps, because I feel I have something great to perform, and I feel overjoyed that I am thought worthy to perform it."

"What dost thou mean?"

"Nay, I cannot tell all; but tell me, father, dost thou know Eustace St. Pierre?"

"Alas! alas!" replied the priest. "I did know him; and saw him perish under the guillotine years since. He was the noblest of the noble; the kindest, best, and holiest of men."

"Then he lives!" said the boy.

"Impossible!"

"He lives! If he lives—if he lived in misery, in captivity, wouldst thou save him?" inquired Francisco, with the tears starting in his eyes.

"I would give my life for him," said the priest; "for he was the defender of religion, of the throne, of me and of mine."

"Then look here," returned the boy; and he drew forth the silver coin, and directed the priest's attention to the sentence written upon it.

"It is his handwriting!" he ejaculated, with a look of astonishment. "Where is he? Let me fly to his rescue!"

"Softly," said Francisco. He then told the priest how he had become informed of the noble's imprisonment, the situation of the house, and the mystery attached to it; and implored him to do nothing in the matter without employing him. "For," said he, "I am sure God intends that I should be useful in this work."

"God has chosen thee for it, my child," added the priest, and I will rather be thy friend and assistant in this matter than thy director. Meet me to-night, at the hour of nine, in the Rue de Fribourg, under the portico of St. Nicholas, and we will then and there confer together."

Having promised the father to be with him at the appointed time, Francisco ran off with all speed to his various customers, and took his usual round; he returned at a late hour to his humble lodging, in the Rue Anspach, one of the lowest and most wretched of the districts of Paris.

The prisoner to whom allusion has been made, Eustace St. Pierre, was a nobleman of high rank, and had been one of the persecuted victims of the Bastile. Upon the demolition of that fortress by the hands of popular fury, the marquis, for such was his title, escaped by means of a half Moorish, half French water-carrier, and was secreted by him for a considerable period, till the horrors of the revolution had passed by. But, as the city and country became more tranquil, and public order was restored, through the vigorous measures of Buonaparte—then only in his twenty-fourth year—the person who had in the first instance so nobly aided the poor old man in his flight, whose name was De Coste, conceived the wicked plan

of keeping him in durance till he should have made over to a couple of vile revolutionists the whole or the greater part of his vast property, which, by means of a Parisian lawyer, they were endeavour-



ing to get restored, by decrees of the French courts. It was then intended to put him quietly out of the way, by a dose of poison, and to sink his body to the bottom of the Seine.

St. Pierre was well aware that some nefarious practices were being carried on, to his detriment, and, being old and feeble, knew not how to bestir himself. Twenty years had he passed in the black gloom of the Bastille, and three years had he been a close prisoner in the house where he now dwelt. His mind was almost a blank, and at times he scarcely knew what he did. Threats and even tortures had been resorted to, for the purpose of obtaining his signature to various papers, of which he knew not the purport, but which he supposed to be for some wicked design against him and his family, but which he hoped, by regaining his freedom, one day to set at nought.

The poor old man was kept in a large room, in an upper story of the house, in which was the mere necessities of life ; a camp bed, a chair, with a few common utensils, were all its furniture. He had been supplied with a dress in some degree corresponding with his former rank, but it had become old and threadbare ; and the attendance of De Coste was marked occasionally by rudeness and incivility, when the poor prisoner hesitated or refused to sign the documents which were brought to him ; and thus his miserable remnant of existence passed on, uncheered by the presence of one relation or friend, and its future portion clouded with impenetrable gloom ; his only hope being in the success of his expedient for making his situation known—namely, that of scratching an account of his captivity on a five franc piece, which luckily came into his possession, and throwing it out of the window, to be found by any passer by—which, as may be recollected, was Francisco.

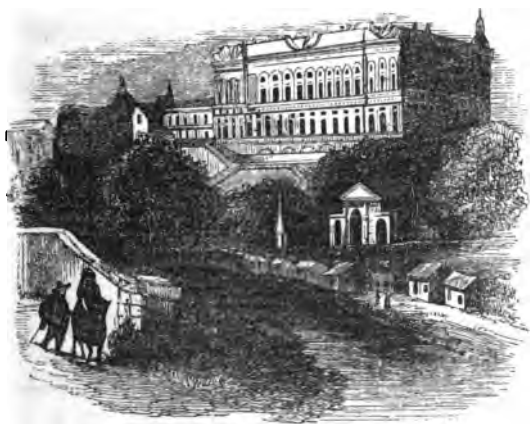
The hour appointed by the priest had arrived, and Francisco with a beating heart directed his footsteps towards the portico of the

church of St. Nicholas. True to his appointment, the holy father was there before him, accompanied by a young officer of artillery, dressed in a plain grey coat over his blue uniform. He was dark as a Mulatto, hook-nosed, eagle-eyed, quick in speech, impatient and hasty in gesture, sudden in his movements, and perpetually on the foot. If he sat down for a moment, he immediately rose, and paced backward and forward with a degree of excitement, as if eager for action. "Show me the house!" he said quickly, before Francisco had time to pay his humble token of respect to him, "and lead the way!"—motioning with his finger in the direction he supposed it to be, which was the right one.

In a few minutes the priest, the young officer, and Francisco reached the place. After surveying it for a few minutes, the young officer passed to the rear of it, down a back street, and as quickly returned. It was twilight, but the shape and form of the building could be easily determined. He then took out his watch, and said hastily, "Be here in an hour, and we shall soon solve this mystery!" He then took his leave, and departed.



## VIEWS OF PLACES.



## MADRID.

**MADRID**, or rather the principal of the buildings in Madrid, is represented above. Madrid is the capital city of Spain, as most of my readers well know. It is situated in the centre of the kingdom, and has a number of handsome squares, streets, bridges, and very numerous convents, churches, hospitals, and palaces.

The Plazir Major is a large square containing about two hundred elegant and lofty houses : it is 1536 feet in circuit, and the houses



are five stories in height. They have balconies attached to the windows, and a portico up to the first story, which is supported by stone pillars.

The royal palace, seen in the cut, stands on an eminence on the western extremity of the city. It is a magnificent structure, having three courts and four extensive fronts, which are ornamented with handsome pillars and pilasters.

At the eastern extremity of Madrid there is also another royal palace, called the Buen Retiro, which is surrounded by extensive grounds handsomely laid out, and replete with almost every luxury. In this part of the city, also, is the Prado ; which is a spacious area planted with avenues of trees, and watered with fountains. Here the nobility and gentry take the air on horseback and in their carriages, as they do in Hyde Park.

The city of Madrid is divided into eighteen parishes, and contains about 130 churches. From the situation of the city, encircled as it is by mountains, the tops of which are perpetually covered with snow, the climate is rather cool, but variable, and somewhat humid. The soil is sterile ; the neighbourhood of the city is destitute of trees, and even villages ; and the river Manzanares, which waters the city, is in the summer very often completely dried up.



## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. X.



## OCTOBER.

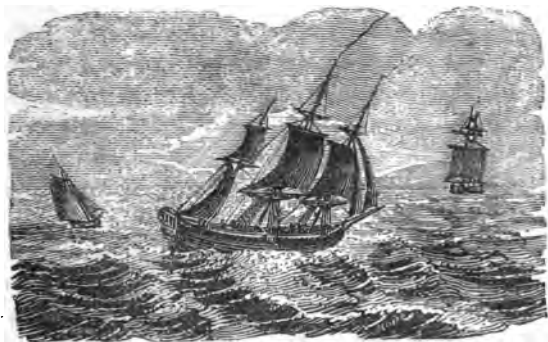
**WE** now come to the tenth month of the year—October, called by the Saxons Wynd Monat, or *wind month*; they also called it Winter Fallyth, or, *beginning of winter*. We may call it Beer Month; for, on account of its steady temperature, it is chosen for the brewing of such malt liquor as is designed for keeping.

The year has, however, now passed its grand climacteric, and is fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf. The beeches have deepened into a warm glowing brown, and the Spanish chesnuts, with their noble embowering heads, glow like clouds of gold. As for the hedge-rows, though they have lost nearly all their flowers, the various fruits that are spread out upon them for the winter food of the birds, make them no less gay than they were in spring and summer. The most conspicuous of these are the red hips of the wild rose, the dark purple branches of the blackberry, the brilliant scarlet and green berries of the nightshade, the wintry-looking fruit of the hawthorn, the black sloes, covered with their soft tempting-looking bloom, the dull branches of the woodbine, and the sparkling holly-berries.

We may now find a few flowers scattered about beneath the hedge-rows and the dry banks that skirt the woods; and in the woods themselves, peeping up meekly from among the grass, we may light upon a few primroses, which in damp seasons blow a second time. Here, too, as by fits and starts, the delicate heath-bell may be seen, and in shady nooks the singular aram, called "lord and lady," may be seen changed into an upright branch or long cluster of red berries, starting up from the ground on a single stiff stem, and looking almost like the flower of the hyacinth.

The open fields during this month, though they are bereaved of much of their summer beauty and variety, present sights that are as agreeable to the eye, and even more stirring to the imagination, than those which have passed away. The husbandman is now ploughing up the land, and putting into it the seeds that are to produce the next year's crops.

In October we usually experience what are called the equinoctial gales—fatal visitants to ships and to the ocean. They are, indeed, the usual forerunners of winter, as in the spring they were the sure signs of its having passed away.



Fruits continue in abundance during October. Swallows are generally seen for the last time in this month, the house martin the latest. The redwing, fieldfare, snipe, and wood-pigeon return from the northern parts. The rooks return to their roost trees, and the animals which hibernate begin to bury themselves for the winter. The mornings and afternoons increase in mistiness, though the middle of the day is often very fine. One of the most curious of natural appearances at this season is the gossamer; a very delicate little thread shot out by a sort of spider, which is wafted by the wind from place to place.

About the period of October, what are called corpse candles are very common appearances in the counties of Cardigan, Caermarthen, and Pembroke, and some other parts of the country. Another kind of luminous apparition peculiar to Wales, is what is called the tan-we, or tan-wed. "This appearance," in the words of a true old Welchman, "is seen in the lower regions of the air, straight and long, not much unlike a glaive ; it moves or shoots directly and level. It lighteth all the air and ground where it passeth, lasteth three or four miles or more, and when it falls to the ground it sparkleth and lighteth all about. They commonly announce the death of freeholders, by falling on their land." The same writer declares that, "within the diocese of St. David, a short space before death a light is seen proceeding from the house, and sometimes, it has been asserted, from the very bed where the sick person lies, and pursues its way to the church where he or she is to be interred, precisely in the same track in which the funeral is afterwards to follow." It is a happy thing that we are no longer under the influence of this kind of superstition.



## ROSE VERNON.



## CHAPTER II.

DAY by day did Rose ply her needle, or engage herself in various ways among her neighbours; she held frequent communication with her grandmother by letter, although not permitted to visit her. In these she said nothing of the great object she had in view, but confined herself to the fact of her having constant employment; for she wished not to agitate her grandmother's mind by the anxiety she thought she would feel by knowing of her exertions, and she wished to surprise her. She had also the satisfaction to know that the good

dame was mending, and that a probability existed of her being restored to the use of her limbs.

So Rose worked on with new vigour. Every day brought its duties; every hour called for fresh exertions; but they were made with cheerfulness. Week after week added to her little store. It was June when the poor girl began her task, and by September she had not only supported herself, but laid up money enough to buy a humble second-hand bedstead and a flock bed; a few more weeks gave her a table, a couple of chairs, fender and fire-irons; a tea-kettle was given to her. As to brooms and brushes, she intended to make shift with "heath brooms." Then came the blankets and sheets; they were a heavy pull, but the coverlet was an easy affair, as Rose had set her grandmother upon a patch-work one. At last, all things being ready, the day was fixed for her grandmother's return. Oh, what a happy day was that to be! Longed for, sighed for, wished for, worked for. More than a marriage day was it anticipated, and the hours seemed long indeed, and even the minutes were as hours to Rose, who got little sleep through thinking of it.

The cottage was still unoccupied; but then—the wicked unkind landlord, would he again let it to her? Here was a difficulty. She determined to try, for, said she, we owe nothing, we paid him all his rent, and why should we fear? Accordingly she went to his house. He was a maltster, and a vile money-lending extortioner, who sat like an old spider twining his webs of ruin round every helpless thing that fell in his way, and chuckling over the misery he made.

Rose knocked at his door with a trembling hand. It was opened by the old man himself. "Well, young woman, what do you want?"

said the old fellow ; holding the half-opened door in his hand, and looking with great suspicion.

"I want to speak to you a minute, Sir," said Rose.

"Why don't you speak then?" said the old man——

"About the cottage in Brown"——

"Cottage! what do you want about cottages, you workhouse brat?—What! do you want to get into my debt again, and give me the trouble of distraining on you?"

"Hear me only one word," said Rose, who seemed as if she could sink into the earth, "only one word."

"I won't hear you," replied the old man, with a churlish grin in which his two tusk teeth stood over his lower lip, more like those of some wild animal, than of a human being. He then slammed the door in her face.

Rose went almost broken-hearted to her lodgings, and told Dame Parker of her unsuccessful application. The dame comforted her by saying, that there were other cottages to be had beside his, and ended by calling him a hard-hearted old wretch, and wishing he might break his neck the first time he went into it.

"Heaven forbid!" said Rose. "He may come to his senses before he dies."

"Not he," said Dame Parker; "for he is a thorough old rogue—a rogue in grain; and although he has money, there is not a person in the whole place but despises him. And although he goes to church, and appears very sanctified, yet everybody knows he is the vilest old rascal that ever lived." The dame would have continued her vituperative expressions to an interminable length, had she not been stopped by Rose, who apologised for him by saying, that it



was impossible for any one to judge of another—that God alone knew the heart of man—and that people were never so black as they were painted.

“Not black?” cried the dame. “Why, his heart is as black as the inside of the chimney there; and if he does not get his neck into a halter, it is only because he is too wicked to die, and so he is suffered to live. Oh, I should like to see him rot! Did he not pound my sister’s pigs, because they ate a few pea-husks thrown out of his house? Didn’t he give Tom Taylor in charge to the police only because he cried cabbages? Didn’t he go to law with poor Sparks, and ruin him, because he wanted to get his water-course? And does he not sit among the guardians, to browbeat the poor with his bullying? I would not have a cottage of him. I would not live under him, if he would pay me for it; and you are to blame if you do. Once bit, thrice shy. I only wish he had slammed the door in my face; I would have given it to him.”

Rose at last pacified the dame, by representing that on one or two occasions the old man had done her a kindness, and that she knew he was not so bad as many people thought him; that she should try him again, in a day or two, and that, perhaps, she might have better success; “for,” said she, “I am so attached to the old cottage, that I should not be happy in any other; and grandmother would enjoy herself more in that than in any other place.”

So the next morning Rose again went to the old man, whom she saw standing at his door with a newspaper in his hand. She went up to him, and without daring to call his attention from what he was reading, stood stock still before him for several minutes. At

last his eye glanced on her ; and he called out in the most surly manner, " What do you want now, girl ? "

" The cottage, Sir. I came——"

" You shan't have the cottage, I tell you. 'Tis sold to the parson ; and if it wasn't, I should not let it to such a fine stuck-up minx as you are. You are no good, I tell you ; and therefore go about your business, and don't come bothering here."

Rose shrunk under the old wretch's words, as if she had been withered by the breath of some poisonous reptile ; and retired with tears in her eyes—thankful, at least, that she had not such a hard-hearted landlord ; and resigning herself entirely to Providence in the matter, and determining within herself to go the clergyman, and ask him if he would let it to her.

The next day was Sunday ; and, as usual, Rose was at church—not so smartly clad as formerly, but still neat and clean—and many were the nods she obtained from her old friends. Some, however, and not a few, tossed up their heads as they passed her, as much as to say, " She is a Union girl ; she has been to the workhouse." This made her feel deeply ; but her consolation was, that she had done no ill, and was doing her duty.

In the afternoon Rose was again seen at church ; and when the service was over, she watched in the churchyard for the minister, as he passed through to his own house, the rectory, on the verge of it. As he passed, she made a low curtsy, and seemed as if she would speak.

" Well, my child," said Mr. Hillyer—for that was his name, and a kind benevolent creature he was, full of every good word and work ; his bright blue eye beaming with benevolence, and his soft

sweet voice having the very tones of comfort—"Well, my child, what would you say? I know you have something to say; speak on."

"O Sir," replied Rose, curtseying and colouring deeply, "I hear you have bought the little cottage in which my poor grandmother



and I used to live; and I—I—" here she curtseyed again—"I should like to have it again."

"Poor child," said the rector, "you have it! What should you do in a cottage? Besides, your grandmother did not pay her rent, and put Mr. Brown to the trouble of seizing her goods. That was very wrong, you know, very wrong, indeed. But what do you want the cottage for, seeing that your grandmother is in the work-

house? She cannot assist you, nor you her. Take my advice, and do not think of such a thing."

Rose then told the minister that she had hopes of being able to keep her grandmother by her needle, and other work; that she had already laid up money enough to buy furniture, such as it was; and that she was sure that, she would soon be doing very well; adding, that she would pay a quarter's rent in advance, if it was required.

"Be it so," said the minister. "Pay me to-morrow morning eighteen shillings, and you shall have possession; and, perhaps, if you are a good girl, and pay regularly every week, I may throw you off something at the end of the year."

Rose was rejoiced—she blushed, she curtsied; and she hurried back, overpowered with the result of her application. The payment of a quarter's rent in advance was, however, beyond her calculation. She found that she had, in fact, offered this without due consideration; for she had reserved a pound from her earnings for the first few weeks' food, and to guard against mishaps: this taken away, they would have nothing. What was to be done? Keep her word she must; and the thought perplexed her exceedingly. There was no alternative; to borrow she was ashamed—to beg was never thought of.

Her father's watch, an old silver one—hoarded, stored, prized, not for its value, but from its being the only relic of him—it showed his dying thoughts for her and her poor mother. There was her mother's name scratched with a knife, or the point of a nail, on the inside of the case, showing her father's love. From the time it had first been in her possession she had never ceased to wear it in her bosom—sometimes visible, sometimes secret—but it was always there;

till its very tickings seemed to beat in unison with her heart, and its warmth, received from that heart, seemed necessary to it—for it refused to go when taken from its usual resting-place ; a fact that philosophy, with its cold calculation of cause and effect, might have accounted for, but which Rose looked upon as arising from some mysterious influence—perhaps that of her father's spirit—who watched over her. To part with this was like parting with a second life, for its tickings now cheered her in all her troubles ; it seemed like a friend and companion, and its old familiar face spoke a silent eloquence that warned her to her duties, and told her of pleasant hours to come—of toil began, finished, and ended ; but, above all, it brought her father's death every day before her ; and when she reflected that she was the daughter of a brave English sailor, who fell in defence of his country, she felt inspired with a noble heroism, ready to dare anything, and to do anything, that woman ought to do and dare.



## A PINCH OF SALT;

OR, THE MINES OF WIELICKA.



THE above cut exhibits the entrance to the great salt mines of Wieliczka, in Poland; the country of which I told you so many interesting tales in my last Annual. The salt mines take their name from the town built over them.

They are situated in the western part of the kingdom of Galicia, that formerly belonged to the state of Poland, but forty years ago became included in the empire of Austria. They extend not only under the town, but to a considerable distance on each side.

Many stories prevail among the people of Poland concerning the discovery of this subterranean treasure ; one of which is mentioned by several ancient Polish historians, and although it is supposed by many to be a mere fable, I will relate it to you.

It is said that the Polish princess, Kunegunda, who lived in the twelfth century, and resided at Cracow, which is but twelve miles from the mines, once took a ride to the spot where the mines are situated, attended by several knights. Having arrived at the place, she accidentally lost one of her most valuable rings. All endeavours for its discovery proved vain ; and the princess at last gave orders that a small spot of loose ground, upon which she was supposed to have lost the ring, should be dug up. The digging commenced, but, instead of finding the ring, there was discovered a substance which proved to be the purest rock salt.

I cannot be sure that this was the very time of the discovery of the salt. The mines were, however, worked as early as about that time ; and notwithstanding the immense quantity of salt which has been taken out, the treasure appears as inexhaustible as ever.

The mines are situated at the outskirts of the Carpathian mountains, and descend to the depth of about five hundred feet. They are divided into three floors or stories, the first of which has a depth of about 350 feet ; both the others lie immediately under the first, and descend to the depth above mentioned. To reach the first floor, you can descend either by wooden stairs or

a windlass. The stairs are rather tiresome, and are only preferred by those persons who are unwilling to glide down in the windlass. From the first floor many regular stairs, cut in the salt or made of wood, lead to the lower.

Each of these floors contains numerous alleys, and a person that is not fully acquainted with the mines dares not venture to proceed into them without a guide, as he would certainly lose his way, besides being exposed to great danger. These alleys extend several miles, and are as extensive as the streets of a populous town.

On the first floor, where the mining was formerly carried on; the roofs of the great caverns have often fallen in, and it has been necessary to prop them up with wood; but in the lower galleries, where the operations have been carried on more recently, and conducted with more care, large masses are left standing, which serve as pillars to the roof. The first floor is, however, regarded by visitors as the most remarkable. Here is an extensive hall capable of accommodating more than a thousand persons at one time. The walls and roof of the hall, which are of solid salt, shine with lustre, and all the curiosities which have been found in the mines, as crystals, petrifications, &c., are exhibited here. At certain times in the year balls are held in the hall; and as the floor is covered with planed boards, and the musical band of the miners very well arranged, various dances are performed with good effect. I was present at several of these balls, and my sensations while dancing beneath the town, with its churches and extensive buildings, were very peculiar.

Not far from this hall, the Chapel of St. Anthony, hewn out of the salt rock, is to be seen. As the people of that country are



generally Roman Catholics, this chapel contains an altar, several images of saints, a pulpit, and other things connected with Roman Catholic chapels, all of which are made of salt rock.

Next to the chapel are extensive stables for horses, which are also hewn out of the salt rock. The number of horses kept there for heavy work in the mines is generally about forty ; these poor animals seldom see the sun's light. The continual darkness, and peculiar air, which is affected by the salt, make them blind soon after they descend, and they work in that condition till death releases them from their labour.

Several fountains of excellent fresh water, and many halls and magazines of less curiosity, are to be found on the first floor, while the second and third floors exhibit nothing very remarkable, except their cleanness and the variety of their alleys. A pool of fresh water, situated on the second floor, deserves, however, to be mentioned. The bottom and sides are of rock salt, and the whole forms a regular square several feet in depth. It extends many hundred feet, and its breadth is about forty feet. Boats are continually kept upon it, and every visitor is permitted to make an excursion in one of them.

About four hundred workmen, besides the overseers, are employed in the mines. They are divided into three bands, which relieve each other alternately, each spending eight hours in work, and passing the rest of their time above ground with their families, who do not reside in the mines.

The workmen are generally old soldiers of the Austrian army. They are all clothed in uniform, and observe the strictest rules and regulations.

The salt is cut out in long narrow blocks, and then, after being broken into smaller pieces, is packed up in barrels. There are three kinds of salt; the poorest sort is mixed with clay, and has a greenish appearance; the best appears in the form of cubic crystals, and is of a dark greyish colour, with a mixture of yellow. These



salt mines are supposed to be connected with the salt formation of Wallachia, and thus to have an extent of upwards of five hundred miles.

Nothing can be more splendid and imposing than to see these mines illuminated. The brother of the late Emperor of Austria, Francis I., and the present Emperor of Russia, Nicholas I., who

was in England a few weeks ago, visited Wielicska, and it was supposed they would visit the mines also. A splendid illumination was prepared ; and although these princes did not descend, 20,000 people did, and enjoyed the sight very much.

The flickering lamps upon the walls of salt, the various artificial flies and rockets, and the movements of the multitude, made an impression upon me which is still fresh in my memory. The sounds of the instruments and vocal music, mixed with the roaring of cannon and the discharge of fire-arms, made the scene both grand and solemn.

In various parts of the rocks which surround the mines awful chasms are found, over which the traveller has to cross, sometimes by ropes thrown across, and sometimes he passes over the trunks of trees blown down by hurricanes. Peter Parley nearly lost his life in crossing one of these.



## THE NEWSPAPER BOY.

## CHAPTER II.

THE priest and Francisco now adjourned to a café, and having partaken of some refreshment, repaired again to the spot at the appointed hour. Punctual to his time, the young officer appeared, now wrapped in a military cloak. He was alone; and after having conferred with the priests for a few moments, he proceeded to the door of the mansion. He rang the bell boldly. De Coste appeared; but the moment he opened the wicket, and put forth his lamp close to the face of the officer, he was seized with a tremor, hastily closed the wicket and withdrew.

The officer now called out, "Soldiers!" and in a moment, from various points in the street, a number rushed forth in their coarse night-coats, but armed with muskets, having bayonets fixed. They clustered round the door. The word was given to enter; but the strength of the lock was beyond their power: however hatchets were at hand. The door was cleft through and through in a few seconds, and the young officer and his troop entered.

They ascended the stairs, and searched every room, but all was silence and desertion ; at last they entered the apartment in which St. Pierre had been confined, but it was untenanted, and nothing was within it but the bed and single chair—no books, no papers, nothing to indicate the rank or station in life of the prisoner—he was gone.

The officer paced about the room without any attempt to disguise his fury. He requested Francisco and the priest to be brought to his presence. He questioned and cross-questioned them, but nothing could be elicited to throw any light upon the inhabitants of the mansion. The whole party then examined the lower apartments, the kitchen and cellars ; forced old rotten doors that had not been opened for years ; broke down the wainscoting in various places, but no place of egress could be discovered.

It was clear, however, that the inhabitants of the mansion had departed ; they had evidently made their escape by some secret passage easy of access to them, and ready at a moment's warning. But where was this place ? whither did it lead ? and what had become of the fugitives, and how were they to be discovered ? These were the problems for solution, and which, perhaps, would never have been solved, but for the following circumstance.

Some weeks had elapsed after this sudden discovery and search, which ended in no discovery, and when both the priest and the officer had almost despaired of gaining any clue to the place in which the old nobleman was concealed, when Francisco, still continuing his old occupation, was stopped at dusk by the vile De Coste, who laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, " Fool, did you not know your business ? Take that for meddling with what does

not concern you." So saying, he plunged a dagger into his side, up to its hilt; and the poor youth fell with a loud scream to the ground.

De Coste, when he had done a deed of murder, as he supposed, turned down the nearest street; while Francisco, although seriously wounded, was so determined to follow his assailant, that, although bleeding copiously, he pressed his hand against the wound, rose from the ground, and followed, as well as he was able.

De Coste went but a short distance, and suddenly dived into one of the numerous cellars that abound in the lower parts of Paris. Francisco noted down its number, and other particulars, and hastened home to his solitary lodgings, and lay down in great agony.

It was some hours before the priest came to visit him. When he did so, he related to him the circumstance that had befallen him; rejoicing in it, as it seemed to have afforded a clue to the discovery of the person of whom they were in search. After the priest had procured proper attendance for the wounded youth, he departed, but had scarcely got to the end of the first street, when two men rushed upon him, and, after having stabbed him in several places, bore him unresistingly away.

For some days Francisco lay in great danger, wondering that the good priest had not visited him, and conscious that something had befallen him. After some weeks the youth slowly recovered, and having recruited his strength, returned to his occupation as formerly; that is, early and late to perambulate Paris with the journals of the day.

One evening, after he had retired to his room, being a very lofty

apartment in the Rue St. Quentin—for he had been obliged to change his apartment for a cheaper one—he observed two persons ascending the lofty staircase of the mansion in which he resided. They seemed to be suspicious persons, from the care they took to avoid observation. Francisco watched them, and they entered the third floor of the building, where they had a suite of apartments, and immediately closed the door. Francisco returned up the staircase, and listened attentively ; but the tone of voice in which the two persons spoke was little above a whisper. This increased the youth's suspicion, and he determined to watch.

And a long time indeed he did watch, for it was not till nightfall that the two men came forth, each bearing under his cloak some weighty matter. Francisco from the top of the stairs saw them descend and he followed gently. As soon as they had passed the portal, he tripped down as fast as he was able, and was only just in time to catch a glimpse of them as they turned the corner of the Rue de Barriere ; he, however, kept his eye upon them, and followed till they came to the place where the infamous De Costa had vanished, and descended the same cellar.

Francisco was perplexed in the extreme, and knew not how to proceed. He naturally supposed that if he should continue to watch, he might witness some further proceedings of the party ; and so stationing himself under a colonnade opposite, and behind a pillar, he continued to fix his eye on the spot for some hours—but all was silent and quiet ; nobody either passed in or out of the place.

Just as the church clock of Notre Dame struck eleven, one of the men came forth, and looked cautiously round ; he then paced to

the end of the street, and looked up and down the one it lead into. He coughed, and in a few minutes a door opened a few paces before him, and another figure was seen to glide towards the person who had left the cellar. The pair then turned back, and speedily disappeared down the steps of the place above-mentioned.



Francisco still continued to watch ; and presently a figure appeared in the street, and rapidly approaching, dived also to the same underground apartment ; then a third—a fourth—a fifth—till at least a dozen persons had passed therein. Francisco was extremely puzzled to know the reason of this, and determined to pass over to the place and enter it, trusting in the darkness of the place to enable him to escape detection.



He no sooner resolved within himself to act thus, than he crossed the road and descended the cellar steps; all was dark. The passage had a slight curvature at the bottom, at the left of which was a niche filled with stench and rubbish, and to the right a small heavy door, which was closed. Francisco listened, and he heard a subdued sound of confused voices, apparently engaged in the discussion of some weighty project. At last steps approached: Francisco withdrew to his niche, when another figure passed him, and scratched on the door with his nails, after the manner of a dog. The door was immediately opened; and while the person passed in, Francisco saw, by means of a dim lamp suspended from the ceiling, above twenty persons, of pale and haggard countenances, sitting round a table, upon which pistols, swords, hand-grenades, dirks, and other weapons were confusedly spread. Among the group the face of De Coste was immediately recognised.

What could all this mean? Was this an assemblage of robbers, meeting together to concert some measure of plunder; or was it a nest of conspirators, arranging some plan for destroying the government established by the young General Buonaparte? Francisco placed his ear close to the door, but he could hear nothing. Luckily he had a gimlet in his pocket, which he used for filing his papers; this, therefore, without hesitation he applied to the door, and quietly drilling a hole in it, was soon able both to see and hear.

After the appearance of the last person, who seemed to be a person of distinction, the meeting seemed to be conducted with some form; and although Francisco could hear but very few words distinctly, yet, from the oratorical delivery of the speeches, and the

correctness of the language used, he was convinced that the persons assembled were, for the most part, no common men ; and the expressions he did chance to hear, proved that they were engaged in a plot against the new consul, Buonaparte, whom they had determined to destroy. In short, they were a clique of republicans, determined to assassinate the general, and had met on the night in question to deliberate upon the mode of accomplishing their object.

Francisco having learned enough to convince him of this, withdrew before the meeting broke up, amazed and bewildered. Then did he indeed wish for some of the advice of his old friend, the priest. He knew not how to proceed, and yet he could not return ; and so he wandered about the streets all night, till the morning dawned upon him.



## SOMETHING ABOUT CAMELS.



A CAMEL is a beast that is best described by a picture, which shows its form better than words can do. It is found in various parts of Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Barbary, and Egypt. Its principal characteristics are, that it is destitute of horns, that it has six cutting teeth in the lower jaw, and none in the upper. The upper lip is divided like those of hares, and the hoof is small for the size of the animal.

The dromedary differs from the camel in having only one hump on its back, whereas the camel has two. The dromedary, also, is neither so large nor so strong as the camel, but it is by far more numerous, and is disseminated over a large extent of country, being found throughout the vast deserts of Arabia, Persia, Tartary, and the East Indies.

The camel is a most useful animal in these countries, and is impossible to be superseded by any other creature whatever. Its temperance is such, that it will travel for six or seven days successively without any food. Its feet are admirably adapted for these

sandy deserts. Besides the four stomachs common to all ruminating animals, the camel has a fifth, which serves to contain a greater



quantity of fresh water than the animal has immediate occasion for, which remains here pure and unadulterated ; this water the animal can discharge into its mouth, and from thence let it pass into the

other stomach, as occasion may require. It is thus formed by nature for travelling through these hot regions.

The whole commerce of Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and Barbary, is carried on by means of camels; no other method would be near so speedy, and any other would be much more expensive. Merchants and travellers unite themselves into a party called a caravan. These caravans are sometimes very large, often consisting of 1000 camels, or more. They have been known, it is said, to consist of 10,000 camels, each camel being loaded with merchandise. They will, as I said, endure great privation; for the humps upon their backs is composed of a sort of fat, which, when they fast long, is taken up by certain vessels provided for the purpose, and so converted into their system. Thus Divine Providence not only provides them with a sack of water, laid up in store against a time of need, but two sacks of food.

It would be difficult to load such tall animals, but for their docility. At a sign given by the driver, they bend their legs under their bodies, and remain in a kneeling posture until they are loaded, when they raise themselves up. If, however, they think they are loaded too heavily, they will not rise, and the driver is obliged to take off a part. When they find that the load is about equal to their strength, they will rise. They kneel in the same manner to have the load taken off, and to receive and set down their riders. When the camel has nothing to carry but his rider, the latter is usually seated on a kind of saddle between the two humps. But the animal more frequently used for riding is the dromedary, and on him the rider sits in front of the hump.

When a caravan is loaded, the conductor mounts upon one of the

camels and rides before, the rest following him. They use neither spur nor whip to urge them forward ; but, whenever they begin to be fatigued, their conductors cheer their spirits, or rather, charm their weariness, with a song, or by the sound of some musical instrument.

The camel is more valuable as a beast of burden than any other animal. If well used, they will live to the age of forty or fifty years. They were formerly much used in war. Job had six hundred camels. There are several species of camel : that called the Turkoman is the largest and strongest, the Arabian camel is the most hardy, and the dromedary the most swift.



## THE BAMBOO.



“WHAT have you got there,” said uncle Reuben, as his little nephew was lugging along a long pole one day.

“Oh ! it's a bamboo, uncle, that brother Arthur has brought me from Jamaica. Have you ever seen them growing, uncle ? ”

“Oh yes ; would you like to hear about them ? ”

“Yes uncle, do tell me.

“Come then, first of all I must tell you that big as it is, it is but a species of grass or reed. It is only found in hot countries, and grows best in marshy situations, though not exactly in the water. When first it shoots from the ground, it is very sharp at the top; and is defended with a kind of skin something like glazed cardboard on the inside, and covered on the outside with little stiff hairy prickles, of a black colour. It grows very fast; I cannot tell you exactly how much longer it becomes in a month, but I am nearly sure I have seen them grow twenty-five feet in that time. They do not put out any branches till they have attained their full height, and then they spring out in great numbers from the joints, and grow very long. At first the substance of the bamboo is quite soft, and it is of a beautiful dark glossy green.

“When the bamboo has attained its full height, it begins to harden; and when the branches are all grown, it turns first to a deep rich yellow, and then to the pale yellow which you see is the colour of the piece you have there. The plants grow in very thick clumps, and have a most beautiful appearance. You might almost fancy a clump of them to be an immense tree, with a fluted trunk, so closely do they grow to each other. The tops bend gracefully over on all sides, like a parasol, and the foliage is so thick as to afford a perfect shelter from the rays of the sun, and from slight showers also. The bamboo is a plant extremely difficult to eradicate, for, even if burnt off, it springs up again with the first fall of rain.

“I must now tell you some of the uses of the bamboo. The young shoots make a very good pickle. The leaves are a favourite food with horses, cows, goats and sheep. The stalk forms a most



convenient pipe for conveying water, when the divisions at the knots are pierced; and it also serves for buckets, cups and boxes, when cut in suitable lengths. It furnishes a most suitable article for scaffolding and ladders, being very light, and yet sufficiently strong. When split and steeped in water it makes excellent withes. It is extensively used for paling. Houses are built, floored, and roofed entirely with it. It may be split to any degree of fineness, and in this way is used for making mats, baskets, hats, and a great variety of bowls and boxes, which are first made like fine basket-work, and then coated with a kind of resin, and varnished over. The natives of Manilla make the greatest variety of objects in bamboo, and display amazing skill, taste, and ingenuity in their various manufactures. The Chinese make all sorts of furniture in bamboo; and I never saw anything so light and pretty as the chairs and sofas they produce from this article. But I cannot tell you half the uses to which bamboo is applied, so you must be content with what I have already said. I must however, just observe, that there are upwards of thirty different kinds of bamboo, which are of various colours, some being nearly black, and others almost white. Some never grow bigger than a man's fingers, and others are bigger round than his body.

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## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. XI.

## NOVEMBER.

" At length it comes, among the forest oaks,  
With sobbing ebbs, and uproar gathering high.  
The scared hoarse raven in his cradle croaks,  
And slack dove flutters in its terrors by,  
While the blue hawk hangs o'er them in the sky.  
The hedger hastens from the storm begun,  
To seek a shelter that may keep him dry,  
And foresters low bent the wind to shun;  
Scarce heard amid the strife the poacher's muttering gun."

WINTER is coming! Boreas with his loud horn blows the leaves from the trees. Men and boys, wrap your cloaks or coats close around you. Now come gathering glooms and fogs—London fogs in particular—which really keep one warm like the wet sheet of Captain Claridge; and coughs—bless them, they keep us warm, too, and afford us exercise night and morning. Now come cold rains, as if the earth required the cold water cure; the trees are dripping, the eaves are pouring, and the torn ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged downwards, slantwise, by the threads of dusky rain that descend

from them, are all mingled together in one blind confusion ; while the few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm, and hanging down their heads till their noses touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless, like images.

Now the felling of wood for the winter store—the measured strokes of the woodman's axe, heard far away in the thick forest, bring with their sound an associated feeling similar to that produced by a wreath



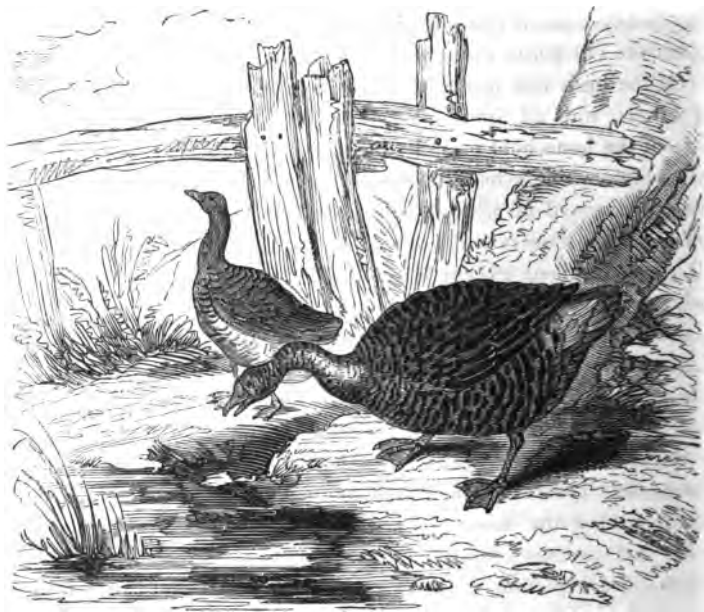
of smoke rising from out the same scene. The busy flail, too, which is now in full employment, fills the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invites little girls and boys to look in at the open doors of the barn, and see the wheat-stack reaching to the roof, on either hand, the little pyramid of bright grain behind the threshers, the scattered ears between them, leaping and rustling from their fast falling strokes, and the flail itself flying harmless round

the labourer's head, though seeming to threaten danger at every turn ; while outside, the flock of barn-door poultry ply their ceaseless search for food among the knee-deep straw ; and the cattle, all their summer frolics forgotten, stand ruminating beside the half empty hay-rick, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate that looks down the village, or away towards the distant pastures.

Of the birds that have hitherto made merry, even at the approach of winter, now all are silent—all, save that one who now earns the title of the household bird, by haunting the thresholds and window-sills, and casting sidelong glances within doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frosts force him to lay aside his fears, and flit in and out silently like a winged spirit—all are now silent except him ; but he, as he sits on the pointed palings beside the doorway, or on the topmost twig of the little black-thorn, that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipped hedge, pipes plaintive ditties, with a low inward voice ; while here and there a stray grasshopper is found chirping to the soughing boughs.

Some of the other small birds that winter with us, but have hitherto kept aloof from our dwellings, now approach them, and mope about among the house-sparrows on the bare branches, wondering what has become of all the leaves, and not knowing, we might think, one tree from another. Of these, the chief are the hedge-sparrow, the blue titmouse, and the linnet. These, together with the goldfinch, thrush, and blackbird, may still be seen rifling the hip and haw-grown hedges of their scanty fruit. Almost all, however, even of those singing birds that do not migrate, except the redbreast, wren, hedge-sparrow, and titmouse, disappear shortly

after the commencement of this month, and go one knows not whither. But the pert house-sparrow keeps possession of the garden and court yard all the winter ; and the different species of wagtails



may be seen busily haunting the clear cold spring heads, and weeding out the unfrozen water in search of their delicate food, consisting of insects in the aurelia state ; while geese hang over the miry pond, to catch the first unfortunate fish that puts up his head.

Now the farmer finishes all his out of door work, before the frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hard labour again.

Now the sheep, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip field, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root, holding it firm with their feet till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now the herds stand all day long hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, though patiently, to be called home to the hay-fed stall, as they do in summer to be driven to the field.

Now the rain-storm breaks up all the path-ways, and makes home no longer home to those who are not obliged to leave it, while it becomes doubly endeared to those that are.

Now all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guy Fawkes for having attempted to blow up the king and parliament with gunpowder; since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn everything they can lay their hands on—their own fingers included—a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English school-boy, the true sublime of human life.

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## ROSE VERNON.



## CHAPTER III.

HAVING made up her mind, and fortified herself by reflecting that it was to keep her word, and to save her grandmother, she rose early on the following morning, and bent her way to the market town, but a few miles off, and soon came to the watch and clock-maker's in the market-place. The shutters were just taken down, and Mr. Tickum had arranged his various articles on the counter,

and had just put his eye-glass to the socket of his eye, when Rose entered. Her looks betrayed anxiety and distress of mind; she trembled exceedingly; the colour came and went in her cheeks. She drew the watch from her bosom, and looked at it—it had stopped. She held it to her ear—it had ceased to beat. It was an evil omen, and her trepidation increased; but at last, sliding the watch on the counter, she uttered, in trembling accents, “Will you please to buy this watch, Sir?”

“Watch—watch, young woman. Let’s look at it. O, it has received a blow, I see. Eh—(holding it to his ear)—doesn’t go upon tick. And pray how did you come by it?” continued the watchmaker, holding it firmly in his hand, and looking through his glass with one eye, and staring at her with his other, as if he had a strong suspicion that all was not right.

“I—I, had it from my father, Sir,” said Rose, terrified, and scarcely knowing what she said.

“Who is your father?” said the Watchmaker.

“He—he is dead, Sir—killed, Sir, a long while ago; he is indeed, Sir.”

The watchmaker passed into a little back room, and sent his son, a boy of about fourteen years of age, out at the back door, and returned to the shop. He then addressed Rose, and told her that before he could buy the watch, he must thoroughly examine it; and told her to sit down a few minutes, while he took the body of the watch out of its case, opened the works, and seemed to pore over them, by the aid of his glass—every now and then taking up some tool or instrument, as if to set right what was going wrong. At last he looked up; and taking his eye-piece from his eye, he



looked across the road, and observing his son coming with a man in company, he advanced to the front of the counter, and laying hold of Rose by the arm, said, "Here she is; here is the thief!"

"Thief!" ejaculated Rose, with her blood mounting into her cheeks, and her heart on fire—"How dare you call me such a name?"

"None of that, marm," said the constable; and taking hold of Rose's uplifted hands, as she stood entranced with surprise—before she had time, or the least thought of what he was doing, she found herself handcuffed; and the moment she saw the manacles upon her she fainted.

"That's an old trick," said the constable; "but we'll soon bring her too." So saying, he dashed a pot of cold water upon her, which the boy had just brought for watering the shop, and the poor girl in a few minutes revived.

"Oh! gentlemen, pray hear me," she said. "I am not guilty—I never stole the watch. It was my dear father's watch. He was—" she would have told them her whole history, but the constable, a thick-headed, bustling, coarse fellow,—took her by the upper part of the arm, by a gripe that must have left the print of every one of his fingers, and gave her a thrust towards the door. "I shall take her to the lock-up," he said, "and put her in there; there's plenty of clean straw. She'll do very well there till arter breakfast, and then we'll have her up."—Before the magistrates, he meant.

"Stop! stop!" said a shrill voice from an inner room—it was that of Mrs. Tickum—"you would not be such a brute, Tickum, as to put that poor young creature in the cage without a sup or a bite, would you? How do you know she stole the watch? I tell

you, Bob, you are a great donkey. Here," she continued to Rose, "take this sup of milk, and a bit of bread. Poor girl! she does not look like a thief, not she, any more than I do." So saying, she thrust the bread and milk close to Rose, and shaking her fist in the constable's face, very politely indicated to him her "wish she was a man." She then turned to Rose, and bade her keep her spirits up. "Don't be afraid," said she; "if you havn't stole the watch you will soon be cleared, unless that rogue would swear your life away. Aye, I don't forget your taking up my boy for knocking a walnut from a tree, Mr. Busybody!" So saying, the somewhat excitable dame retired, with no very pleasing looks, into her sanctuary.

Rose was now pushed along to the cage, a crowd of idle persons and boys following behind. She was at once thrust in, and the door bolted and barred. While the constable was gone to his breakfast, a greater number of disorderly youths and girls came to the spot. Some idle urchins going to school, with their squirts, amused themselves with squirting puddle-water through the bars at the prisoner, others with throwing brickbats or stones at the door. Some exercised their fancy in various opprobrious epithets; others enquired how she liked being in "durance?" with various other ingenious devices, to give torture, and prove them to be little better than a set of wild beasts.

The constable having had his breakfast, and prepared himself for his judicial duties at the "Bench," by making himself the receptacle of a pint of ale, three or four cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and half a pound of bacon, came back a little before eleven; and having

opened the cage, took Rose to the place where the magistrates assembled—a room over the market.

The magistrates soon assembled. They were, as is usually the case in country places, composed of persons more fit to be weighing sugar, or selling remnants, than exercising the power of judges. Two out of the four present had been wholesale dealers, and having retired on fortunes, were considered “qualified to distribute justice;” the other was an old East India captain, long retired—coarse, arbitrary, and self-possessed, with a marvellously thick head; the fourth was a man of prodigious circumference, and reported to drink eight pots of beer a day—it was painful to observe him walk the streets; and the whole were so addle-pated, that, had it not been for the “magistrate’s clerk,” as he is called, they would never have been able to “look into a case,” much less to see through it.

“Now, then, what is the first case?” said the big-headed gentleman.

“The first case was that of a gentleman, a stranger, who had been grossly abused and insulted by a coachman; but, as it appeared that the said coachman had been particularly civil to the thick-headed gentleman, and always drove him to his door—and as the said coachman had brought a number of his “pals,” as they are called, ready to swear to anything, the gentleman was treated with great indifference, and insulted by the bench itself; and ordered to pay eighteen and sixpence expenses, for endeavouring to protect himself and the public against ruffianism.

“The next,” said the big-stomached gentleman.

“Here is a young woman who has stolen a watch,” said the constable, “and has been trying to dispose of it.” He then

produced the watch from the hand of Tickum, who stood by his side.

"So, young woman, you think it easier to get your living by stealing watches than by honest labour."

Rose was about to reply, as well as she could, but was stopped by the constable's saying, "We caught her in the very fact, your worship. Here's the prosecutor, there's the gal, and here's the property."

"A conclusive case. Let her stand committed for trial."

Without another word, and before Rose could urge one in her defence, she was hurried into the outer court. But just as she was going out, the rector, Mr. Hillyer, who was also a magistrate, met her. He recognized her immediately; and having hastily made inquiry concerning her situation, ordered her case to be re-heard. He ascended the bench, and, in a very few words, convinced the magistrates that they were quite unable to investigate a case. Rose was liberated; not without, however, receiving a sovereign from the clergyman, and a request that she would call on him the following day.

Overpowered with her late trouble, Rose although she returned full of delight and gratitude, yet, when she reached Dame Parker's, she threw herself on the bed in a state of complete exhaustion. The next day she was too ill to call on her kind friend, the minister, and sent the dame to excuse her. The following day she was not sufficiently recovered to rise; and had the mortification to find that the cottage, for which she had suffered so much, was let to another tenant, who was moving in.

"And who do you think it is?" said Dame Parker. "It is no

less than that wicked old beadle's son-in-law who helped to move your things for the broker. There he is with a cart-load of furniture—and very good furniture it seems, too—bran new, most of it. I suppose the young fool is going to get married. I wish his wife joy of her bargain. And there is an eight-day clock and three



washing-tubs ; and, would you believe it, a fine, oval, gilt looking-glass, and a capital four-poster. And the garden is being done up, and the rose and jasmine are nailed round the window, and—and—”

"Oh! say no more—say no more, dear dame," uttered Rose, despairingly; and bursting into tears, hid her face in her hands—and wept and sobbed alternately.

Just at this moment Mr. Hillyer entered the cottage, and observing the poor girls distressed appearance, enquired the cause.

"The cottage, Sir, the cottage," said the dame. She had set her heart upon that cottage, and I am sure her heart is broken. You have let it to another.

"Cheer up, young woman," replied the pastor, "and put your trust in God, who always deals with us for the best."

"I do—I do; indeed I do trust in him, Sir; and I am now quite resigned." She then dried her eyes, parted the hair on her forehead, and looked up with a serene and placid countenance.

"You do—trust?" said the minister, emphatically.

"Yes," replied Rose.

"But the tears will come," added the minister, his eye also gushing with one; and, looking upon her with great sympathy, "you shall not trust in vain," he replied, taking her hand. "Come with me."

So Rose followed the clergyman to the door. "Are you feeble?" he added. "Lean on my arm awhile." She did as she was desired; and in a few moments, as the distance was short, found herself at the door of her cottage.

The whole place was changed; all was revived and in beauty; and there, by the side of the fire-place, sat her grandmother. Rose rubbed her eyes—she thought it was a dream. "My dear, dear grandmother!" she cried, as soon as she recovered herself, and rushed into her arms.

The poor old creature could not speak for joy, and her only answer was kisses and tears. The clergyman stood by, and turned his face towards the window, where he pretended to admire the clustering of the jasmine, and busied himself with twining two or three roses through the trellis-work, which, owing to their long freedom, had sprung back to their former straggling wildness. But it was useless; he could not conceal his emotions, and the tears fell from him like water from a fountain.

When the first transports of excessive joy were over, Rose looked imploringly towards the minister, in expectation of some explanation, which should account for this almost miraculous event. The clergyman, who read her thoughts, thus feelingly addressed her :—

“ Young woman,” he said, “ the restoration of your grandmother and yourself to this cottage is a reward for your perseverance and honest industry. I have heard of your filial devotion for some weeks; and, in re-establishing you in the old house you love so much, I am sure you will do all in your power to retain it, so long as your grandmother lives. I shall charge you no rent for it while you continue a good girl; and be assured of my continued regard and protection so long as I can afford it. I shall leave you for a while, now, for I am sure you have many things to say to your grandmother that ought to be said in private.”

Rose sprang towards the minister, fell on her knees, and seizing his hand before he was aware, kissed it in a kind of grateful ecstasy; but before she could rise, he disentangled himself from her grasp, and was lost amid a grove of trees that led towards the rectory. The poor girl then turned to her grandmother; the same

signs of affection were renewed, and mutual congratulations followed.

What took place after this it is needless to recount, and only sufficient to say that Rose continued her industrious perseverance. The old woman received the use of her limbs, and lived to be very old. She had, too, the satisfaction of seeing Rose united to a wealthy young farmer of the neighbourhood, who chose her as the most worthy of all the maidens of the country round about. And Peter Parley only hopes that, by the relation of this tale, some of his young friends may be excited to filial duty and perseverance.





## THE TUNING-FORK.

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THE ship was ready for sea, and was to sail on the following day for the West Indies, with a cargo of soldiers, and other combustibles and to bring back sugar and coffee ; and little Jack Groggins was rigged out also, and ready to sail with the ship—or would have been, had it not been for the following occurrence.

It was in September—and beautiful was the woods at this season. The bronzed groves, the playful waterfall, the soft breezes from the west, and the mild blue sky, all united to make the earth more beautiful than it is even in the burst of spring, or the full glory of summer.

Jack had but a few hours to spend at home, and he thought he would run out and take a farewell of the beautiful fields, copses and woods, dells and banks, thickets and shady nooks, that had been his delight for many a long day ; and forth he went sauntering, and lingering, and looking, and sighing, till at last he came to a place where a lad was sitting mending what appeared to Jack to be an odd-shaped pair of bellows.

The sailor-boy stopped, and being curious, asked what he was about? The reply was, "I am mending my harmonicon;" and then the poor boy began to cry, for he found it a difficult task. He sounded his tuning-fork again and again; he then tried to set certain springs, and gave a squeeze of the instrument, when it gave



sounds very much resembling those he himself made—being in the wailing or crying key, full of discord.

"Let me try," said Jack, who knew as much about the instrument as the German boy did about boxing the compass. So Jack poked the inside about with his penknife, and squeezed it in various ways, but by no means squeezed anything like "excellent music" from it.

The poor German boy despaired, and threw the instrument away. Jack amused himself by striking the tuning-fork, and noticing its vibrations, till he was disturbed from his meditations by the sobs and lamentations of the young German. "Why, what is the matter with you?" said Jack. "You make as much noise as if some of your pipes were out of order. It is no use crying; you will never get a living by that, unless you cry 'sprats.'"

"Me die!—me be beat!—me flogge!—me be kill!—me be starve!—me be put in black dark hole!—me be thump, bang, bang!—Oh! oh!"

"Poor fellow!" said Jack, who really felt for the lad; and knowing something of the manner in which these poor children are treated by the wretches who send them about in this country, he took compassion on him, and asked how much the instrument was worth?

"O, it is cost twelve shillangs. Oh! I sall be beat to de black pudding mummy! O dear! O dear me! vat sal I do? O dearee me!"

"Don't cry," said Jack; "it quite distresses me to hear you cry so. I have got some money at home, and will give it you, if you will wait while I go and fetch it." This he made the boy understand, partly by signs and partly by words; and away he ran across the fields to the little cottage in the distance, and having got his purse—the foot of an old stocking—was soon back to the boy.

"Give me the Harmonicon, or whatever it is you call it," said Jack. And he threw him the money, a shilling at a time—as they had come to him, for, poor fellow, they were part of his long

savings, and some of them were quite black, owing to the time they had been laid by.

The poor youth's delight knew no bounds, he leaped up, and would have embraced and kissed Jack again and again, after the



fashion of his countrymen, but Jack did not like such mode of thanks. He then jumped and capered like a mad thing. After a few words more had passed between them, Jack took the old

battered harmonicon and his leave of the boy, and made his way home.

In the evening he began to draw a few notes in his bed-chamber, for the benefit of his father and mother, who, when they heard the discordant strains made inquiry as to their origin ; and when they found that their son had been what they termed so foolish as to give away the greater part of his savings for it, their anger knew no bounds, and in spite of the circumstance of Jack's going to sea on the morrow, he got a good basting, and was sent to bed supperless.

In the morning Jack got down to his ship, and by noon the next day he was far away, as they had a fair wind. He had not been many days at sea before he succeeded in mending the harmonicon, and putting it in tune. He then began to learn it ; and, before the ship reached the Cape of Good Hope, Jack could play it tolerably well ; and in the calm hot nights he used to amuse the listening sailors with strains highly agreeable to them, so that Jack became quite a favourite, and obtained many indulgencies from them.

But at last it blew "great guns," as the saying is ; and as the vessel laboured up in the Indian sea, a most fearful storm came on, and the "Speake," for that was her name, fell on a lee shore, and struck upon one of the numerous small islands with which that sea is crowded, and speedily went to pieces, with the loss of the whole of the crew but Jack and five other sailors, who drifted ashore on hen-coops and spars.

Jack returned thanks to Heaven for his preservation. It was

a very dark night; but when the dawn appeared, the natives of the island were seen collected together in groups upon the shore, and they speedily came towards the poor exhausted sailors, and taking out their large knives, dispatched three of them; while Jack and Tom Booby, as he was called, fled, and, like cats who flee from dogs, with prodigious effort climbed an almost inaccessible peak of the cliff, which point the savages, with all their skill in climbing, could not mount.

But although the savages could not reach the fugitives, they were determined they should not come down, and, therefore, placed some of their tribe at the rock's foot. For several days and nights did Jack and his friend remain on this spot, and thought of nothing less than that they should be starved. If they descended they knew they should be murdered.

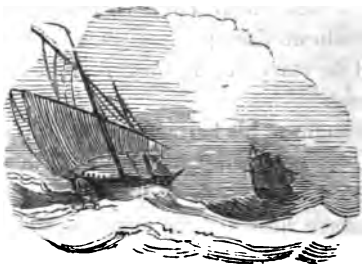
At last Jack thought of his harmonicon, which with his Bible he had carried round his neck when the ship went to pieces, and taking it forth began to chaunt such a plaintive melody as quite to overpower the savage hearts of his enemies, who seemed to relent, and even melted to tears. He then played a merry air, and they leaped and frisked like young goats; in short, Jack was an Orpheus to them.

The savages, delighted with sounds the like of which they had never before heard, motioned the musician to come down, and brought food and placed before him. They threw away their long knives, as if to say, "We will not hurt you." Thus assured, Jack and his companion descended, and were received by the savages with great cordiality. One of them, the chief, invited them to his

wigwam, and making signs, Jack played all his tunes, and melted or enlivened them by turns. He was then sumptuously treated and lived like a gentleman.

Jack passed nearly eighteen months in this kind of captivity, but at last a British ship hove in sight. Signals were made, and communication soon passed between those on board and those on shore, who met on friendly terms.

Jack had taken care to inform the chieftain of his country, and to show him the advantages of friendly commerce over bloodthirstiness



and war. So, when he went on board, he became interpreter, and set forth in such strong terms the advantages of trade with the islanders, owing to the natural growth of large quantities of hemp on the island, that he was made British agent, and a house was built to hold him, and a fort to protect him.

All this—yes, all this, my young friends, and a handsome fortune into the bargain, was brought about through one kind action. Learn from this, little boys and girls, that when God gives us an

opportunity of doing good, it is that good may come. "Cast thy bread on the waters," it is said, "and it shall be found after many days."

Never lose an opportunity, therefore, of doing good. Make a sacrifice if necessary—but do good. Feel for others. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."





## THE NEWSPAPER-BOY.

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### CHAPTER III.

The next day was to be a grand day in Paris, being appointed by Buonaparte for a review of the troops. Francisco determined to be present at it, thinking some circumstance might arrive which would give him an opportunity of making use of the secret with which he had become acquainted. He, therefore, repaired to the Champ de Mars, and waited, with the prodigious crowd there assembled, till the troops were all mustered; looking forward for the appearance of the consul with great anxiety.

At last a loud shout betokened the approach of the young warrior, who appeared on a grey horse, surrounded by a multitude of officers and high personages. As he passed down the front of the troops, Francisco recognised in him the young officer who had, in company with himself and the priest, made the search, in the house in the Rue de Fribourg, for St. Pierre; but what astonished the youth still more, was his beholding among the splendid group of officers who surrounded the general, several of the conspirators of

the cellar. How did the youth long now to reveal his secret to the person to whom it was of such deep consequence! How did he wish he could catch his eye, when by some token he might warn him of his danger! But, alas! no such opportunity occurred.

Francisco therefore set his wits to work. He learned, after much inquiring, that the general attended the War Office every morning at eleven o'clock, and that he frequently walked there, without attendants, from his house at no great distance. On the next morning, therefore, Francisco planted himself within a few yards of the spot, and after waiting some time, had at last the satisfaction of observing Buonaparte rapidly approaching the place. He was alone, and dressed as usual in a grey coat. The youth met him, and, doffing his hat, was about to speak, when Buonaparte interrupted him. "Ha! sirrah, what new story hast thou for me; eh?"

"A plot against your life, general."

"Ah, no doubt. Many such, I dare say, if it were possible to discover them."

He then passed on. Francisco was not, however, to be repelled by this indifference, and laid hold of the cuff of his coat. He then whispered in his ear, "Desmoulines is at the bottom of it."

The general turned round, and fixing his sharp and penetrating eyes upon the youth, as if he would read him through and through, said, "I find thou knowest something—follow me silently."

Francisco did as he was ordered; and the youthful general entered the office, and having proceeded through several chambers, at which officials of inferior grade were sitting, he at last came to a smaller apartment, where, surrounded with maps, books, and cases

containing documents of various kinds, two persons in uniform were sitting at a table writing. Napoleon took his seat at the head of it, and having unlocked a small drawer, took out a series of portraits, rudely but accurately sketched. He beckoned Francisco to him, and said, "Tell me which of these persons are in the plot thou toldst me of. Examine them strictly." He then held them one by one. Several passed without the youth being able to recognize one of them; but presently he recognised the person who entered the cellar last. This was laid aside. Then he recognised another—then another; and at last so many as seven were identified, as belonging to persons Francisco had seen at the clandestine meeting.

When this examination was ended, Buonaparte turned to Francisco, and said, "Now tell me what thou knowest." The latter then related all that had passed in the cellar, and what he had seen. As he drew near the conclusion, of his narrative, the general's countenance lighted up, and he seemed delighted. He then rang a bell, and a grenadier appeared, "keep this youth in close custody till I require him," said Buonaparte; and immediately a guard of soldiers was at the door of the apartment, who conveyed Francisco into a small room behind.

It was in anxious expectation that Francisco awaited "farther orders." The day passed away, and the evening drew nigh—night came, and all was darkness. The soldiers that were placed over him spoke not, and all his efforts could not obtain a reply to any of his questions. Francisco heard the bell of the old church clock strike the hours and chime the quarters; and just as the hour of ten was reported, the door opened, and Napoleon entered.

He immediately addressed Francisco, who he told to follow him.

He instantly obeyed ; and passing down a private staircase, after a few windings came out in a back street. Here were assembled above a hundred men under arms. After a moment's converse with their commander, Napoleon took Francisco by the arm, and the two went forward, the former only requiring of the youth to bring him to the cellar in which the conspiracy had been held.

In a short time they came to the spot, and Napoleon and his guide concealed themselves behind the pillars of the arcade opposite to it. They had not been there many moments when a figure was seen to glide by, and vanish, as it seemed, at the head of the stairs. "That is Desmoulines," said the general ; "I know him by his gait." Another soon appeared. "That is De Marchet," he whispered. Then another, and another, all of whom were immediately recognised by the sagacious general.

"That will do," he said ; and after waiting for some time, and no other person appearing, Napoleon ordered Francisco to take a small canister he had in his hand, and to proceed with him to the door of the place. He did so ; and when they reached the narrow descent and winding passage, the general went foremost, and soon came to the aperture which led to the subterraneous apartment. He looked through the small hole, as directed by the boy, and there plainly recognised some of the chief persons in his confidence ; two officers of state, several private friends, and others, of whom he was already suspicious.

He then whispered to Francisco, "Now, be sure that, when you hear me stamp at the head of the stairs, you make the signal for admittance ; then pull this wire (one attached to the canister he held in his hand), and give it to the first person that presents himself :

that done, repair to me." Having said this, he hastily ascended the stairs, and was out of sight.

Francisco stood trembling ; and having concealed himself within the niche, as on a former occasion, awaited the event. It was some minutes before he heard the signal—at last a heavy sound as of the butt-end of a musket, was heard above. Francisco then scratched at the door, as the members of the conspiracy had done. The door was opened : he pulled the wire, and gave the machine into the hands of the person who presented himself.

He then made his way up the stairs—as quickly as his legs could carry him, and just as his foot was upon the upper step, a report as loud as the sudden discharge of a volley of artillery shook the place to its foundation ; a dense smoke arose up from below, and shrieks and groans were heard in the silence that followed.

In a few minutes Napoleon, at the head of a division of his guards, appeared on the spot. Torches were brought, and the soldiers descended the vault to bring forth the dead and the dying. Few of the conspirators escaped, and those who survived were fearfully maimed and disfigured. The explosive engine conveyed by the hands of Francisco had performed its work fully, and all danger of resistance was passed.

"So perish all the enemies of France!" shouted the general. He then gave orders for his soldiers to form a guard round the house, and into it the wounded were brought as speedily as they could be taken from below. Among these was De Coste. He was dreadfully mangled, and made signs that he wished to speak. Upon one of the officers drawing near him, he faintly ejaculated, "There are prisoners below," and expired.

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Diligent search was now made beneath, and a door was discovered, leading to apartments connected with the adjoining house. Napoleon pressed forward, and in a small dark room he found the aged St. Pierre and the faithful ecclesiastic. Towards the latter Francisco rushed, as a son would to a long lost father, and their embraces were mutual.

The ancient nobleman was now carried to some apartments in the Hotel de Ville, and was speedily restored to his estates, but not to his honours; the republic having forbidden this. Francisco was taken into the favour of the "little corporal," as he was familiarly called by his companions in arms, and enlisting in the army, rose from one rank to another, till at last he became a general of a division in the French army.



## SONG OF A LITTLE BLIND MUSICIAN.

I LEFT my own dear home,  
My climate rich and mild,  
Yet know not where to roam,  
A poor blind child.

I'm weary of the way,  
For it is dark and lone;  
And the soft wind's play  
Is a low moan.

And the blithe bird's gay song  
Is not as sweet to me,  
As in thy groves, my long-  
Loved Italy.

And the wild flowers they give,  
Though softened, are not bright  
As those that in thee live,  
My home of light.

Ask me not why I sigh,  
Or wherefore I am sad ;  
Nor bid me ever try  
To be more glad.

When pealing laugh I hear,  
Of those of my own age,  
It strikes the chord I fear  
In memory's page.

For at my home of youth,     •  
Fair faces dances led ;  
Oh ! in their love, their truth,  
I left them dead.

And since I've wandered aye,  
With my own dog so kind ;  
He leads me as I stray,  
For I am blind.

My dog I love full dear,  
My dog he loveth me ;  
And when I shed a tear,  
He seems to comfort me.

The glad wag of his tail,  
When dashing round my knees,  
I feel like some soft gale  
That fans the drooping trees.



His honest welcome bark  
Is music to my ears,  
More sweet than note of lark,  
That in the morning cheers.

Then life, and light, and home,  
My dog is still to me ;  
And, wheresoe'er I roam,  
Is ever dear to me.



## PARLEY'S ZODIACAL SKETCHES.

No. XII.



## DECEMBER.

“ Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth  
Makes room to give him welcome now ;  
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,  
And crown him with a holly bough.  
Though tramping 'neath a wintry sky,  
O'er snowy paths and rimy stiles,  
The housewife sets her spinning by,  
To bid him welcome with her smilea.

“ Each house is swept the day before,  
And windows stuck with evergreens;  
The snow is besom'd from the door,  
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes.  
Gilt holly with its thorny pricks,  
And yew and box, with berries small,  
These deck the unused candlesticks,  
And pictures hanging by the wall.”

Now is the season, naturally speaking, of dreariness and gloom. The sun rises late and sets early; his beams dispel not the vapours that rise up with intense cold. The dark days of Christmas end with falls of snow, and the frozen earth yields no sustenance to animals.

At night, bursts of revelry and delight break forth from the illuminated mansions of the opulent. If we listen at the hovels of the destitute, we may hear the low wailings of helplessness and the cries of infancy. Blessed are they that relieve the poor at this season—for it is a blessing, and a blessed season. It celebrates the advent and that great birth-day, which was proclaimed by angels with “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.” The rich fare sumptuously every day, and retire, sated with enjoyment, to couches of pleasure. Near them are some who at nightfall huddle together for warmth, or creep with their famished offspring to cheerless resting-places, and forget their misery till they awaken to it in the morning. To shelter the houseless; clothe the naked, and feed the hungry—to avert the rigours of the season from the needy, and to make the poor man's heart leap for joy—is a recipe for merry Christmas.

Winter has now set in in good earnest. High winds, and howling ones, too, sweep off the few remaining leaves from the branches of the trees, and, with the exception of a few oaks and beeches, leave the woods and forests nothing but a naked assemblage of bare boughs.



Picture to yourself, young reader, one of those blustering nights, with a tremendous gale from the south-west, when rattling rain threatens the demolition of everything in its way ; and on the sea-coast, as the ship is being driven on a lee shore, among flashes of lightning and peals of thunder, some sweet maiden, with eyes uplifted towards heaven, offering up prayers for the wretched crew.

Contrast with this the inside of a snug and secure cottage in the country. The day closed ; the fire made and blazing ; the curtains drawn over a barricadoing of window-shutters, which defy the penetration of all the family of winds ; the table set for tea, and the hissing urn or the kettle scarce heard among the fierce whistling, howling, and roaring, produced alternately or altogether by almost every species of sound that wind can produce, in the chimneys and



door-crannies of the house ; and then, when we retire to bed, in a room with thick woollen curtains closely drawn, and a fire in the room, how sweet is the piping of a lullaby down the chimney, and the peppering of the rain on the tiles and windows.

Now the farmer has his flocks and cattle driven into sheltered inclosures, where they may be fed and housed. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn ; and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily, from morning till evening. Birds are mute,

indeed; the snow falls; the trees are covered with rime; and at last old Winter is come again.



Bless his old heart! I love to see him with his rosy face and red eyes, although the icicles do hang about his shoulders; for he comes

laden with good things. He has roast beef and plum-pudding before him. The turkey and chine are his supporters. And, now laughing and shouting, he pulls from his russet wallet a slip of the evergreen mistletoe, and hangs it in the hall.

Sweet emblem of returning peace,  
And social joys that now increase ;  
For rich and poor, and high and low,  
Sing ' Glory to the mistletoe.'

Many a maiden's heart beats high,  
Many a clown would pant and sigh  
To plant, just like a rose's glow,  
A kiss beneath the mistletoe.

Spread out the laurel and the bay,  
For chimney-piece and winter joy ;  
Scour the brass gear, a shining row,  
And holly place with mistletoe.

Then boys and girls from school now come,  
Shout " Hurrah " in your happy home ;  
May every one a welcome know  
Beneath the pearly mistletoe.

Old Peter Parley welcomes ye  
With hearty warm sincerity ;  
And though his steps are rather slow,  
Will dance about the misletoe.

## THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE.

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"Eggs are eggs," saith the proverb ; which means, that eggs are far from being remarkable for cheapness. But the dearest nest of eggs, perhaps, that ever was, in the whole history of such things, was the nest of which I have to speak.

Five is an unlucky number, according to the Fasti ; and boys are generally an unlucky set ; but of all the unlucky boys—of which the history of every town in England could furnish numerous examples, too numerous to mention—the five, the precious quintetto I am going to describe, were, perhaps, the unluckiest.

Sam, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Jem, had a particular fancy for eggs ; but every one of these urchins had a different fancy. Sam liked them boiled hard, Dick preferred them soft ; Tom liked them fried ; Bob especially fancied them in puddings, and Jem in custards ; and having once tasted the delights of robbing nests, they carried on their avocations with great spirit ; and to get into difficulties about them, although rather perplexing at the time, when the danger was past, was ever looked upon as a good joke—to be repeated.



Numerous were the hens' hiding and laying-places that these five robbers found out. They searched all the outhouses, lofts, wood-stacks, and hay-ricks in the neighbourhood, and obtained eggs from all quarters. Their grand depository was a capacious barn; and here, in one of the-lofts, such an accumulation of eggs was made as would really have astonished a buttermilkman. What the boys intended to do with so many, was a question known only to themselves.

The day of the division of the plunder came—it was the first of April, an unlucky day. The boys mustered in the barn by appointment; the hoard was brought down by hatsful, and equally divided, with the exception of an odd egg, which was tossed for, and fell to the eldest.

How to take home the eggs from the hiding-place without being observed, was now the difficulty; but at last the eldest of the five, Master Sam, sagaciously proposed that each should take a dozen home in the crown of his hat, the said hats being placed on the several heads—the eggs being in them, of course.

This was a bright idea indeed, and, without being put to the vote, was carried unanimously; and all things being in readiness, the remainder of the eggs were put in the hiding-hole, covered with bricks and straw very securely—for threshing in a barn is very apt not to agree with the constitution of eggs, especially when the flail comes in contact with them.

But while the arrangement for the removal of the eggs was going on, Dorothea, the dame, who had strange misgivings respecting the robbery of her own hen-roosts, had followed these promising youths to the scene of their consultations; and having provided herself with an argument, under the form of a crab-stick, ensconced herself be-

hind the barn-door, which stood open, to "make play" upon their egress.

Duly wedged in with straw, and made fast and steady by very nice contrivances, each boy crowned himself with his eggs, by putting his hat on with them at the bottom. They then looked suspiciously around, and one going forth, the others cautiously followed; but with a sound of thunder, and with the nimbleness of "cross quick lighting," the cudgel of the dame descended on the head and shoulders of the first boy. The second shared a similar fate; so of the third, fourth, and fifth. The stick unfortunately now broke, and the dame beat their hats down with all the force that her rammer-like hand could afford, and the hats and their contents were forced down over their eyes in a manner quite unprepared for and unexpected.

It was a sight "wondrous to behold." The whites and the yolks oozing from under their hats, and running down over the eyes, ears, and necks of the unfortunate youths. After the young rebels had been beaten to most of the colours of the rainbow, the storm, as is the case when rainbows appear, subsided. Hats were taken off, and Sam, Dick, Tom, Bob, and Jem, found themselves surrounded by a crowd, who seemed to enjoy their disfigurement amazingly.

How long it took to unmat their hair, to take the *whites* from their eyes, or to scrub the besmeared yolks from their clothes, it is not necessary for Peter Parley to tell. But it is of some importance for him to say, that "honesty is at all times the best policy," and that counting of eggs before they are cooked, is as bad as "reckoning of chickens before they are hatched," or of cutting open the goose to find them.

I hope my young friends will, therefore, never be *egged* on to crime, nor be induced, by evil-disposed playmates, to rob orchards or hen-houses—for they may get “over head and ears” in a scrape, which, as in this case, may require another scrape to set them right again.



## THE COCOA-NUT.



"Here, uncle," said little Willie, "see what a curious thing brother Arthur has given me. He brought it from Panama on purpose for me; can you tell me what it is."

"Yes, Willie, it is a cocoa-nut."

"A cocoa-nut! uncle; why, the cocoa-nuts at the fruiterers' are not like this. They are not half so big, and have a hard black shell; now this is brown and spongy."

"Give it me, Willie, I will soon show you how that is. You see when I cut through this spongy covering, and tear it off, you then perceive the nut."

"And how do the nuts grow, uncle; and why are they packed up in that thick covering?"

"Well, Willie sit down here, and I will tell you all about it; for this is such a useful article that it is well worth your attention.

"If this nut were planted in one of the countries where they grow, that is in a very hot climate, in a few months all the milk in

the inside would be dried up, and instead of it you would find a sweet spongy substance, entirely filling the hollow of the nut, and which when cut or broken looks just like the pulp of a yellow apple. Next a little shoot would sprout out of this hole in the end, just as you see the eyes of a potatoe begin to grow, and very soon that would split the hard shell, and send out strong roots resembling in appearance the fibre you see in the husk. Then this shoot would begin to open, and would soon form a leaf, on each side, and another leaf would follow, apparently from the inside of those already grown, but in reality only supported by that, till it becomes strong enough to support itself. Thus it continues to grow, the young leaves always being supported by those that are already formed; and in about two years, if the soil is good, the stem begins to appear above the ground.

“Now the leaves are very long and heavy, and as they do not sprout out of the stem, like the branches of a common tree, but are only attached to the sides, they require something to fasten them. This is furnished by a kind of fibrous cloth which grows from the stem, and binds the base of the leaf so firmly to it, that a man might sit on it without danger of falling. When the leaf withers, this bandage, being no longer needed, becomes loose, and the leaf drops off. But I should tell you that the leaves, (not what you would perhaps call such, for they are as much as twelve or fourteen feet long, and the leaflets or little leaves, two or three feet long,) sprout out almost close together all along the sides. In five or six years, if planted in a favourable spot, the plant will begin to bear fruit. You will then see a little branch about three feet long, with small yellowish flowers,

somewhat like the catkins of the black willow, in a large cluster at the end, and these will soon be succeeded by little green nuts, about as big as filberts, and these grow till they become as large or



larger than the one you have brought me. They are produced three times a year ; and I have sometimes seen as many as eighty full sized ones hanging on the same plant, which grows to the height of sixty or seventy feet. It is then a very beautiful object ; the huge leaves, or fronds as they are called, forming a splendid crown all round the top, while the stem is quite bare ; and being slender, not so big round as a man's body, gives it a very graceful appearance. The barrenness of the stem renders a plantation of cocoa-nuts a most delightful spot to walk in, in the hot climates where it grows ; for it allows a free circulation of air which is also greatly promoted by the constant waving of the fronds, which thus serve both as fans and parasols. When the young nuts have obtained their full size, the husk is of a light green colour, and quite juicy ; and the shell is so soft as to be cut with a knife. At that time the kernel is not formed, but there is a little pulp, about

the consistence of a jelly, adhering to the shell, and the cavity is entirely full of a very agreeable liquid, resembling in appearance pure water, in which a very few drops of milk have been mixed : this is both palatable and wholesome. As the nut ripens, the shell becomes thicker, the husk hardens and becomes fibrous ; and



the kernel increases while the milk diminishes. When the nut is unripe, it frequently happens that it is so full of liquid, that when pierced, it gushes out with considerable force."

"But uncle," said Willie, "what do they do with all these nuts?"

“ Why, Willie, their uses are so numerous, that I can hardly tell you all. There are some islands in which the natives depend entirely upon them for drink, clothing, houses, boats and cordage ; and many that would be uninhabitable without them. First of all, as I have told you, they furnish an agreeable drink ; and they also furnish an article of food ; pigs fatten rapidly upon them. They supply an oil which is excellent for cooking and burning, and also makes good soap and candles. The shells, as you may easily suppose, form very convenient cups, basins, and spoons ; the leaves thatch the roofs of houses, and also wattle the sides of them, and make a great variety of mats and blankets, the stem furnishes wood for many purposes ; the cloth which I have told you attaches the leaves to the trunk forms an article of clothing, rough, it is true, but tolerable to those accustomed to it ; the fibres of the husk when separated from the pithy substance in which they are imbedded, are spun into all kinds of cordage, from a fishing-line to a cable ; and they also make very nice brooms ; the husk itself, sawed across at the end of the nut, forms a very good brush for rubbing furniture, and is often used for cleaning cattle.

“ But there are various other uses for which this most valuable plant is available. One of these products is called toddy, and is thus obtained : when the plant begins to blossom, the bunch of flowers is tied round with a fibre, so as to bring all the twigs close together. The end of this bunch is then cut off, and the sap immediately begins to flow ; and this is so abundant that a good tree will sometimes produce a gallon in twenty-four hours, for several weeks together. This is of a milky colour, and when first drawn, it is of an agreeable sweetish taste, and contains a consider-



able quantity of sugar. It begins to ferment in a few hours ; and in the course of a day acquires considerable briskness, and a taste not unlike weak cider. In three days it makes very good vinegar, and by distillation, yields the best of that kind of spirit called arrack. It is used in its fresh state instead of yeast in making bread, and answers quite as well. But I am afraid you will be tired, Willie ; and will, therefore, only add, that when cut down, the heart of the plant, near the top, is a very agreeable food, having, when ripe, just the taste and consistence of new walnuts, and resembling good sea-kale when boiled ; it also makes a very nice salad."

" But, uncle, what is the use of that thick covering to the nut ? "

" Why, Willie, you may easily suppose that, strong as the shell is, it would break in falling from such a lofty tree, if not thus defended ; the nice milk would thus be lost, and the nut would be unfit for planting. And it answers another most valuable purpose. It so secures the nut against the action of the sea, that it may float thousands of miles without any injury ; and in this way, many remote inlets have been furnished with this useful plant. The nuts being wafted to their shores by the action of the currents, take root there ; and then, in process of time, their fruit falls and produces others ; and so the supply is wafted from one island to another, at the greatest distances, and in this way the barren sand-bank and inhospitable coral reef become fitted for the habitation of man."

## CHRISTIANA OF HOLSTEIN.

IN the little town of Oranienbaum lived a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christiana, a native of Holstein. A little cottage was her sole possession, and the supplying of necessities to a few ship-masters, coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburg by land, when the wind was unfavourable for sailing up, constituted her only livelihood.

Several Dutch ship-masters having one evening supped at her house, on their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great. Some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and were perhaps at sea, the wind being fair; and, therefore, there was no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seventeen years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by severe want, to employ this treasure to her own use; but her honesty overcame every temptation, and every command of want.

Seventeen years had elapsed, when some ship-masters again

stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman if he had ever before been at Oranienbaum. "Yes, sure I have," returned he; "I know the place but too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles."

"How so?"

"Why, in one or other of these wretched hovels I once got rather tipsy, and left behind me a large bag of rubles, which I never regained."

"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christiana, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been roused to attention by what she had heard.

"Yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal at my watch-chain."

The woman looked at the seal, and knew it directly. "Well, then," said she, "by that I should think you may be able to recover what you lost."

"Recover it, mother! no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in conversation, the old woman had slipped out, and was now waddling in with the bag. "See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were overcome with astonishment; and the reader may imagine to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The Dutchman seized the bag, tore open the seal, took—one ruble out! and laid it on the table, with a civil thanksgiving for the trouble his hostess had taken.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a still greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute, as silent as statues. "By my faith," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table, "that bag there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. May I never stir, but the old woman shall have a hundred rubles out of it, as a reward for her honesty." His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal.

After a long debate, the Dutchman agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishmen insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to him so unreasonable, that he declared he would never comply with it.

"Avast, my lads!" cried the captain who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman's generosity, "I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us, it is true; but a Briton will never stand by, and not see justice done; and, in good truth, the woman here has acted nobly. Give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table, and handed to the honest old Christiana.

## THE ILL-BRED PUPPY.

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THERE was a little noisy thing,  
I do not know its name,  
A little puppy, fat and fair,  
And frolicsome and tame.

'Tis true it never used to bite,  
But then it made a noise,  
And always seemed fidgetty,  
Like many little boys..

Its silly mother, fond to see  
The frolics of her child,  
Indulged him, and to others said  
That he was only wild.

She let him climb upon her back,  
And bite her by the ear;  
She curb'd him not, but only said,  
" Be quiet, there's a dear."

The puppy had an uncle,  
A sober, quiet dog,  
Who said, "I wish that urchin  
Had muzzle or a clog.

" Dear sister, if you don't in time  
Your little pet restrain,  
Your visitors will quit the house,  
And never come again.

" You let him tumble you about,  
Jump up, and knock you down ;  
You laugh at all his rudeness,  
When you should rather frown.

" It is not wrong to laugh and jump,  
When by yourselves at home ;  
But you should check the little brat  
When other people come."

He went away ; the mother cried,  
" Your uncle's very cross ;  
But, bless me, here are visitors—  
Good morning, Mr. Horse.

" My worthy neighbour, Billy Goat,  
And Mrs. Goose behind ;  
Come in, I'm glad to see you all ;  
Now this is very kind."

The man's greatest emotion was,  
 It seems, of no worth.  
 The puppy jumped about the house,  
 And twined him by the tail.

He nearly quinned the quack's leg—  
 Such pranks were never heard—  
 And then was looking at the quack,  
 And pull'd him by the beard.

Fullness made them hear it soon,  
 But, when it was over'd,  
 They thought the puppy's conduct  
 Was immensely good.

The house's back, poor Billy's knee,  
 And from the quack a kiss,  
 Soon sent him yelping from the place :—  
 I think they were a little spite.

And John came in with whip in hand,  
 That drubbed and clapped,  
 Ye give this little dog his due,  
 And whip the whinger-scurger.

The puppy's mother scolded, and said,  
 "Dear Mr. John, I fear  
 You are not kind at little John's,  
 Wh'is whip my darling dear."

So John replied, " Why, really, Ma'am,  
To all who are so rude :  
I really think a little whip  
Would do some little good.



" If puppies won't show manners when  
Their friends upon them call,  
They must be whipped, or else, perhaps,  
They'll have no friends at all."

## MORAL.

Now this is what old Parley says,  
And many think with me,  
'Tis sweet to sport with children,  
But we likewise love to see



That they can show good manners,  
In parlour or at table ;  
And I hope my youthful readers all  
Will profit by my fable.













